



IN TOUCH

ISSUE NO. 36

FOR MEN

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HONOLULU

Just watch the hands

KEITH CARRADINE

His own man

GAY MYTHOLOGY

Ye Gods!

PULSE: VILLAGE PEOPLE

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GORE VIDAL: OBSERVATIONS

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IN TOUCH FOR MEN

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editorial

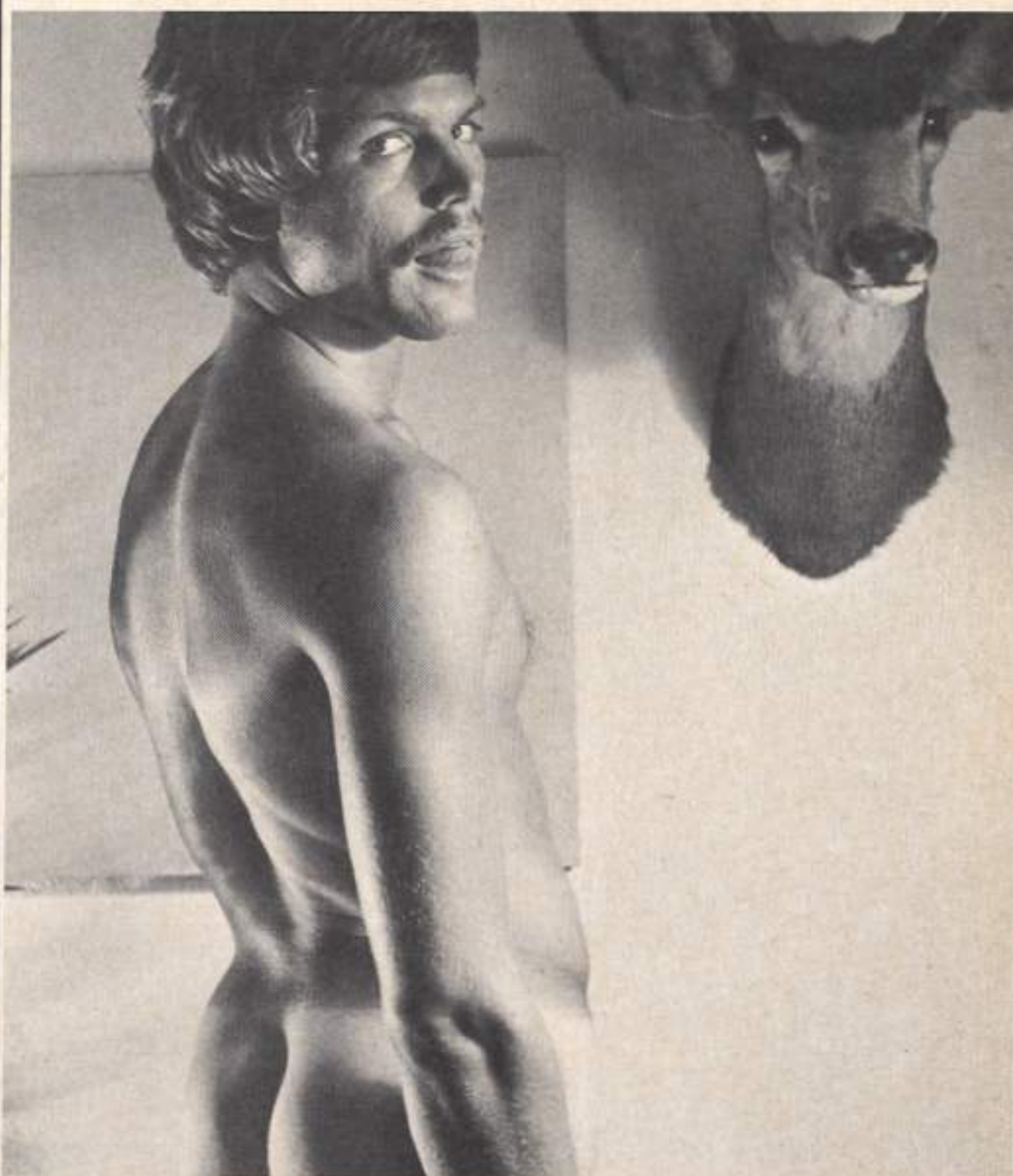


Photo by James Williams

It's called "growth," and as **IN TOUCH** For Men prepares to enter its sixth year (we're the oldest gay professional-format magazine in America), we can look back on quite a lot of it—and forward to even more. You'll note that this issue has increased in size to 108 pages—making us the *biggest* gay magazine as well as the oldest.

1978 has proven to be a rough year for gay rights. Ignorance, stupidity, and bigotry appear to be springing up like dandelions all across America, and we have received a large number of letters urging **IN TOUCH** For Men to become more politically motivated. Our response is a re-statement of the editorial policy outlined in Issue #32: in the war for gay rights, **IN TOUCH** For Men sees itself as a field hospital or a rest area. You *know* what's going on out there—you live with it every day. When you get home from a long day of hassles,

you don't have to pick up a copy of **IN TOUCH** For Men to be reminded of them.

Instead, we want you to be able to sit back, relax, and enjoy the feeling of being submerged in a totally gay world, free of hassles. We've said it before, and we'll say it again: the one thing **IN TOUCH** For Men wants most to offer you is *reassurance*—reassurance that you're not alone, that it's perfectly natural to be gay, and that (Pollyanna notwithstanding) life is more positive than negative.

So now you move on to the contents page and find an article on VD. *That's* positive? Knowing what it is, how to recognize it, what it can do, and how to handle it *is*. You'll also find articles on Gore Vidal, Keith Carradine, James Kirkwood, Hawaii, gay mythology, and a lot more.

Okay, now. Sit back. Relax. Enjoy.

BOOKS & MUSIC & MOVIES

IN TOUCH WITH...

BOOKS

Tennessee Williams' *Letters to Donald Windham, 1940-1965* (Holt, Rinehart Winston, \$10, 333 pgs.) is a sheer delight. Novelist-to-be Donald Windham was 19 when he met the struggling playwright, age 25. They shared quarters frequently in their poverty days, but Windham stayed in New York while Williams rushed unpredictably from the fashionable beaches to his tormented family in Missouri, back to the city or the coast for hoped-for productions, down to Mexico and later abroad.

You Touched Me, their collaboration on the stage re-do of D.H. Lawrence's *The Fox*, began to sour their relationship and Williams' *Memoirs* in 1975 mentioned Windham only in passing. Windham sets the record straight here by printing 159 chatty and intimate letters Williams wrote him mainly before 1945. Williams apparently didn't keep Windham's answers. Editing is limited to omitting a few names, and a few notes based on Windham's journals.

Unlike the *Memoirs* (available now in paperback), which show too drearily the long toll of Williams' breakdowns, therapy and "substance abuse," these letters are a torrent of sparkling wit, sex gossip, poetic expression and winsome philosophizing, closer to the people and events described. Not to be missed.

The publication of quality art books by artists no longer afraid to paint with gay eyes is a happy sign. First of a series from New Glide, 330 Ellis, San Francisco 94102, is the excellent *Art of Wayne Quinn*, (\$25, 95 pgs., with 29 full color plates). His brilliant realist style ranges easily between Cadmus, Edward Hopper and Andrew or Jamie Wyeth.

The cover shows two very "now" gay men relaxing on an overstuffed

sofa by a sunny San Francisco bay window—a portrait which almost tells us their life stories. The fine untitled frontispiece shows an exquisitely bony-hairy youth examining two brilliantly painted Japanese kites. "His 28th Birthday" is a strong photo-quality outdoor chiaroscuro and "No. 520 Church Street" is pure San Francisco Hopper. Five studies at various ages of "Murty Alton Quinn" is a loving tribute to the artist's father. "Two Soldiers" resembles the best of



World War II service paintings which often hung near Cadmus' work. My favorite is "Deutsche Heute" with its neo-Kandinsky background. A jewel of a gift—but buy two: one for yourself, one for a very special friend.

You may have not taken my strong recommendation to get Vern Bullough's massive but expensive history of attitudes toward homosexuality and other sexual variations, *Sexual Variance in Society & History* (Wiley, \$25, 605 Third Ave., New York 10016), partly because the publisher has kept the book virtually unavailable. Now you can get a sample of Bullough's work in *Sin, Sickness & Sanity, A History of Sexual Attitudes*, done with his wife for Meridian paperbacks, (\$4.95, 276 pgs). This is a lively collection of in-depth, brief essays on several aspects of the subject. Like the larger book, it contains much exciting material new at least to this reader. Excellent sur-

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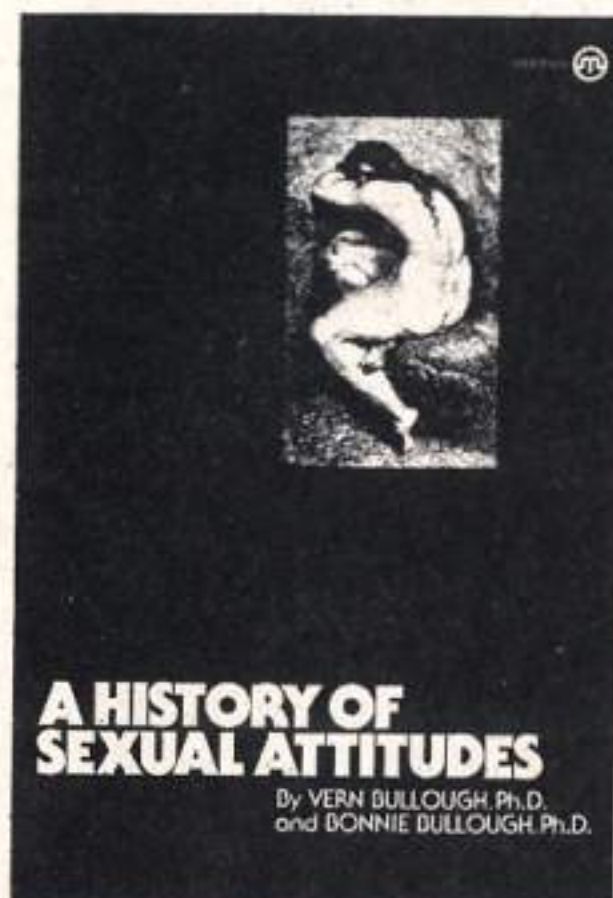
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veys of the development of Judaeo-Christian attitudes toward sex, contrasted with those of major Oriental cultures. A fine essay on the amazing flipflop the psychiatric profession did on the sickness question as related to gays, as they did earlier on



masturbation, menstrual cycles and insanity. Deals with sexual themes generally, but a lot of material of specific interest to gays. Compact and well presented.

Ross Berliner's **The Manhood Ceremony** (Simon & Schuster, \$8.95, 288 pgs.), is a throat-tensing story of a boy's kidnapping by a homosexual moron, pursued by two police, one of whom is gay. If that doesn't sound like what you're hot to read, look again. It's good, though not perfect.

Gene Phillips' **Evelyn Waugh's Officers, Gentlemen and Rogues** (Nelson-Hall, Chicago, \$9.95, 180 pgs.), is a good account of the life and writings of one of England's most biting satirists. Waugh's work throughout is of great interest to gay readers and I recommend this biog-critique. Unfortunately, Phillips' synopses make Waugh's plots sound a bit dull, which Waugh never is. Read this, but read **Brideshead Revisited** or **The Loved Ones** first.

Paul Monette's wonderfully outrageous **Taking Care of Mrs. Carroll** (Little, Brown, \$8.95, 277 pgs.) is a hilarious tour-de-force in which a loving cluster of gays go to a summer-long wake for a rich widow. The trouble with Mrs. Carroll was that she hadn't completed disinheriting her obnoxious children and preserving her large estate against the onset of suburban splurge.

So with the help of a Marlene Dietrich-like actress who just happened to be Mrs. Carroll's one-time lover, our gay heroes give the already buried widow a last summer of luxurious life. If the story seems at first arch and unpleasantly macabre, it soon soars into the upper reaches of madcap delight and profound gay wisdom. But I really expected more plot complications from the humpy-surly gardener. . . .

I suspect that at least half the sales of **The Anita Bryant Story** (Fleming H. Revel, \$6.95, 156 pgs.), are to inquisitive gays. Those who read it through certainly are masochists. The writing, sentence by sentence, is competent, but the reasoning, if you can call it that, is worse than sophomoric, and somewhat less than honest.

Anything that any gay person has said she puts forward as the view of gay militants generally. She keeps protesting that she really loves us. It's a love we can do without. If her argument was sharper, I'd say this was a worthwhile exercise. Try the *Playboy* interview.

An antidote is Tom Horner's **Jonathan Loved David, Homosexuality in Biblical Times** (Westminster Press, \$5.95 paperback, 163 pgs.), the best popular survey yet of pro and con arguments from the Bible. He missed a few I would have used, but at least he didn't just plagiarize the work of Sherwin Bailey as so many have done. Better work needs to be done here, but this is very good, and readable.

Highly recommend the large size paperback **Drawings by Erte**, Stella Blum (Dover Publications, \$5.00, 129 pgs.), with 8 full color and scores of sinuous black and white illustrations from *Harper's Bazaar* by the master of high camp fashion illustration. Romain de Tiroff flourished from 1914 to 1926. Erte is the French pronunciation of his initials. Macho gays may disdain them, but if you have even a touch of camp in your soul, these are simply too, too marvelous!

—Jim Kepner

IN TOUCH WITH . . .

MUSIC

George Benson, certainly a contender for honors as the leading jazz guitarist of our day, has emerged as one of the most innovative and electric vocal-

ists as well. With **Weekend In L.A.** (Warner Bros.), he fully demonstrates how effectively he has bridged and synthesized the worlds of jazz and soul. The two-record package alternately spotlights his instrumental and vocal gifts, with a salute to Wes Montgomery along the way.

In addition to the early break-away hit, "On Broadway," the set includes Leon Russell's lyric "Lady Blue," the greatly underrated film title song, "The Greatest Love of All" and the instrumental title track and "Ode To Kudu." A special nod to that genius of the electric keyboards Ronnie Foster.

Percussionist Ralph MacDonald performed on Benson's Grammy-nominated "This Masquerade" last year as well as on two other dates which were nominated for Song of the Year. **The Path** (Marlin) is MacDonald's "Roots," a driving exploration of the rhythms of his ancestry from the Shango beat of the Yoruba tribe in Nigeria and West Indian calypso through big band Ellingtonia to the disco inferno of today. Anyone who flipped for MacDonald's "Calypso Breakdown" in "Saturday Night Fever" is in for a major discovery with this album.

In what ways is the five-sided original motion picture soundtrack of **Thank God It's Friday** (Casablanca) more daring than the dynamite best-selling track of **Saturday Night Fever**? "Fever" involved the judicious selection of previous disco hits and newly commissioned recordings from sure-bet hitmakers. We're not arguing the superiority of that monster album hit, but "Friday" qualifies best as an "original" and organic film scoring. Only The Commodore's "Too Hot to Trot" was not conceived specifically for the movie. That's a big gamble and one that has paid off in an exciting album while serving the character of the film.

So we have from Donna Summer not only the bonus 12" single "Je T'Aime (Mon Non Plus)" but one of her best ballads ever, "Last Dance," which is reprised in a sweeping finale. Summer's protege Pattie Brooks comes into her own with "After Dark." This collaboration between Casablanca and Motown also includes Diana Ross's "Lovin', Livin' and Givin'." As this is written, we have yet to see the film. The album makes us anxious to see it and that speaks well for an album that's thoroughly satisfying in its own right.

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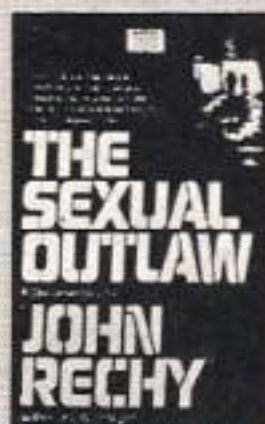


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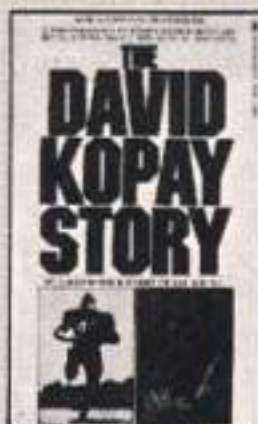
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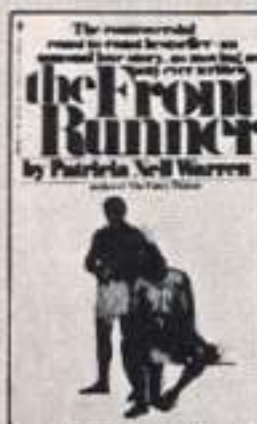
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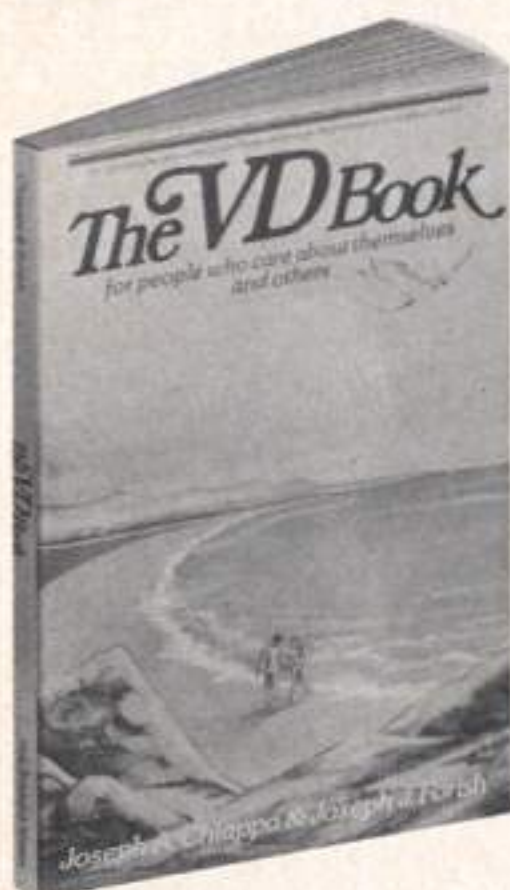
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faultless course, penned the other four tracks.

Roberta Kelley's **Gettin' The Spirit** (Casablanca) is the best marriage of gospel and disco that we've heard, produced by the phe-



Casablanca Records' Roberta Kelly.

Village People (see "Pulse" in this issue), the Colt chorale whose album and album cover we flipped for many months ago, took their alternative life style-with-a-beat very close to the top of the disco charts of all three top record industry trade papers last year. Now, with **Macho Man** (Casablanca) they broaden their base of appeal,

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have sharpened the blend of their voices through experience and set out for higher ground. We're torn between the new track among five, "I Am What I Am (I did not choose the way I am)" and a cleverly conceived medley from the vintage cellar, "Just A Gigolo"/-"I Ain't Got Nobody." Producer Jacques Morali, who is steering a

nominal Giorgio Moroder and Bob Estey. George Harrison's "My Sweet Lord" has never been performed with such contagious joy.

Teresa Brewer's New Album (Image) brings us one of the best and most durable voices from the past generation of hitmakers, not tarnished but burnished to a warm glow by the years. The Bob Thiele-produced package offers past hits and evergreens in a contemporary heat, strong ballads ("Send In The Clowns") and an Italian import, "Tonight I Sleep Alone."

Peter Brown is going to be moving out of his bedroom in his parents' house, though he could easily afford to expand it to include several prime blocks of his hometown Palos Heights section of Chicago. Brown, the self-taught musician and recording wizard, recorded all of the 24 tracks, instruments and vocals for his debut album **A Fantasy Love Affair** (TK/Drive) right in his bedroom studio. No sooner had "Do You Wanna Get Funky With Me?" taken off as a single than a second single hit, "Dance With Me" hit it even bigger.

We met Brown during a stop-over in Los Angeles while he was putting together a unit to tour the concert circuit, and we found him to be as organized and disciplined as he is creative, tending to business and resisting the pressure to trip out on instant fame. The one-time baton twirling champion knows his audience and was hitting all the bases of his patronage. He has the savvy to manage a long and sound career in sound.

The same can be said for Dan



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Hill, whose third album **Longer Fuse** (20th-Fox) finally proved as big a hit in the States as all Hill albums have been so far in his adopted country of Canada. On the basis of his platinum collaboration with Barry Mann on "Sometimes When We Touch," Hill is returning to Toronto to escape the adulation and prepare for a full album of Man-Hill tunes. Hill's black father and white mother fled the U.S. in the fifties for a comfortable middle class life in Canada. Hill explores those turbulent years of fear in "McCarthy's Day," one of the best of the intensely personal and deeply felt numbers in this excellent album.

Tonight's assignation will be played to the accompaniment of the music of the USA-European Connection's **Come Into My Heart** (Marlin), the mood for quiet tempests. You know a better one?

—Damon West

IN TOUCH WITH...

MOVIES

Joe ("You Light Up My Life") Brooks produced, directed and stars in **If Ever I See You Again**. And, as if that weren't enough to keep the hyperkinetic Mr. Brooks off the streets, he also composed, arranged and conducted the film's music.

So, without jumping to unwarranted auteurist conclusions, you might call *If Ever I See You Again* a Joe Brooks film.

At least we know who to blame.

The film is the flip side of **Annie Hall**.

If Ever I See You Again is also about New York and Los Angeles and romance. But there's a difference. *Annie Hall* is about a loser who wins in spite of himself. *If Ever I See You Again* is about a winner who loses and, once lost, gets over it.

Here's the plot of *If Ever I See You Again*: Young Bob Morrison (Michael Decker) had a crush on young Jennifer Corley (Julie Ann Cordon). But nothing much came of it. Oh, they went sledding and threw snowballs and billed and cooed. They even slept together.

But Jennifer finally dropped him. The impression one gets is that Young Bob was something of a dork when he was in college.

Cut to the present: Young Bob is now attractive middle-aged Bob (Brooks) and he has completely outgrown his dorkishness to become

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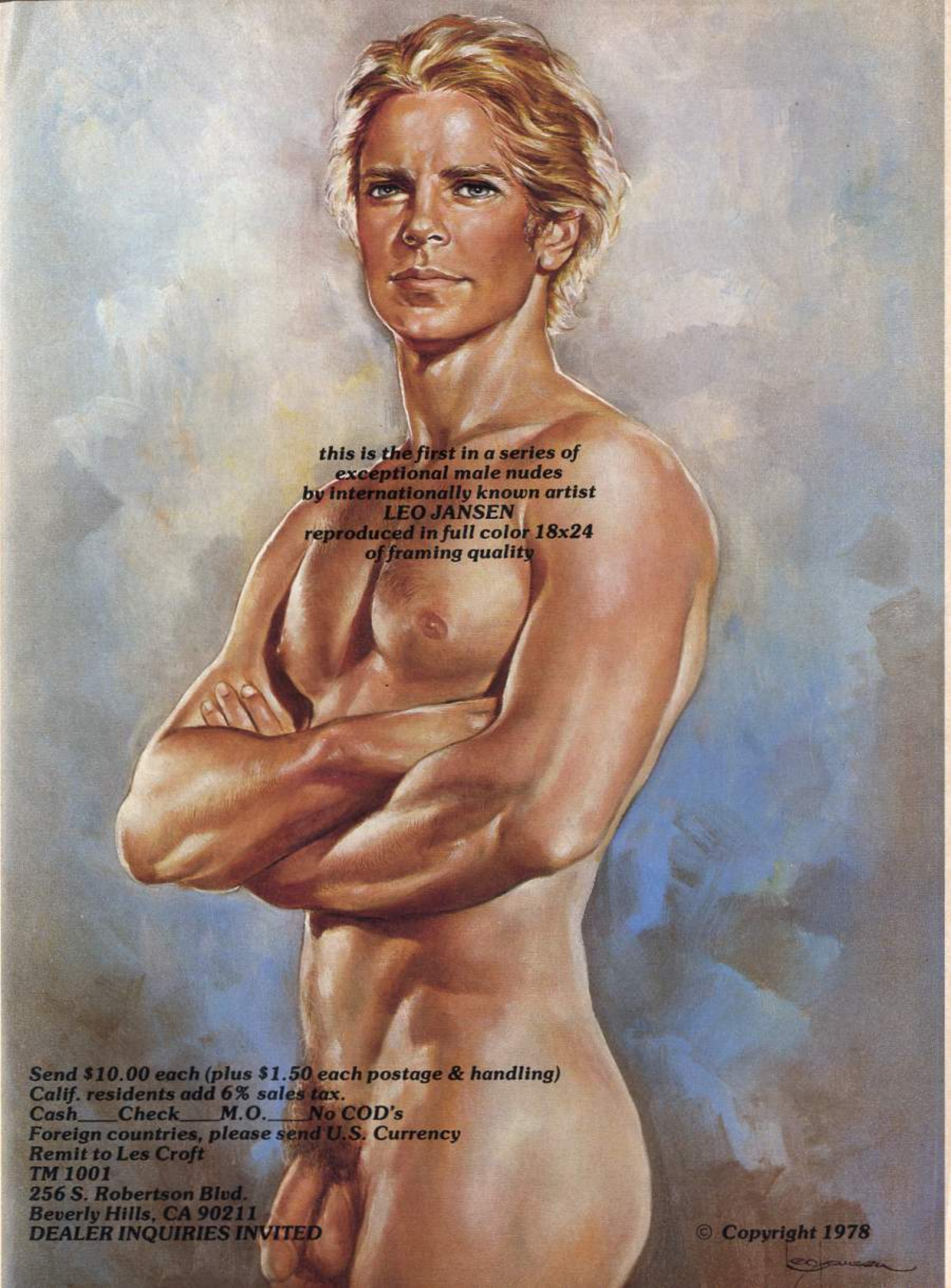
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SCENE

When Grace Jones makes the gay disco scene—as she did recently at L.A.'s Bullshot—she sends temperatures rising with a combination of a funky style and a hunky group of “slaves.”



Photos by Charlie Airwaves



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the successful composer of commercial jingles. *TV Guide* calls him "the Mozart of Madison Avenue."

He is also rich, beloved of his friends (who include Jimmy Breslin) and the father of two too adorable children (Danielle Brisebois and Branch Emerson) who were apparently cloned from Quinn Cummings, since a mother is nowhere in sight and her absence is never explained and only once alluded to in passing.

Anyway, Old Bob's happiness would be complete if only Jennifer Corley knew that he had become somebody.

Well, as luck would have it, Bob does run into ole Jennifer again (he did, after all, co-write this script). Jennifer, it seems, is now a painter who lives "simply" in Malibu (minimum rent: \$3,000 a month) and paints for her "soul."

This makes Bob feel terrible because he writes jingles for the money (he does, however, have a friend who is going to appear at Carnegie Hall, so he hasn't totally gone over to the enemy. Well, he HAS. But he plans to come right back).

If Brooks were being merely cynical it would be bad enough. But if he believes it, it is truly frightening.

Jennifer and Bob conduct their

romance entirely in a series of slick poses. They romp and frolic in a golden light, for this is, after all, California.

Bob returns to New York—Brooks makes it look like El Dorado—without Jennifer because she isn't a "forever person."

We are treated to yet another montage, the moral of this one being what a prince Jennifer is giving up. It is Christmas. Bob's friends gather around. He's really some kinda guy, this Bob Morrison. A good friend, a good father and a good composer of chunky dog food commercials (but with enough unsensitivity to want something better).

Suddenly—ding-dong—it's the doorbell. "If that's not Jennifer," the woman next to me said fiercely, "we've just wasted the last half hour of our lives." The woman needn't have worried. Brooks co-wrote the script, remember?

And it is Jennifer! She's laden with gifts. And she's wearing a great big "Charlie" smile. The prince rushes to her and they embrace. They fondle one another. And as they do, the soundtrack plays a rousing rendition of "Oh come, all ye faithful." Yes, it *does*! Please let me stress that I am not making this

up. It's almost worth the price of admission.

If *Ever I See You Again* is rated "PG" but diabetics shouldn't see it anyway.

Things to do this week:

1) Renew subscription to *Women's Wear Daily*.

2) Buy another case of Dom Perignon.

3) See *The Greek Tycoon*.

Yes, it's THAT kind of movie.

A thinly disguised *roman a clef* about you-know-who and what's-his-name, *The Greek Tycoon* stars Anthony Quinn as Theo Tomasis, an amoral shipping tycoon who has intermittent fits in which he resembles "Zorba the Greek," and Jacqueline Bisset as Jackie (oops, that should read Liz) Cassidy, internationally famous woman and clotheshorse.

Comparisons are probably silly within the Vulgar-Epics-About-People-Who-Live-Better-Than-You-Do genre but, for whatever it's worth, *The Other Side of Midnight* was a lot more fun than *The Greek Tycoon*. There was more self-conscious revenge in it, for one thing. In *The Greek Tycoon* people seem to blunder into their excesses. We are even asked to believe

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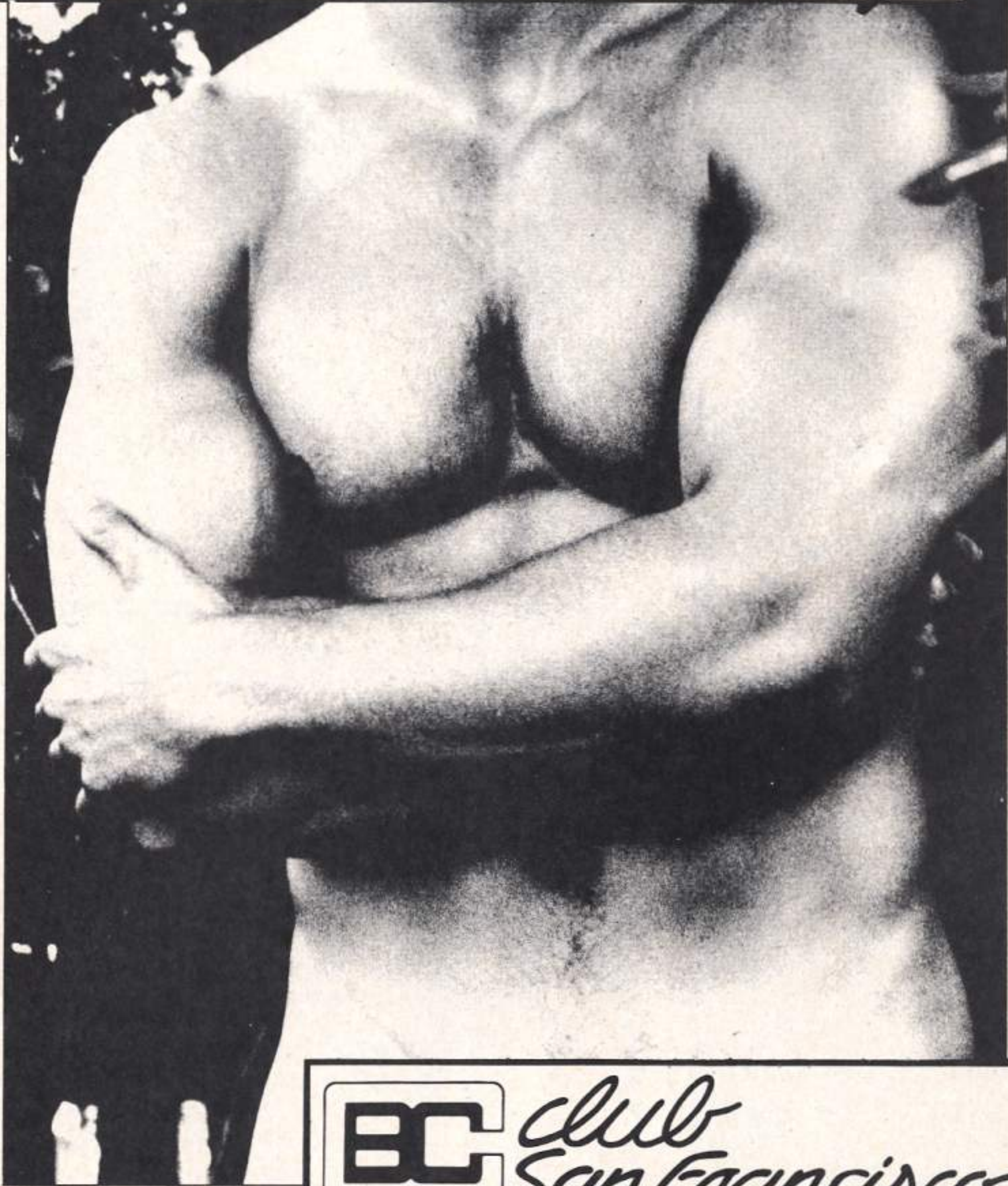
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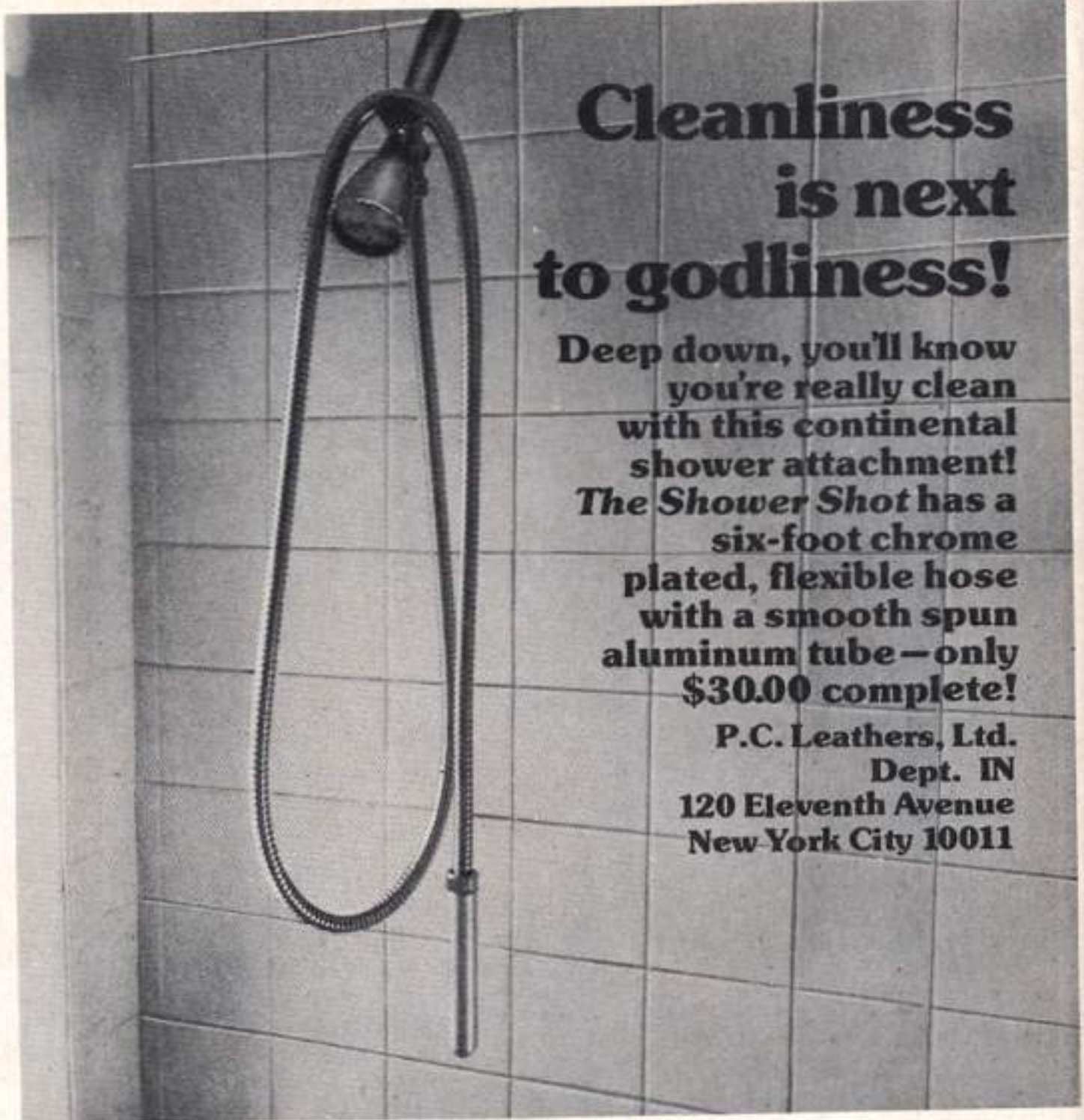
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that Liz Cassidy is just a poor, mixed-up rich lady who doesn't know what she wants. Whereas the Real Mrs. Cassidy (uh, Kennedy) probably has always known what she wanted and how to get it and with what and how often.

But even that is hard to say. We have been staring at Mrs. O coming and going for years on end. We have watched her getting into and out of first this vehicle and then that, coming from one fashionable watering hole and heading for another, for a large portion of our lives. And yet she may be the most unknown woman in America. Who knows what she's like? Or what she wants? Why do we even care?

We also don't get to see anyone claw their way to the top of the heap in *The Greek Tycoon*. When we meet its people, the clawing is long over. Not only is everyone at the top of the heap, but they have been there long enough to learn just what the heap's composed of.

In consolation, they try to enjoy the spoils (which to the winners belong), but they can't. They have forgotten how to live and love.

This is supposed to make the rest of us feel better. But it doesn't.

The Greek Tycoon is rated "R" because some of the things rich people do on their yachts don't bear repeating, much less filming.

—Barnaby Shackleford

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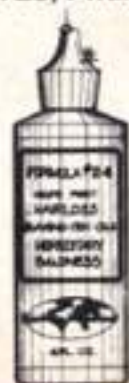
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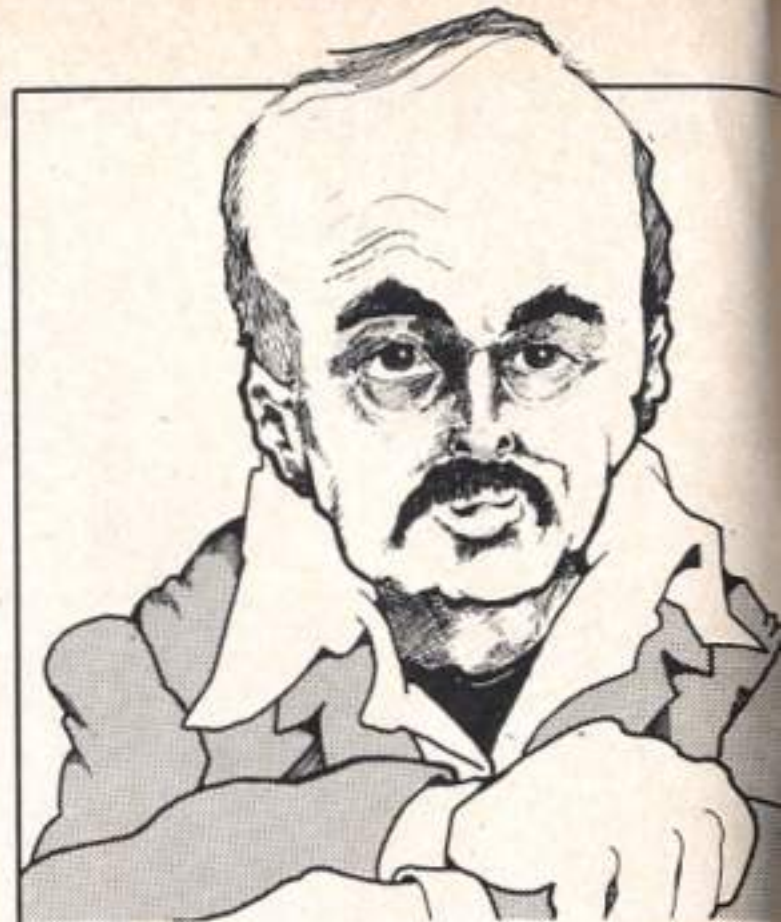
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Leo Abse, writing in a recent issue of the British journal *The Spectator*, lamented having authored the Act which in 1967 removed most English penalties against consenting adult sex behavior in private.

He says it had been hoped that the reform, proposed in 1957 by the government's Wolfenden Committee, would lead to greater integration of homosexuals into society. Instead, he now complains, "from the moment the Act was passed, a demand arose from homosexuals that they must have the right to form their own clubs, (etc.) . . . The homosexual . . . described himself as 'gay,' and has now created an alternative society and culture." Mr. Abse believes this is threatening the very fabric of society.

The gay movement did not come out-front in England so rapidly as he says. A new breed of gays had to outgrow the shamefaced arguments upon which the law reform was based. Though scores of illustrious Britons lent their names to the Homosexual Law Reform Society, their arguments were apologetic beyond anything ever taken seriously in America: "Queers can't help being the way they are; but the poor dears oughtn't be persecuted;" "Of course homosexuality is socially undesirable, but the law creates blackmailers, a worse social evil, and even increases homosexual activity in public places— forbidden fruit, you know." Mr. Abse's bill actually increased some penalties, as with civilians over 21 "corrupting" servicemen under 24 years of age, and public sex, for which arrests are now three times the 1966 rate.

The view that with the removal of legal penalties, homosexuals need not be seen or heard from again—as homosexuals—was insulting, but understandable given the shameful tones in which the subject was



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Kepner's Comments

publicly debated for 14 years.

If law reform was not the end of the matter, it did permit gays to lift the burden of shame (heavier in England than here) and to come forward as a group seeking a place in society—not just a scattering of individuals hiding out.

There'd always been an alternative culture of sorts—obvious in the streets, as we saw in *The Naked Civil Servant*—as well as in intellectual and artistic circles. But thousands more British gays came out in the '70s—a result not welcomed by the closet-minded Law Reform Society.

Mr. Abse, to whom we owe a great debt, feels as do many in America, that we now threaten the social fabric by having gay pubs and travel agencies, counseling centers and publications and even carpenters and plumbers (horrors!) serving a predominantly gay clientele.

Perhaps he doesn't realize how insulting hetero repairmen can sometimes be in your own home, insulting about the gay decor and gay literature of which Mr. Abse specifically disapproves. He feels he has awarded us the right to privacy (the English reform had considerable affect over here) and we should be satisfied: stay home with drawn shutters. Don't bother society with your unpleasantness anymore. But *don't* cluter together. *Integrate*, and save the social order.

Gays are now saying (some have been saying it a long while) that we won't hide out any longer, or pretend to have only the same interests everyone else supposedly has. Being gay means not being ashamed of being different.

A threat to the social fabric? I think instead we give it its color and variety.

—Jim Kepner



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Or go south twenty miles to Devil's Slide nude beach, park for \$1.50 and spend the day basking among brethren to the sound of envious gulls and the crashing surf. Better yet, travel further down the Pacific coast to San Gregorio, park for \$1.00, walk down the steep cliffs to the larger, more expansive nude beach which stretches uninhibited for miles, with occasional caves and private coves for nesting or build an intimate shelter out of gorgeous bleached driftwood. There's a collapsed railroad trestle with heavy timbers fallen in a gorge. You may fall there yourself for some other heavy timbers.

How about white-water rafting on some of the West's most scenic rivers? **USA** (The United Sport Association), a gay athletic club, is planning several trips. Contact Larry Kratzer, 779 14th Street, 94114. Larry will lead trips down the American River July 14-15 for \$65; a six-day trip down the Lower Salmon Gorge and Snake River in Idaho from Aug. 12-21 for \$224; and a six-day trip down Hell's Canyon of the Snake River in Idaho from Sept. 9-20 for \$230. If you like what God did to nature, give Larry a call.

Attend the **Castro Street Fair** Aug. 20. There'll be over 200 booths of goodies, ten categories of merchandise, and everything is made by those selling it. Entertainment includes the hot Buena Vista band, songwriter Blackberry, Leila and the Snakes, comedy duo Rick and Ruby, Castro comedienne Ruby Rodriguez, jugglers, belly dancers, mimes and others. A children's fair and art fair will also be part of this exciting day.

The San Francisco Opera Season opens on Sept. 8, with *Otello*. The season features Luciano Pavarotti and Montserrat Caballe in

Tosca and a host of other fine singers in nine other operas, including *Billy Budd* by Benjamin Britten. Although the season is generally sold out, inexpensive standing tickets may be secured on the day of the performance if you arrive early and line up with the other buffs (half the fun is getting there).

A.C.T. finished its theater season with a fine production of Alan Ayckbourn's *Absurd Person Singular*. Daniel Davis played Sidney with a rollicking laugh, and has done a variety of excellent work this year from Brutus in *Julius Caesar* to this marvelous social satire. Raye Birk continued his fine performance in *Travesties*, and Sydney Walker makes the uncomfortable gallows humor of Peter Nichols *The National Health* bearable and meaningful in his portrayal of a man looking for a son.

Scrumby Koldewyn and Martin Worman did a musical review of their music at **City** night club. They helped concoct those original Cockette "nocturnal dream" shows a few years ago. Highlights of *Night Shift* were a song called "Gert's Post Card" sung by Gertrude Stein to Alice B. Toklas, and a war ditty called "Everybody's Got A Buddy on the Front."

Martin Worman is also a member of the Gay Men's Theater Collective and is currently appearing in the company's award-winning play *Crimes Against Nature* before opening in New York. This production won the best experimental drama award from Bay Area critics this year.

Novelist-playwright Daniel Curzon has a bouquet of books out this year. His collection of short stories, *The Revolt of the Perverts*, is entertaining reading and at last meaningful gay fiction. *Among the Carnivores* is a novel inspired by teaching gay studies at Fresno State. His first book *Something You Do in the Dark* has been reissued in paperback.

Small theater is flourishing in San Francisco, and night life in general offers many options above and beyond standing in a bar. Remember, the nights are cool here during the summer, but the discos are hot. Several movie theaters offer good double bills at throw-away prices. Check out **The Roxie** (16th and Valencia); the **Strand** (Market at UN Plaza); and the **Castro Theater** (you know where).

You'll enjoy the city this summer, but this time take in the surroundings.

—Dan Turner

NEW YORK

Summertime in New York this year is a hot, pulsating affair with quick trips out to an even hotter Fire Island for weekends. You get off the ferry and hit those narrow, elevated boardwalks in your French bikini, from Cherry Grove's **Ice Palace** to the Pines' **Hotel**, with kiddy wagons to transport the groceries. And the **Rabbit Patch** is a fun place to find frolicking bunnies under a bush. At night there's always a little sand in the Albolene cream, and that's stardust, of course.

Back in Manhattan, the air-conditioned discos are hopping. Brazilian babies with enormous fans cha-cha at **Crisco**; the Tahitians took over **Ice Palace** with their grass skirts. **Studio 54** celebrated its first birthday with Liza and the Warhol crowd. **Les Mouches** has the best restaurant/disco. *Neon Woman*, starring Divine, plays at **Hurrah**.

Check out the new **St. Mark's Baths** over in the East Village. Our hottest men cool off in the California sauna, elevated poolside. Upstairs there are rooms galore for leathermen. The beautifully appointed—and studded—**St. Mark's Baths**.

A gay punk rock group, **The Look**, wages war with the homophobic punk scene over at **CBGB's**. They get an attractive crowd you might also check out.

As for dance, plan to catch Nureyev this July with London Festival Ballet at the Met Opera House. Chinese Ballet also comes this month. Dance here is an endless,



Photo by Martha Swope

Balanchine's new star, Mikhail Baryshnikov.

international astonishment, bringing into town the most gorgeous bodies in the world. I kid you not. They disco after the shows. Baryshnikov is now upstate in Saratoga with City Ballet learning the Balanchine rep. Cynthia Gregory camps through her grand pas classique smoking cigarettes. Such madness!



International Stud's Harvey Fierstein.

Gay theater is at a peak Off Broadway with Lanford Wilson's *5th of July*, Harvey Fierstein's *International Stud*, and Dick Goldberg's *Family Business*. These are taut gay dramas we are very proud to support. On film, the documentary *Word Is Out*, produced by Mariposa Group, has taken New York by complete surprise. It's refreshing country portraits are a change from our urban scene.

Mayor Ed Koch is a tough politician working on establishing gay legislation—we hope to reverse the country's apparent backlash attitude. Ronald Tavel's *Ovens of Anita Orange Juice* certainly emphasized how ridiculous this menace has become. Remember, our invisibility works against us. And the New York identity crisis is important to follow.

Finally, the *Gay Switchboard*'s number is (212) 777-1800, for helpful info night and day. You'll appreciate its discrete services. Love and talk to you in the Fall.

—David Sears

CHICAGO

If you're contemplating visiting the Midwest this summer, no other major U.S. metropolis has Chicago's lakefront beauty bordering its striking downtown skyline.

For those craving a tan, the Belmont Rocks (Belmont Ave. and the Lake) is our local gay sun area. Don't be deceived as this isn't a beach, but a breakwater with rocks, allowing very little sunning. Yet, the sun gods emerge for picnics, sunning and socializing on the bordering grass where the crowds are the heaviest on the weekends.

If one enjoys swimming or slumbering in the sand, however, Oak St. Beach is the perfect spot, with Chicago's fantastic Michigan Ave. skyline as a backdrop. The sunworshippers here, both straight and gay, run the gamut from the high school date crowd to "Playboy" models to vacationing college students to gorgeous, but sometimes aloof, gays.

Unlike the "Rocks," where the boys often discuss the profundities of their new nylon-tricot creations, one will more likely find himself here discussing the city's cultural scene. This beach contains a sumptuous array of beauties, but beware: that hunky muscleman you've been cruising all afternoon may be straight.

Center Stage (3730 N. Clark), currently the city's hottest disco complex, has made better use of their cabaret facility entitled *Act II*. Karen Mason, a young Chicago singer combining much of Barbra Streisand's early vocal style with today's music, played to mostly packed rooms during her five week booking.

Formerly of the Harlettes, Bette Midler's three ex-backup singers, have ventured out on their own after completing the redhaired diva's January tour. The women opened Midler's act here last winter at the **Park West Cabaret** (322 Armitage) and then played for five nights in April at Center Stage's *Act II* Cabaret.

With a combination of material including the more popular numbers from their new album along with some outrageous Dinah Shore and Dolly Parton impressions, the show is an evening's worth of fine entertainment. They have polished their act since leaving Midler and will, undoubtedly, refine their versatile talents even more.

The Lincoln Park Lagooners, a non-profit social-athletic organization, continue holding their weekend volleyball games on the Lincoln Park Lagoon's east side from 1-5 pm and on Thursday evenings from 6-8 pm. Other upcoming functions will include canoe and rafting trips along with their infamous disco parties.

The organization, with over 500 paid members, is an excellent way to meet new friends. Further information can be gotten by writing: Lincoln Park Lagooners, P.O. Box 6702, Chicago, Ill. 60680.

The Newberry Theater, our first all-male porn theater, closed its doors last spring, reopening in a smaller location a block down the street under the new name, **Image Theater** (750 N. Clark). The neighborhood is overrun with winos and bums, while the theater's films are usually third-rate, but there appears to be an attempt to book possibly better movies.

Until that happens, the **Bijou Theater** (1349 N. Wells) continues as our forerunning skin-flick house. A former storefront converted into a comfortable well-kept theater, it leaves little space for those wishing to cruise, but, nevertheless, books the best of the latest gay films.

The seemingly endless glamour boy contests were held during the spring to select each gay business' candidate for the Mr. Windy City contest held in June during Gay Pride Week. It appeared as if almost every man with even minimum good looks paraded himself in at least one contest, prompting one viewer to comment, "This looks more like a cat and dog show."

Kevin Lockwood, 28, was named Mr. **Man's Country** (5015 N. Clark), winning roundtrip airfare to any continental U.S. city. Lockwood chose, instead, to bring his mother in from New York for a visit. Bill Brown, 38, first runner-up, won a \$100 gift certificate from **Male Hide Leathers** (66 W. Illinois) while second runner-up, 22-year-old Stanley Nowinski, won a \$50 gift certificate. All 11 contestants received a year's locker pass.

The **Gold Coast** (501 N. Clark) again proved to host one of the best run contests. Unfortunately, some trouble existed after the awards when the winner, reportedly a hot-shot Chicago lawyer fearing a job loss, wouldn't allow the management to release his photos or real name. The bar's good-natured personnel reluctantly obliged, but stated next year all contestants must sign release forms. Roger Messer, a hot blond number and an audience favorite, won first runner-up while Bill Maggio won second runner-up.

—Bill Lumen

LOS ANGELES

The ever-changing nightclub scene in the City of the Angels has continued to go through its usual shifts during the

past few months, with one club maybe down and another rushing into the fore. First, the bad news: **The Ellis Space**, which I covered so favorably in the last issue, closed suddenly and has just reopened. On the plus side, however, the **Bullshot** (739 N. LaBrea), which was formerly strictly a disco, has added entertainment and is now offering top talent along with the dancing. Michael Kearns is in charge of booking the room and among the impressive array of performers he has already presented have been Joe Masiell, Grace Jones and Kay Dennis, one of L.A.'s most popular and talented redheads.

There have also been some changes in the West Hollywood scene: **Rascals** has moved a bit further down Santa Monica Blvd. to a cozy location right around the corner from **Studio One**. The new space still has the same friendly atmosphere, with large front windows for those who like to sidewalk cruise while they drink. A new bar, the **Blue Parrot**, has moved into the old Rascals location, giving Boy's Town another popular watering hole to chirp about.

Because they've been there for years, we often forget to pay deserved homage to the solid, always-dependable "established" bars, such as the **Westside** (6112 Venice Blvd.). They may not offer much in the way of surprises, but can always be counted on for a good time.

As far as theater is concerned, it's shaping up to be quite a musical summer. Establishing a hard act to follow is the Robert Fryer-James Cresson production of *Chicago*, which has been booked into the Music Center's Pavilion for a Civic Light Opera engagement. Gwen Verdon, Jerry Orbach, Chita Rivera, Mary McCarty and M. O'Haughey (in his hilarious drag portrayal of Mary Sunshine) have all been reassembled from the original Broadway cast and they are all sensational. This is a big and brassy, razzle-dazzle musical, featuring an infectious score by John Kander and Fred Ebb, staged to perfection by Bob Fosse. It's not to be missed.

The Civic Light Opera and Robert Fryer's **Ahmanson Theater** have also teamed up for the first time to present a coproduction of *Pal Joey '78* at the Ahmanson. As the title implies, this is an update—to a disco beat—of the old Rodgers and Hart musical, which

has been reshaped into a not-too-successful vehicle for Lena Horne. Horne is very good on the musical numbers—and she looks sensational—but as far as acting goes she would probably be better off phoning her performance in. She gives absolutely no support to the other actors, and Clifton Davis, as Joey, suffers the most. Josephine Premice is fun as Melba and Marjorie Barnes is outstanding as Linda. But nobody seems to be working together under Michael Kidd's direction and the new book by Jerome Chodorov and Mark Bramble just doesn't make it. There is one production number—"The Flower Garden of My Heart"—that in itself is almost worth the price of admission, though. It's the ultimate in sleazy, tacky garishness.

Hollywood has been brightened up with the reopening of the new **Las Palmas Theater** (which was badly damaged by a fire last year), where Lawrence Kasha is presenting an enjoyable revival of Cole Porter's *Out of This World*, featuring a new book by Kasha and David Landay and several songs from other Porter shows, including "From This Moment On," which was originally cut from this show during tryouts.

Kasha has staged the production in a brisk, campy style and it is all engagingly performed by an attractive cast, headed by the amusing talents of Charlotte Rae. This is another good bet for a warm summer evening, providing a cool and breezy entertainment.

The **Shubert Theater** showcased Sammy Davis Jr. in a new revival of *Stop the World I Want to Get Off*, headed for Broadway this fall. *Beatlemania*, which has been packing them in at the Shubert, has since moved to the **Pantages Theater**. Steven Sondheim provided another reason to get out to the theater in the sensational *Side by Side by Sondheim* musical revue at the **Huntington Hartford Theater**. Larry Kert once again proves he is one of the most exciting talents working in the musical theater today and his ability is fully matched by Millicent Martin, who stops the show with her rendition of "I'm Still Here." Hermione Gingold serves as narrator for the evening, providing the continuity in her own incomparable style. Rounding out the cast is Barbara Heuman, who brings the house down with her wide-eyed, baby-voiced rendition of "Broadway Baby." —Ron Englert

HOUSTON

The 1978 Diana Awards show took place in the slightly posh Grand Ballroom of the semi-elegant Sheraton Houston Hotel in the middle of Houston's busy hotel district. The cream of the city's Gay society gathered to toast and roast itself for the 25th consecutive year with a Las Vegas-style show of classic camp and delirious dishing delivered to a black-tie audience that fairly dripped class and cash. An added treat this year was the presentation of the Louella Goodtimes Memorial Award by television personalities Wayland Flowers and Madame. If you only know them from their appearances on the telly, a live performance can be devastating. Unfortunately, Ms. Anita Bryant was not present to receive her award.

After the show, the glitter groupies adjourned to a series of parties and gala events held throughout the city. Both **The Old Plantation**, (2020 Kipling) a marvelous disco and show bar nestled on the edge of the lively Montrose district and the new **Soixante Quinze**, (6015 Westheimer near the Galleria) hosted large contingents of post-awards revelers. In many ways the crowds of beautiful men and women, seemingly off the pages of a *Paris Vogue*, gave the Soixante Quinze an air of decadence reminiscent of a late thirties movie roadhouse. All that was missing was Dietrich. The cafe was unapproachable without a reservation, but the real action was in the disco where Houston's Travolta-maniacs were out in force. Meanwhile, impresarios Steve O'Cain and Bryan Rogers held an open house for a few hundred of their most intimate friends and admirers at their Montrose Swankienda.

The **Equinox Theater**, (3617 Washington) continues to be the big event of this theater season having mounted two world premieres as well as several productions of David Mamet's biting works, including an highly acclaimed version of *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*. This spring the world-premiere production of Gary Chason's bizarre *Denizens* earned universal praise from Houston's normally strait-laced theater community. In marked contrast, a recent appearance by the national touring company of *Oh Calcutta* brought an appearance before our honorable City Council by Houston funny lady Geneve Kirk Brooks doing her best to imitate the queen

of the orange groves. She lost, but no one really cared anyway.

Jack Lampert and Jeri Weed are fairly aglow these days since their musical revue, *Steppin' Out*, currently on the boards at the Equinox, is such a raving success. It's all still strictly in the rumor stage, but word is that a Midwestern tour is not out of the question.

Oh, for those of you who have heard those awful but true tales about the Houston Police Department, here's a new development. It seems the FBI has finally seen fit to begin looking into the goings-on here and is reopening cases of "alleged" police misconduct. The word is the feds intend to clean up the mess. Too bad we had to go all the way to Washington, but at least we know that someone cares a little about people's lives, even if they don't give a damn about our rights. Anyway, things have loosened up a bit here. It couldn't have happened at a better time, really. The Gay community's TOWNMEETING, June 25 in the Astrodome, may just turn out to be as much a victory celebration as an effort to determine Gay community goals for the foreseeable future. If you are in the neighborhood be sure to come. This promises to be the best show Houston has had since the Women's Conference last fall.

—Bill Whiting

SEATTLE

The Monastery (1900 Boren Ave.) has just celebrated its first anniversary. This disco and church—yes, church—is a private, not-for-profit corporation and is run as a members-only club. Memberships are readily available, and cold beer and wine are generously provided to those members who are of age. At this point, about fifty percent of them are. The friendly brothers who run the Monastery live on the premises and subscribe to the following manifesto:

A place where all kinds of people can join hands, dance, worship, and sing together . . .

A place that believed in the survival of its congregation, on this planet and far away . . .

A place that speaks through the message of music . . .

A place that will not exclude our young . . .

A place that tries to make good a goal . . .

A place that is a beginning . . .

Future plans include a four-story

health club with rooftop garden, to be built in the present parking lot, renovation of the bell tower—yes, bell tower—and more special events for members.

When you're in Seattle, come to the Monastery and worship, in whatever way suits you best.

Seattle has suffered acute Tutmania for months now, and many citizens are so sick of hearing about the treasures of Tutankamun show that if the boy king himself walked into the **Boren Street Disco** (2015 Boren ave.) in his little pleated skirt it's a good bet no one would ask him to dance.

The **Seattle Art Museum** is hosting the exhibition, which has toured the country with such incredible success, as the warmup to a multimillion dollar drive for a new building and an increased endowment fund. The exhibition opened on July 16, at the **Seattle Center Flag Pavillion**, especially remodelled for the purpose, and will run until Nov. 16.

For the convenience of the gay community, the **Dorian Group**, Seattle's most respectable, organized, and politically effective gay organization, has arranged a special evening viewing opportunity on Sunday, September 10. The fee is \$10 for Dorian members and \$15 for others. Space is limited, and reservations must be made in advance by contacting the Dorian Group offices, 826 Smith Tower, Seattle, 98104.

—Ward Michaels

ATLANTA

Each summer, countless journeyers to Disney World are sidetracked when a brief stop-over in Atlanta extends to fill their whole vacation. Mickey Mouse's loss is our gain—and theirs; some of them never go home. Atlantans are like potato chips—you can't eat just one!

We have no beaches, unless you venture outside the city to a nearby lake. But you can sunbathe—publicly in Piedmont Park or at the pools in my apartment complex, or more privately at **Club Atlanta** (76 4th St., N.W.) or the sun deck at **Back Street** (845 Peachtree) where the heat at night is in the disco.

Part of the Club Baths chain, **Club Atlanta** offers lockers for \$1.69, with a 12-hour time limit, between 8 a.m. Monday and 4 p.m. Friday. Our other bath, the **Locker Room** (Cheshire Bridge and La Vista), adjoins the **Locker Room Disco**, Atlanta's only after hours

club. Since the bars are open till 3 or 4 on other nights, Sunday is the big one there, from midnight on.

Gimmicks are boosting business on Tuesday nights at the **Magic Garden** (1888 Cheshire Bridge Rd.), where the disco features a "Tuesday Night Fever" dance contest; and **Stephen's Saloon** (1833 Peachtree), where they play "Beat the Clock," with drink prices starting at 5 cents at 10 and increasing a nickel every 15 minutes.

The Magic Garden hopes to have a restaurant open by the time you read this; their cabaret continues to bring in name talent, with Wayland Flowers promised as soon as he can clear a week in his schedule. Back Street is offering lesser names in their upstairs cabaret, but they've made a star of Juanita Fleming, who returns almost monthly to charm her growing legion of fans.

A show which premiered at the Magic Garden, Howard Brunner's production of *Boy Meets Boy*, is on a national tour this summer, starting by spending most of June at Washington's **Way Off Broadway**. Whether you want fantastic tap dancing (choreography by Jim Baker), a cute spoof of '30s musicals or just another look at all of Joe Ward (I.T. #31), watch for this one to hit your town!



Atlanta's Joe Ward stars in *Boy Meets Boy*.

A star-studded summer is planned for the city, with the Theater of the Stars series at the **Civic Center** (Piedmont at Forrest) looking like this (but subject to change): Tony Randall in *The Music Man*, July 11-16; Ed Ames in *Man of La Mancha*, July 18-23; third week to be announced; Jane Powell and Howard Keel in *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers* (a stage version), Aug. 1-6; Paul Lynde in *The Impossible Years*, Aug. 8-13; and hopefully,

(continued on 87)

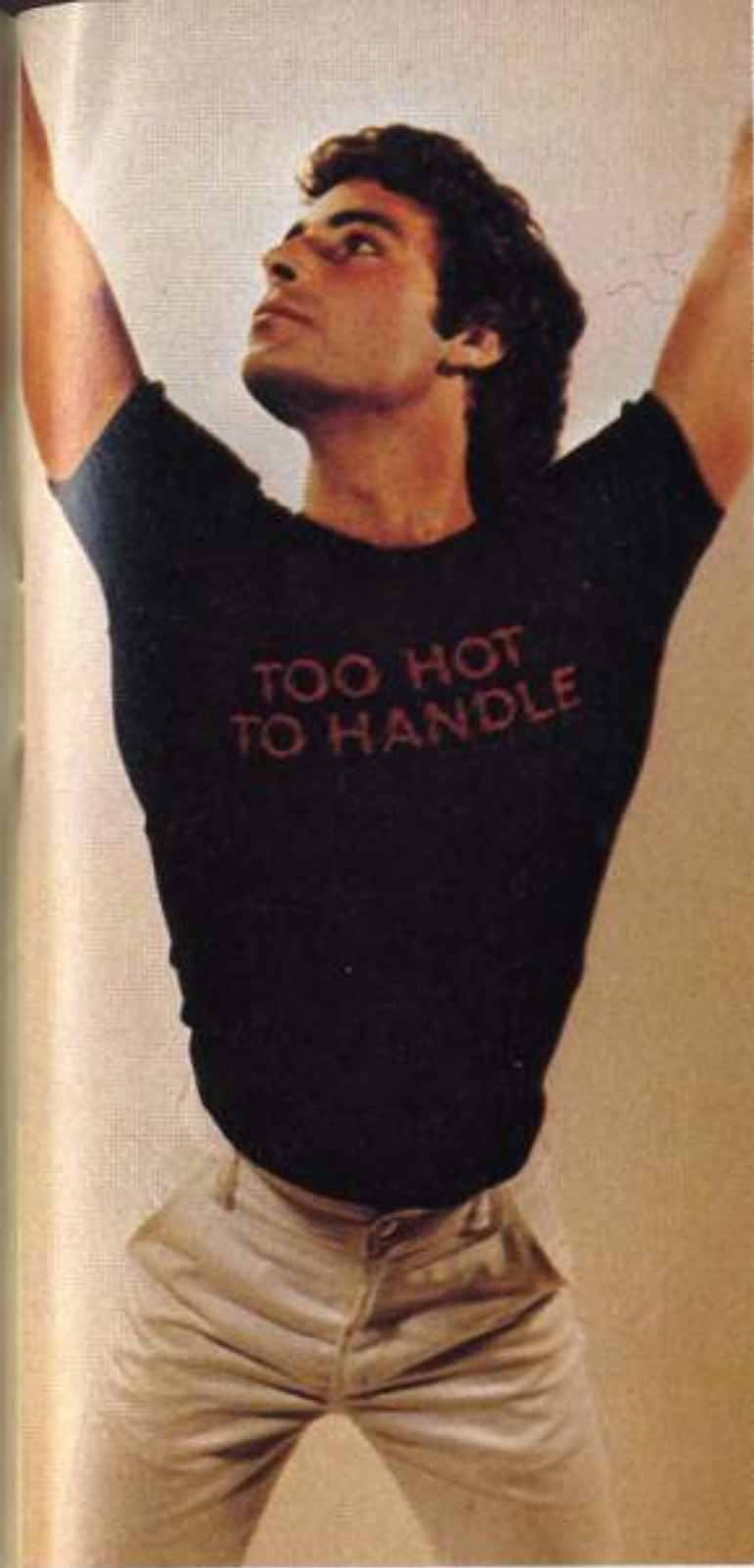
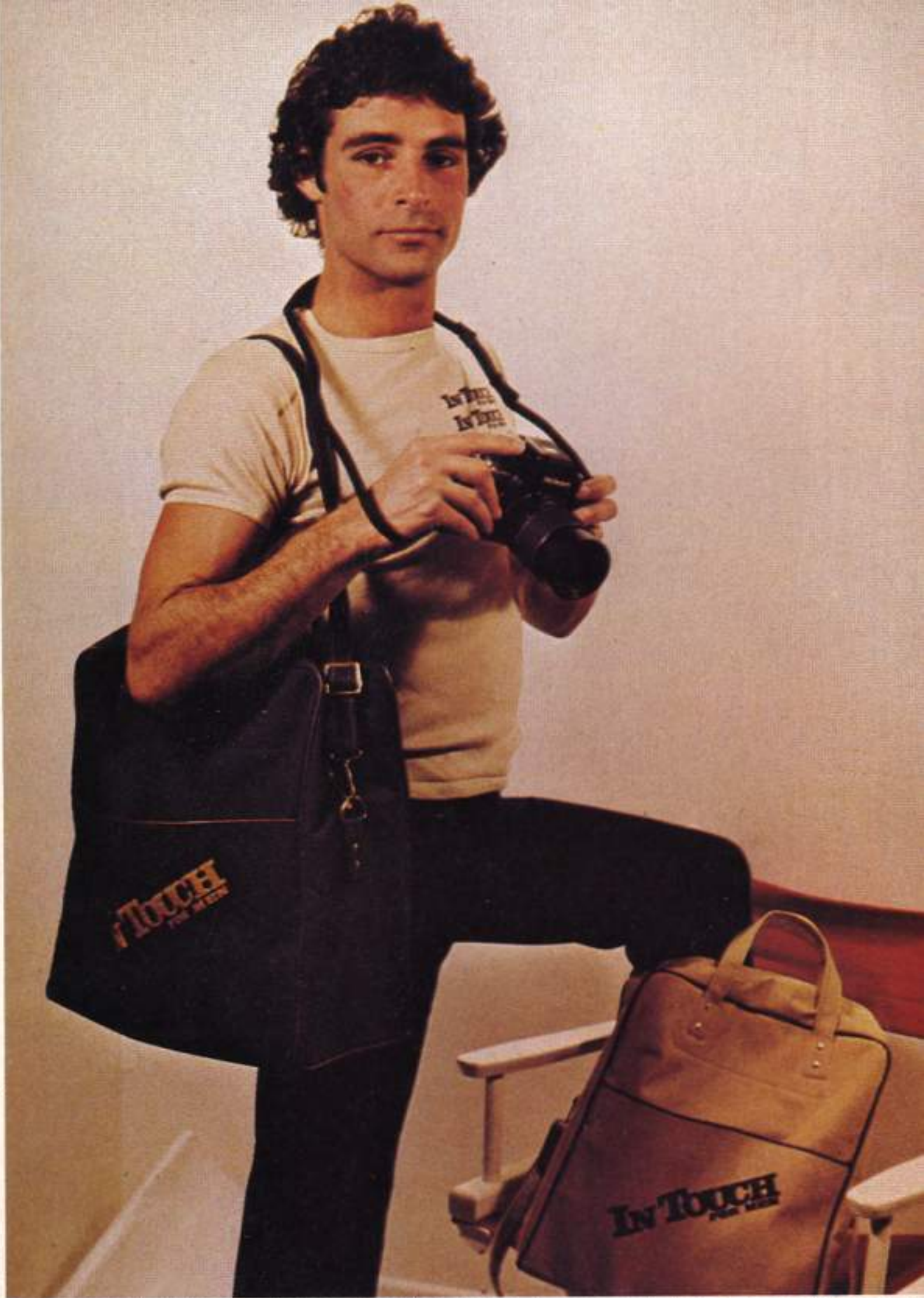


Photo by Charlie Airwaves.



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Gay Mythology

Many of the oldest—and most popular—tales known to Mankind abound in subtle and not-so-subtle examples of homosexual love. Here's a brief look at just a few of them. . . .

by Jeremy Hughes

In his image created Man his gods, hence nothing human was alien to them, including an overpowering inclination for passionate love affairs with members of their own sex. Ancient Greek myths, avidly usurped *in toto* by later Romans in a fascinating intermingling of cultures (only the names were changed to protect the indigent), are a treasure trove of such titillating tales, peopled with some of the most beautiful boys and muscular men ever fantasized by the needs of human imagination.

Not that these marvelous stories are pure fiction: their origins are the subject of one of those petulant disputations that persistently ruffle the feathers of aery personages in the rarified reaches of academia, whose fulminations coalesce as fervidly on how to distinguish the true myth itself (as opposed to the allegory, satire, parody, sentimental fable, embroidered history, minstrel romance, political propaganda, moral legend, humorous anecdote, theatrical melodrama, heroic saga, realistic fiction, fairy-tale, folk-tale, pseudo-myth, saga, or riddle) as on the methods of its interpretation (aetiological, anthropological, archaeological, artistic, Christianizing, comic, Euhemeristic, literary, mystic, nature-symbolism, patriotic, philological, philosophical, psychoanalytical, rationalizing, romantic, sceptical, shamanistic, or solar).

The eminent Robert Graves, who defines himself as a "true mythologist," is at odds, for example, with scholars of the last two centuries when "it was the fashion to dismiss the myths as bizarre and chimerical fancies, a charming legacy from the childhood of the Greek intelligence, which the Church naturally depreciated in order to emphasize the greater spiritual importance of the Bible." He characterizes true myth as "the reduction to narrative shorthand of ritual mime performed on public festivals, and in many cases recorded pictorially on temple walls,

vases, seals, bowls, mirrors, chests, shields, tapestries, and the like. . . . Their subjects were archaic magic-makings that promoted the fertility or stability of a sacred queendom or kingdom—queendoms having, it seems, preceded kingdoms throughout the Greek-speaking area . . .," concluding that "a large part of Greek myth is politico-religious history."

He claims that the historical and anthropological approach is the only "reasonable" one, taking direct issue with the familiar Jungian concept of myths as expressions of the "collective unconscious," fantasies arising in the primitive psyche as it awakens with its "desires and passions," but which "are often expressed below the conscious level until they finally emerge as wish-fulfilling tales." The shrill Graves contention is that "a true science of myth should begin with a study of archaeology, history, and comparative religion, not in the psycho-therapist's consulting-room."



Eros Triumphant, by Caravaggio, c. 1600.

Historian Michael Grant sounds a more moderate tone: "No single theory," he reasons, "will suffice to explain the whole range of Greek and Roman mythology, or even a major portion of its content . . . such all-embracing theories (of which there are many), whether put forward by anthropologists or classicists or psychoanalysts or scholars of religion, present the most dangerous hazard which students in this strange subject will encounter . . . they contradict one another. Mythology is something far more serious than the primitive, unreflecting, childist precursor of science or of developed religion than it was formerly believed to be."

It was not until the lifetime of Homer—presumably at some time between the years 800 and 700 (B.C.)—that a bard came forth who was both a great recorder of myths and one who could impose some order on them. Much later, in the fifth century, Pindar is found trying to distinguish between myths based on historical evidence and those based on imagination; and Euripides, who was often called "the destroyer of illusions," re-examines the great tales, too, rejecting some but making use of others as subjects for his dramas.

The high incidence of homosexuality among early mythological figures can only be attributed to the attitudes and lifestyle of the fun-loving folk who created and developed them. Sexual ambivalence was their norm. In *The Horizon Book of Ancient Greece*, William Harlan Hale limns that "Dionysian and priapic rites . . . and the pursuit of the male *paidasteria* in particular, all speak of a people beset as much by sexual uncertainty as by attraction. Physically intimate friendship among men, it should be said, was so far as we know primarily concentrated in the upper class citizens (in Sparta, the pioneer in this respect, the warrior class). . . .

Ganymedes, a Trojan prince, is

described by the usually conservative Bullfinch (in the 1855 edition of his towering *Mythology*) as "the most beautiful of all mortals." Callirrhoe was his mother, and his father was Tros, the king who gave his name to Troy. Cavorting with some playmates on Mount Ida one day, Ganymedes was cruised by Zeus, who immediately desired him as a bedfellow. So, the god got into his eagle suit, swooped down and spirited the unresisting youth straight on up to Olympus ("... his rosy thigh half buried in the eagle's down," imagines Tennyson in *Palace of Art*) to be his personal cup-bearer—a kind of Grecian live-in houseboy.

Robert Graves unblinkingly concludes that "The Zeus-Ganymedes myth gained immense popularity in Greece and Rome because it afforded religious justification for a grown man's passionate love of a boy. Hitherto, sodomy had been tolerated only as an extreme form of goddess-worship: Cybele's male devotees tried to achieve ecstatic unity with her by emasculating themselves and dressing like women. . . . But this new passion turned Greek philosophy into an intellectual game that men could play without the assistance of women, now that they had found a new field of homosexual romance. Plato exploited this to the full, and used the myth of Ganymedes to justify his own sentimental feelings towards his pupils." (Ganymedes, incidentally, if one traces the genealogy carefully, was Zeus's great, great grandson!)

The most gorgeous of the gods was the son of Zeus and Leto, Phoebus Apollo, accurately referred to as "the most Greek of all the gods." He was the master musician, the "lord of the silver bow, the Healer,

but, even more, the God of Light and Truth, a purely beneficent power," in Hamilton's well-chosen words, "a direct link between gods and men."

That "link" became even more direct once he got an unexpurgated view of Hyacinthus, a young Spartan prince who was "the fairest of youths." Apollo instantly became "passionately fond" (Bullfinch's euphemism) of him, and his virtual slave: "He accompanied him in his sports, carried the nets when he went fishing, led the dogs when he went to hunt, followed him on his excursions in the mountains, and neglected for him his lyre and his arrows." (Ah well, a crush is a crush is a crush.)

But all was not destined to remain so idyllic. Hyacinthus had another god admirer, the west wind Zephyr, who became insanely jealous of how well Apollo was making out. (Of Zephyr, by the by, Ingri and Edgar Parin D'Aulaire in their *Book of Greek Myths* state "when he blew, all nature smiled.") Spotting the two lovers playing quoits one day, the wind-god hurled Apollo's quoit back at the head of Hyacinthus, who forthwith expired. Apollo cried "Would that I could die for thee! But since that may not be, thou shalt live with me in memory and in song" As he spoke, the blood which flowed on the ground caused a beautiful flower to spring up. (Bullfinch claims that the description of the flower is not of the modern hyacinth, but perhaps some species of iris, or perhaps a larkspur or pansy, unquote.)

Getting right to the heart of things, Graves notes that not only Apollo, but also the poet Thamrys fell in love with Hyacinthus—"the first man who ever wooed one of his

own sex—as Apollo himself was the first god to do so." It is also the first—and perhaps most curious—gay triangle in all literature. Keats' *Endymion* alludes to the way "Zephyr penitent . . . fondles the flower amid the sobbing rain," and Apollo's sorrow is expressed in the letters AI (Greek for "woe") inscribed on the petals.

The third of the seven great male dieties to indulge in overt homosexual activity was Poseidon (Neptune), a brother to Zeus and second only to him in eminence. Immortal Poseidon was Lord of the Sea, with storm and calm under his control. He had a splendid palace beneath the waters, as well as digs on Olympus, drove a solid-gold car, and carried the three-pronged spear known as a trident or triton. He also had some esoteric connection with horses and bulls.

Leander was a youth of Abydos, a town on the Hellespont, in love with Hero, a priestess of Aphrodite in Sestos on the opposite shore. Every night Leander swam across to her, and it was thus that he came to the attention of Poseidon. The resulting tale is best poeticized by Christopher Marlowe, for whom, F. S. Boas delicately wrote, "Homosexual affection without emphasis on its more depraved aspect, had a special attraction." (Marlowe—see IN TOUCH #31—himself was less discreet, holding the opinion that "all they that love not tobacco and boys are fools.")

Marlowe's lengthy *Hero and Leander* tells the story beautifully, first describing "Amorous Leander, beautiful and young. . . . His body as straight as Circe's wand . . . I could tell ye

*How smooth his breast was,
and how white his belly,
And whose immortal fingers
did imprint
That heavenly path, with many
a curious dint,
That runs along his back. . . .
Had wild Hippolytus Leander
seen,
Enamoured of his beauty had
he been . . .
For in his looks were all that
men desire . . .
. . . he stripped him to the
ivory skin,
And crying, "Love, I come,"
leaped lively in.
Whereat the sapphire-visaged
god grew proud,
And made his capering Triton
sound aloud,
Imagining that Ganymede, dis-
pleased,*

(continued on 97)



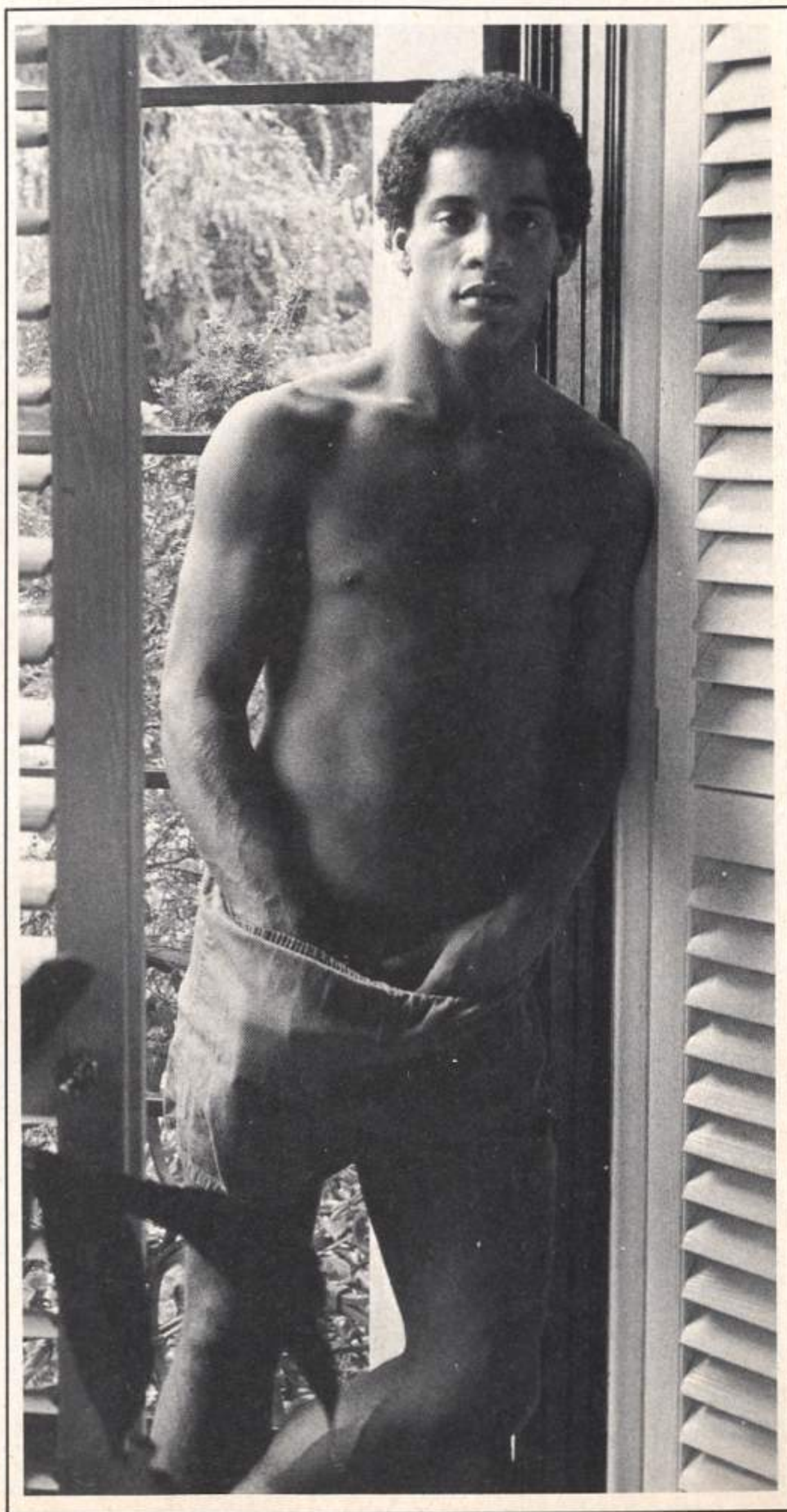
Spartan Boys, by
Degas.

Detail of a painted
Greek vase.

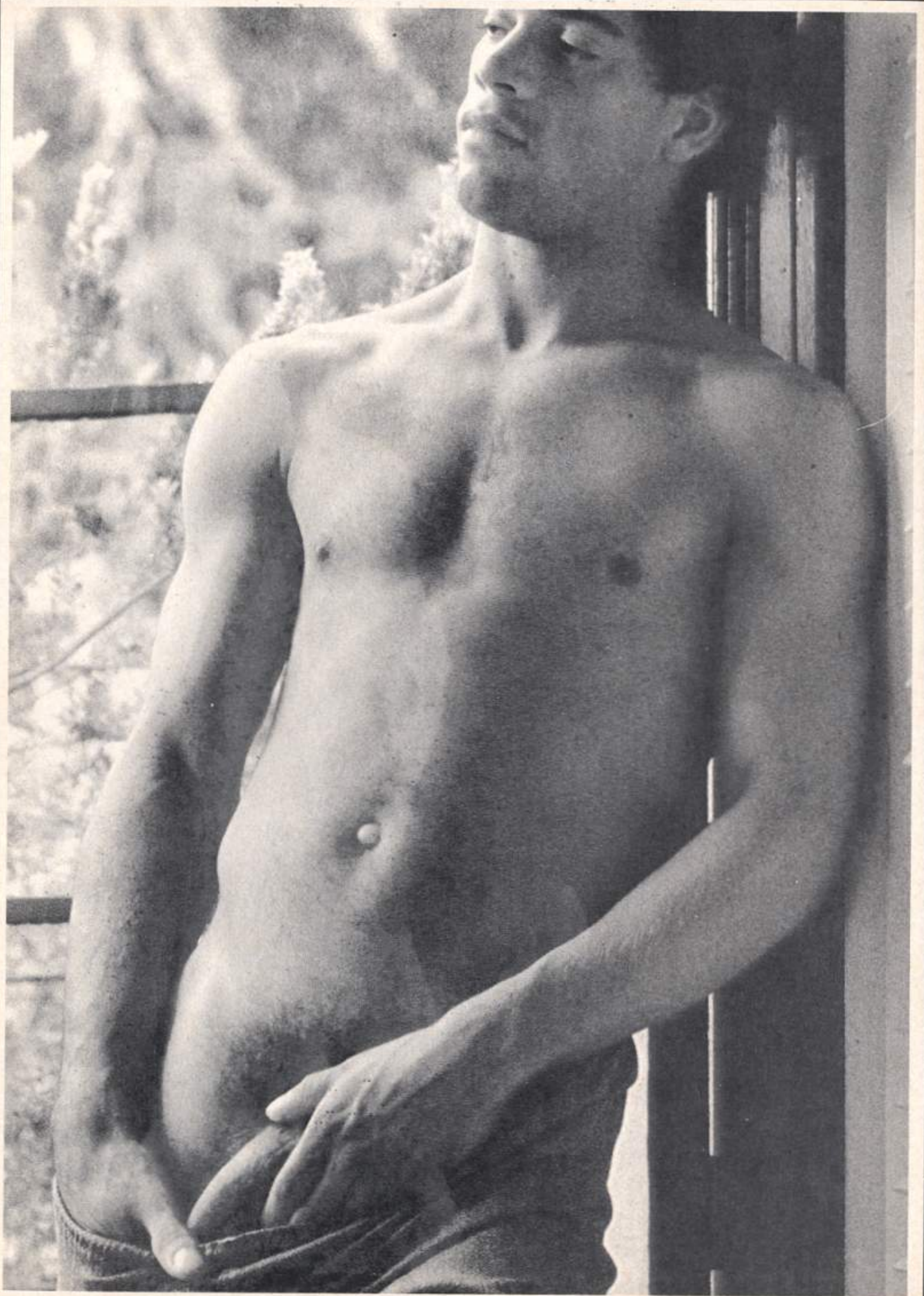
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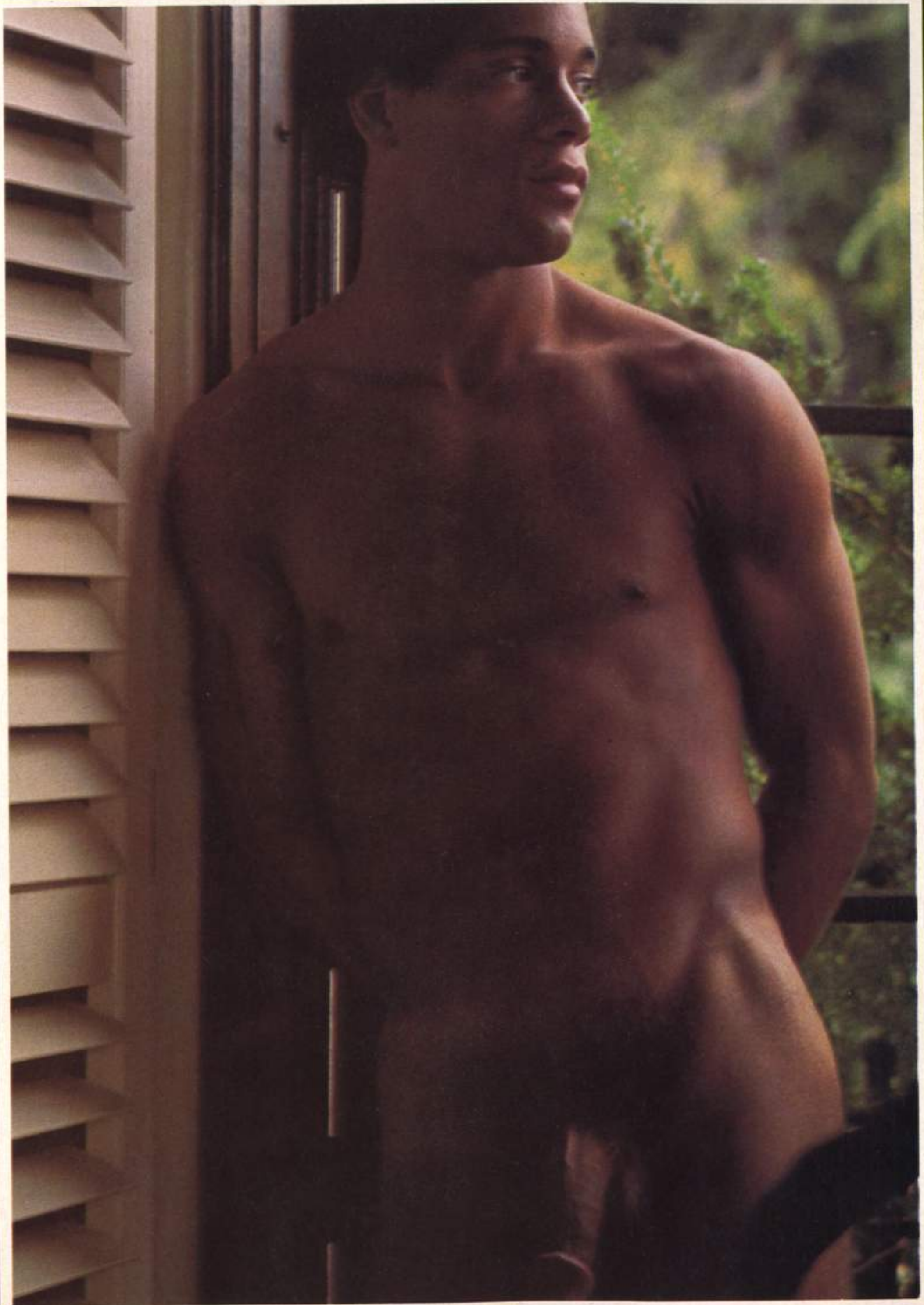
Mark White

The sea holds a special fascination for 25-year-old Mark White—which probably isn't unusual for a Pisces—who dreams of having his own commercial fishing boat. "I worked on a trawler out of San Diego," Mark says, "and it was a fantastic experience. If I could grow gills, I'd probably live in the sea." But there's plenty ashore to keep this introspective guy among the world of the land people. An independent nature and an interest in human nature are just two of the qualities which assure Mark of close companionship whenever he feels the need for it. "You've got to be able to deal with yourself comfortably before you can really relate to others," Mark says—and then his eyes turn to follow the sound of a distant foghorn.



PHOTOGRAPHY
BY MIKE CHESSE





PEOPLE

Paul Monette

What can one expect from a local boy who makes good? Well, if that local boy grew up in a small town north of Boston, became a teacher, and worked as a poet for ten years while, as he says, "spending his life at the movies," one can expect—and get—one of the most compelling novels published this year—**Taking Care of Mrs. Carroll.**

Paul recently spent an evening discussing his work in light of new developments in his life, including a recent move to the West Coast.

The novel is a revelation, to Paul as well as to those who know his poetry. It grew out of his desire "to find a story which would tell me, through its own drive, about the characters and their internal states. I wanted a lot of heat."

He seems to have found just what he was looking for. Mrs. Carroll is a fascinating tale of two lovers and their involvement with a group of warmly human characters, the most striking of whom is the fabled Madeleine Cosquer.

Madeleine is a woman who creates a myth while remaining firmly rooted in her humanness. She does not mourn the passing of her own beauty, the surface of which is securely preserved in the myth, while its substance lies in the reality of advancing age and wisdom.

In many ways, Madeleine's performances are, as one character suggests, all about love and time. So, in a nutshell, is the book. As the other characters learn the meaning of Madeleine's secret, they too become partners in the creation of another ideal vision—that of the "good, gay life," in which, as Paul notes, "it is possible to be gay and get older, and to love in a variety of ways."

Shaping his vision of the possibilities of the good life, Paul writes descriptive and prescriptive accounts of the ways in which gay people can live, supportive of one another and alive to one another's eccentricities. He concentrates on the special place that acting holds a gay life—along with the child-like need to fashion oneself into an ideal. But Paul makes a crucial distinction between the ability to be child-like, and simply being childish: "I don't necessarily believe in praising the lost world of the child in the sense of longing for 'happy times'—the world the Carroll household provided for its children should be enough to dispel *that* notion—but rather in a longing for a world of absolute consciousness. The child begins to realize as he grows older that the grownups have lost their capacity to see things as he does. In a way, all my characters carry the burden of self-consciousness, and they exult in it. I do, too."

Paul, at 32, candidly admits that he felt dissatisfied with his own life before the age of 25, and that the dissatisfaction and inertia stemmed from growing up gay. "Gay people," he says, "seem to maintain a hold on that child-like vision, perhaps longer than other people do. They have to combat a great many pressures to give it up; hence, the fascination with the creative impulse." Paul's own method of retaining his vision was his poetry, which he is no longer writing. He isn't certain that he will return to it, because he has found, he says, a greater range of experience in writing novels. "I've moved, I hope, from 'self-absorption' to 'other-absorption.'"

In this sense, he is akin to many people, gay and straight, real and fictional, who are fascinated with the world of the actor, in which grownups can once again take seriously the world of make-believe. Paul is



quick to caution, however, that "it's really important to have a 'reality principle' in your pocket all day long—and for my characters, it's their humor. For me, too. But I also count on my lover to bring me down to earth. I steady myself in his eyes." (For four years, Paul has been involved with a young lawyer he met in Boston. They moved to L.A. together last winter. "Like Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer," Paul says with a laugh,

"though I couldn't tell you which is which.")

Paul's reality principle has served him in good stead during the excitement and trauma of bringing out his first novel. When asked why the novel has seemed to be pushed as a comedy, Paul remarked that he felt a lot of people were very nervous about the explicit sexual scenes in it, though, as he rightly observes, "It's very grown-up sex."

In fact, it is a very grown-up



"Gay people seem to maintain a hold on that child-like vision, perhaps longer than other people do. They have to combat a great many pressures to give it up; hence, the fascination with the creative impulse."

book, and perhaps a novel which centers on a mature gay love story—and not on the trials of coming out—is bound to engender a great deal of nervousness, particularly in the media. "People in publishing don't know about the gay market," he says. "Not what or where it is, or how to reach it." He has little concern about being typed as a "gay author," since he feels that he is "a writer who happens to be gay." He is also comfortable in his assertion that "I have some really important gay stories to tell that no one else is telling."

That sense of generalized nervousness occasioned by the book is apparent in the film world, too. *Mrs. Carroll* is a book that aches to be a film. Many of its scenes are either counter-pointed or underscored by the recounting of imaginary scenes from Madeleine's career in the movies. Paul, who is an impassioned moviegoer, says that he feels he was "able to make my own movie in the writing of the book, by visualizing it as a film." He hopes, nonetheless, that the novel will actually be translated into film. Paul admits that the ideal casting would be none other than Dietrich.

In the meantime, Paul's second novel, *The Gold Diggers*, set in L.A., is already completed, and he is about to start work on a third. The new novels promise to continue the presentation of his unusual outlook on gayness, brought to light in *Mrs. Carroll*. In summing up his reasons for writing the latter, Paul asserts that he wanted "to create a mythic character, Madeleine, as big as the big stars." In reading his work, one has the feeling that he may have been successful, not only in giving birth to Madeleine's star, but to his own as well.

—Ed Roginski



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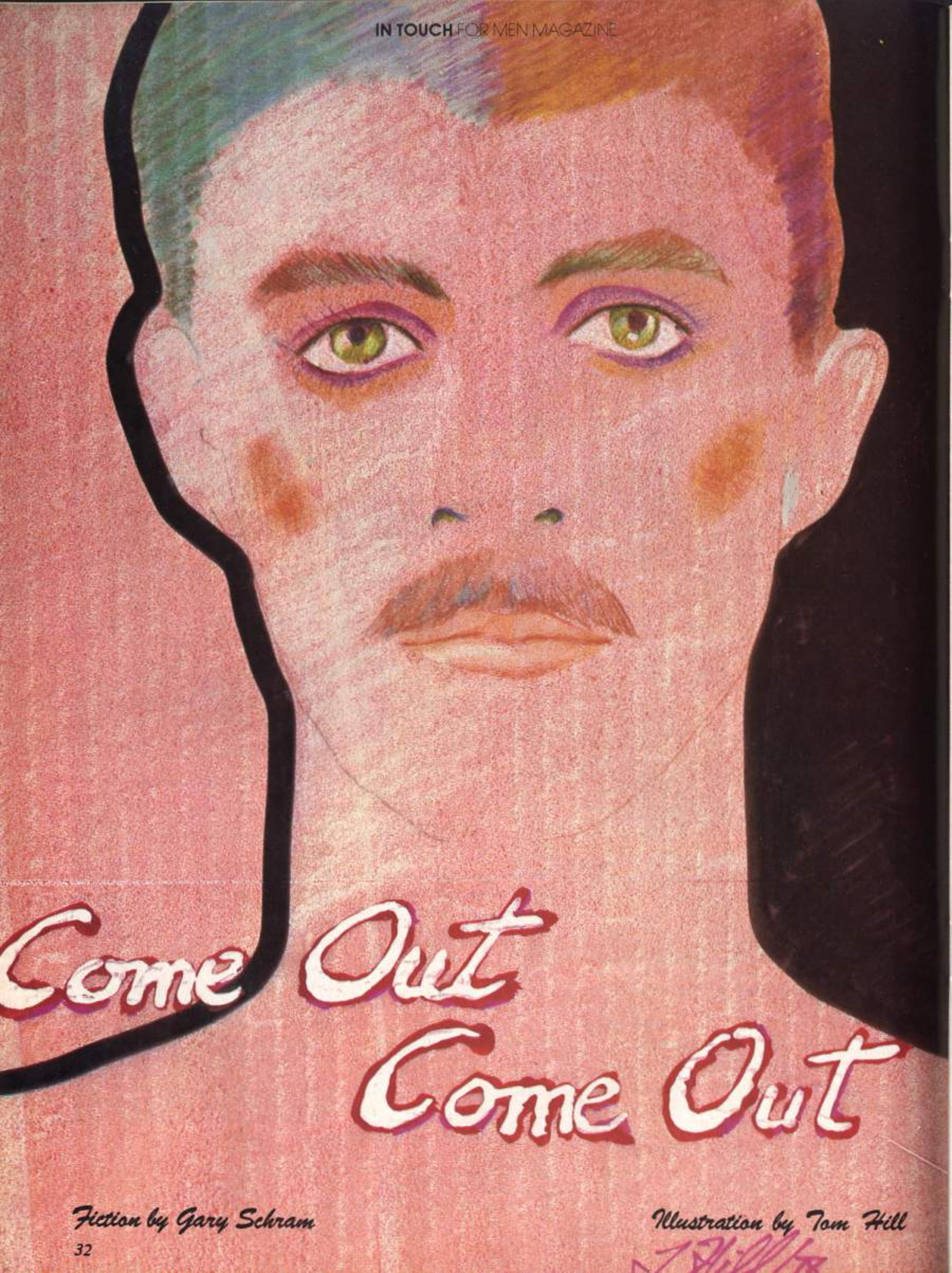
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Come Out Come Out

Fiction by Gary Schram

Illustration by Tom Hill

The dinner was burning nicely in the Tappan crematorium, my lair was in order, freshly doused, and I was toweling off after my third shower in three hours.

Relax! You're doing the right thing. They'll understand. Sure they will . . . Mother and Father . . .

And I shivered as an unwelcome spook grabbed my tailbone with an icy hand. And that deserves a drink.

Towel flapping around waist, I padded to the coffee table and splashed a tumblerful of White Label straight. Ice? No ice. I tipped the glass and gulped and gasped. Music. Maybe music. I shoved a cassette in the Sony and punched the "play" arrow and the heavy disco percussion of Cerrone shook the apartment, loosening woodwork, unsettling dust, rattling pans in the kitchen.

What I should do is rescue the dinner.

I pulled the smoldering remains of the roast out of the oven and peeked under the lid. Cinders and clinkers and smoke. Perhaps a little well done, but Mother would understand; she knows how well I can't cook. Father wouldn't understand, but if it didn't scream when he bit it he'd eat it. And I have yet to hear charcoal scream.

I tossed a wide friendly glance at the trashmasher. "Want to be invited to dinner?" It glared back. "Even if I gave you a soup can to nibble on for dessert?" Hmmm. Apparently not. And I took another gulp of the warm straight scotch.

Straight. That word keeps popping up.

. . . And that, dearest Mother and Father, is why you're here tonight. And you thought it was just to partake of roast a la ash . . . ? No, I have something to say. Very important. Maybe you should be sitting. Better yet, let me give you some pillows; you can stretch out on the floor . . .

No.

. . . Mom. Pop. Sit. I'm gay. Goodnight.

Too blunt . . . ?

. . . Hi, Mom! Hi, Dad! How about playing a game of Monopoly?

Not really.

. . . Scrabble . . . ? Charades . . . ? Poker, maybe . . . ?

Well fuck it all anyway!

I tossed the smoking dinner on the counter and padded back to the bedroom. In ten minutes I was dressed and in fifteen I was sitting, half-assed lounging, alternately gulping scotch and popping fruit-flavored Tums.

Relax! (Gulp.) I mean, you only do this once. (Was that a cherry?) And what can they do? The worst? (Gulp.) Disown me? (A lemon?) They could become enraged. And kill me. Or for the family's honor, silently hand me a loaded revolver and leave the room. (Gulp.) Or quote Corinthians. (Orange?)

The intercom buzzer shattered the air; the drink splashed, the Tums hit the ceiling and I slunk, shakily, to the door and hit the lock button with a spastic finger.

. . . Five seconds for them to find my door . . . three . . . two . . . *Knock. Knock.* My guts snarled themselves into knots; I thought of Poe, alone. And that was just a bird . . . Hmmm? I wonder how my Tappan would cook one medium raven . . . ?

Slowly I opened the door.

"Surprise!" Ricky yelled, bursting into the room like a blond tornado. I ricocheted off two walls and the ceiling. He tossed his suitcase down and sniffed. "Do you know your apartment's on fire?"

"What the fuck you doing here?" I gagged.

His blue eyes widened.

"You said so. You said I could move in the twenty-fifth." He ambled to the coffee table, sniffed my half-splashed drink and carefully sipped. "Yeeech! No

mix!" He stared grimly at the scotch and at me. "What's the matter with you?"

Trying to revive myself. "You nitwit! I told you the twenty-fifth—tomorrow!"

"The twenty-sixth?" he asked darkly. His blond brows collapsed suddenly over narrowed eyes and he tossed a brazenly suspicious glance at the small hallway. "You got a trick in bed?"

My skin tingled and I could have shot off to hell for all the evil I was contemplating.

"No!" I pounced on his suitcase and tossed it at him. "Leave! Come back tomorrow when you're supposed to! Quick! My parents will be here any sec—!"

Zzzzzzz! Zzzzzzz!

I was zapped, nothing worked, and Ricky, still eyeing me with narrow suspicion, sidled over and poked the intercom button.

"Yes?"

"Uh . . . yes . . ." a deep, raspy, male voice responded. "Is this—Could you tell me if this is Mr. Gregory Williams' apartment?"

"Yeah," Ricky said. "Come in." He jerked off the intercom button and muttered, "Trick's here." And he thumbed the lock release button.

Gasp! "No!" I screeched and leaped, tearing him from the wall and wrestling him to the deep carpet. Under me his hot body tensed and his eyes widened and misted with hushed terror at having aroused an obvious psychotic. "You didn't?" I panted.

"What?" he whispered.

"Open the lock?"

"What lock?"

I grabbed his ears, handy as they were, and thunked his fluffy blond head into the cinnamon carpet.

"Did you let them in?"

"Let . . . ow! . . . who in . . . ?"

And a sudden knocking, thunder in hell, boomed through the room. I shot to my feet, jerking Ricky up with me in a shower of popping, flying buttons.

"My shirt!"

"My parents!" I gasped. "Quick! Get in the closet!" I hoisted him by the collar and the seat of his pants.

"Like fuck in the closet!" he snarled, squirming, fighting like a pissed-on alley cat. He flung his arms out, grabbed the doorframe and dug his claws into the wood.

"I'll turn the light on!" I negotiated frantically over more dreadful knockings on the door.

"Fuck the light!" he growled.

"Later! Get in!"

"Help!"

"Ssshht!" I clamped a sweating palm over his mouth. "OK! OK! Not the closet—the bedroom!" And lifting him by the belt, I raced him on tippytoes into the bedroom and slammed the door. A mad dash back to the living room, two deep breaths and I opened the door.

"Mom! Dad!" I greeted, grinning, panting, sweating, seeing Ricky's suitcase.

Mother appraised me critically through large, tinted glasses.

"Were you busy?" she asked. "Was that you who answered?"

"Ahh . . . er . . . Yeah!" I grinned loveably, kicking the suitcase behind the door. "You know intercoms . . . make a person sound funny . . . heh-heh . . ." Father smiled, swung Mother around and propelled her through the door. She slipped out of her coat and sniffed.

"Is your apartment on fire?"

Father shrugged out of his coat and took Mother's. "Uh, where's the bedroom? I'll just toss these . . ."

Gasp!

(continued on 89)



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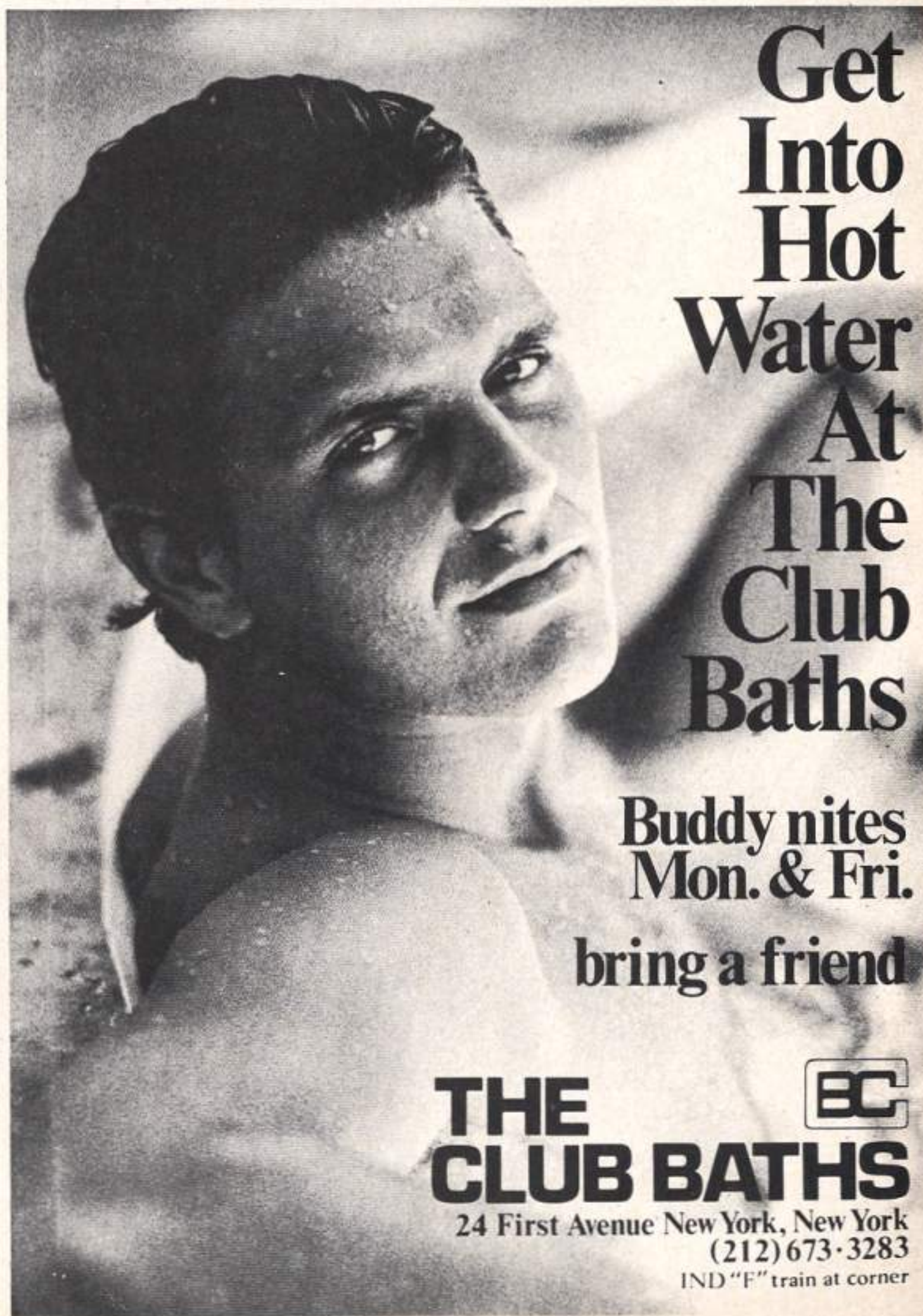


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Hawaii

When Mike Mainland and Tom Tourist thunder down in the 747 over the harbor of Jello-green ocean onto the reef runway of Honolulu International Airport, they might ask: "What's the 12th largest city in the United States doing in the middle of the Pacific Ocean?" It's gyrating with a Las Vegas intensity tropically laid-on uninterrupted 24 hours a day. Only there's no gamble involved here, unless it's the energy/money bet on self-pleasure. Forget about strumming ukes, grass shacks, coconut tree-shaded solitude and a paradisiacal pace in 3/4 time. That all went, on a long-ago balmy tradewind, when those ever-loving missionaries arrived in the last century and destroyed a civilization.

Hopefully, our Mike and Tom cooled the booze and rejected the radar-zapped luau on the plane, so their gay cruise in Aloha-Land can begin right at the airport. The air terminal is without a doubt the most beautiful in the world. Open to the seductive sun and mellow breeze (yes, Lance Los Angeles, pure air still exists) and bustling with an assortment of American-as-applepie boy-next-door-types. In the enthusiasm to get to the hotel, many fail to mine this field of ripe, very available pickings. Don't miss the obvious: departure-time waiting can be lonely; especially when coming down from a vacation in Hawaii, and it creates a throbbing yen to have that "one-more-before-leaving." If you can cool your excitement of arriving (do it and escape the half-hour pandemonium at the luggage carousel) and help out a "soon-departing," you may gain a wealth of current information as well as a brief encounter of the casual kind. The restrooms are an ever-changing smorgasbord of goodies. Refreshed, aloha'd by much more than the traditional plumeria lei, you can now tour-bus into Waikiki.

Waikiki is a village-sized metropolis, distinctly separate, yet all of one Honolulu. It is Hawaii. Maui is chic (translated "expensive") but boring; Kauai is primitive, and a brief stay is advised unless scenery and early to bed (alone) turns you on. The Big Island is just that, with space enough to assure the twain shall never meet. (Although Kona, on the Big Island, has a clubby International-Swinging mood to it, much like Acapulco and just as steamy. Kona would be my second choice after Waikiki.) I've been to all of the islands many times and couldn't glimpse a wisp of gay life anywhere. If it exists, it's on a one-to-one basis, and quiet.

"Tourist" Roy Dean's trusty camera and "native guide" Forrest Hooper's pointed prose combine to present an insider's gays' eye-view of Life in Paradise, '78.

Oahu (meaning "Gathering Place") is your island, then. There are approximately 45,000 tourists in and out each week, and 12 percent of these are gay. A true "melting pot" where the majority simmers down to just fun-loving people. In the compact area of Waikiki (easy walking to everywhere) there is everything and everyone you'll need to have a blissful vacation in Paradise. It's a gentle, warm spa offering instant forgetfulness of the mainland woes.

The best beach (really "ON" the beach) hotel bargain is the Reef (2169 Kalia Road) next to Ft. De-Russy. Moderate prices—\$26.00-\$48.00 for a double. Basic rooms, and at least it's not Holiday Inn

plastic. Tour/airline personnel and just generally a younger set. Large island-style pool plus a busy sandy ocean beach. Restaurants/bars all good and moderately priced. If you're not a stay-in-your-room type, the smaller hotels off the beach are less expensive. Any tour agent can locate one if you specify *your* need—make them dig! The 1978-1979 November-to-April season is already booked, but every month is beautiful here and off-season prices are a bit less. Nothing less than \$20.00 (double), though.

The visitor is King (or Queen), and your complete pleasure is the law of the land. Unlimited funds or on the economy, there's a sun-harvest feast for all. By day, the most royal of treasures are free to all. Sun, beach, ocean, balmy tradewinds and the ever-cruising abundance of bodies. And, most of these have to be the cream of the cream from all over the world. If Waikiki were to be likened to a food, it would be Beluga caviar for the cruise connoisseur. Whether it's the sensuous climate, lush scenery and warm waters, or the all-pervading aloha spirit, virtually everybody here looks great undressed. Wherever you walk or go, there is a constant panorama of bods wearing little bulging nothings. Wet clinging suits anyplace—in the bank behind mounded "Buttcuts" you can easily forget what kind of deposit you wanted to make; Woolworth's can never be the same after eyeing Mr. Speedo among the thread and yarn. Sore eyes are a local common complaint, and it doesn't all come from sun glare.

Before we begin the beaches, it's primary to understand our island directions. East is Diamond Head; West/North is Ewa (toward the airport); ocean/South is Maka; mountains are Mauka. Kalakaua is the main street running the length of Waikiki, Ewa to Diamond Head.

All Hawaii beaches are public.



Photo by Forrest G. Hooper



Photo by Roy Dean

The Cocktail Center is Honolulu's oldest gay bar.

For those into luxury, limousine service is available.



Photo by Roy Dean



The only obstacle ever is the near-nude bodies of every possible dimension glistening with the erotic sheen of suntan oils. The gay beach is most appropriately named "Queen's Surf." (Though Honolulu is liberal, the name designates the last ruling monarch.) It's located on the Diamond Head end of Kalakaua, across from Kapiolani Park and adjacent to the Aquarium. Look for a columned cement pavilion along the ocean. A food concession with shaded picnic tables—more used for sitting atop—displays the fruits of the loom. Restrooms with showers that are non-stop action, and don't complain if you go home without a tan. This beach is the Congregation of Locals' unholy ground and a spot where the bells ring all their chimes.

Though the gay community here can be snobbish (natural to provincials) and a bit unfriendly at times, the bod with the proper credentials will never have to see those red sails in the sunset alone. Gentle surf and mostly coral-free (swim *only* in pale-green areas if you want to avoid painful coral cuts) swimming area with a much clearer ocean than the hotels can offer.

The only primitive beach in Waikiki is a half-hour's walking distance past Queen's Surf at the base of Diamond Head. Go around Kapiolani Park, following "Kahala" signs—the Lighthouse on your right will be the landmark. It does have a shower now, but no restrooms. For the Marlboro-ad guy who wants to get out to the open spaces. Tumultuous waves favored by surfers, an



Photo by Roy Dean

The **Steamworks** is Honolulu's only gay bath—but when it comes to hunks, one can be enough.

endless sandy beach with a few nude sunbathers thrown in to keep you on your balls. There's heavy frantic game-play on the bluffs. For those who like to play in public, the paths and shallow caves along the hills are perfect survival training. I've seen it

when only one choice trick, nudely located, can attract the hawks like vultures over carrion. Take along some food, drink, and lots of lotion, as it can be windy there and burned buns do not an eager lover make.

Few bars on the mainland offer their customers the use of a jacuzzi—one of the **Blowhole**'s assets.



Photo by Roy Dean



All the rest of the beaches, be they city or hotel, are potluck. If your bag is finding and bedding that rare loner, cruise back (Ewa) from Queen's Surf Beach all the way to the Hilton Hawaiian Village lagoon. The Royal Hawaiian Hotel beach is the largest and most crowded, as it's shared by five other hotels. You'll find Ma and Pa in matched "Polynesian-horrors" (and a bored hunky son in his jam-packed Speedo's



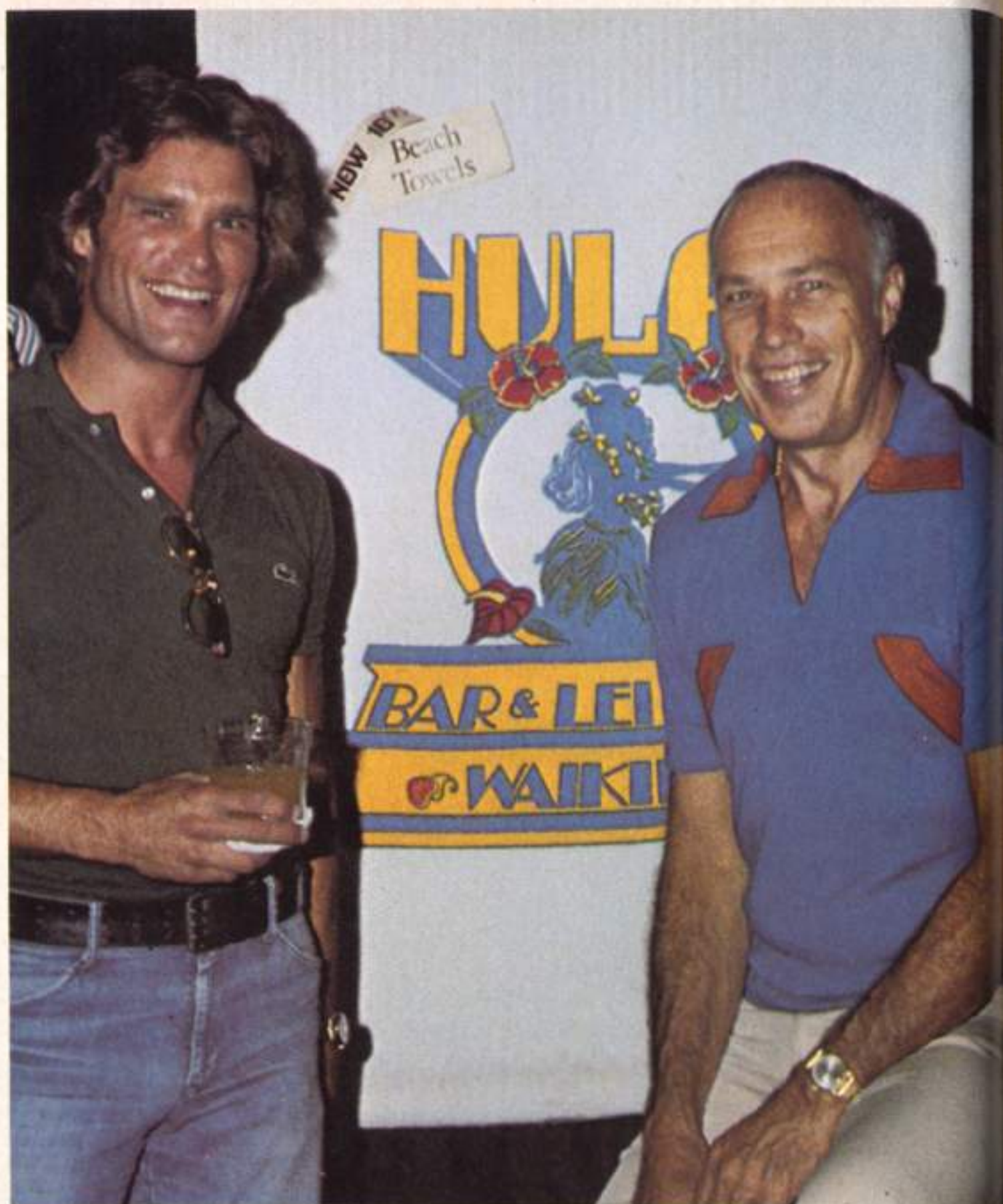
Photo by Roy Dean

Queen's Surf beach offers more than sun, sand, and an ocean view.

nearby), wife-out-shopping husbands eager to be checked out, Joe College and any/all other types imaginable. Ft. DeRussy (and it is an active military R & R facility) Beach is a G.I. reservation. It's between the Hilton Village and Reef Hotels. Many local students also frequent this area, and excellent opportunities abound. Basketball/paddle tennis courts afford lots of jock, sweaty shorts viewing and the restrooms/showers are an eye-balling circus (watch out for patrolling M.P.'s). Hard, gritty sand and murky coral water, so forego the watersports and concentrate on the basking baskets.

Ala Moana Beach/Park is across the street from the mammoth shopping center you saw on the way in from the airport. Attracts the university students, YMCA studs, white-collar professional trade and the local worker on his day off. Considered the native's beach, so perfect if you want to sample local limbs. The john in the park has walled, open-roofed showers where the exhibitionists sprawl out nude on benches. Best non-wave swimming area—reef-protected/shallow. The beach is flat and endless, inviting that casual stroll while checking out possible candidates for your evening pleasure.

Should you not be a beach freak, there's always plenty of scenery elsewhere. The shopping center is a must. Everyone circulates there, and



Hula's Bar and Lei Stand's Bob McGoon, right, does his best to keep his customers happy.



The **Blowhole** provides a wide range of services and activities for both locals and tourists.

it's the liveliest people-watching-people spot in town. The school kids invade after 2:30pm weekdays and concentrate near McDonald's. Since casual is Hawaii, lots of swim gear around, so go directly from beach if you wish. The other place for basket-prizing is the **International Market Place** in the center of Waikiki. We call it: "The International Mark-Up Place," so look but don't buy. It is a cool haven to browse the zippered goodies, and crowded until late evening. And, finally, don't forget the Zoo. That lonely, scared Midwesterner (a Marine heavy in civvies) may be more of an animal than the ones in the cage.

For after-beach drinking follow the "kids" from Queen Surf Beach to the rightfully named **Blowhole** (124 Kapahula) across from Zoo entrance—no address or sign—first building past Park Shore Hotel. The open wooden doors and screams will identify. Happy hour noon to 9pm and \$1.00 well drinks. Has a hot jacuzzi pool to bubble away that beach grime while you drink a tall cool one and feel a hot nude one. Also, swimming pool, two bars and nightly entertainment. Heavy tourist/local action keeps it boisterous.

The Blowhole now boasts a new restaurant which allows you to booze-eat-cruise all at the same time. Intimate dining (15 tables) under the trellised lanai around the pools. Excellent continental food, moderately expensive, served from 7:30-11:00 nightly.

The Cocktail Center (435 Atkinson Dr.) is Honolulu's oldest gay bar, and one of the most comfortable. It offers a friendly, mixed—both guys and gals—crowd, and boasts the only gay bar pool table in town. Snacks are available at the bar, and there's an oversize TV screen for watching special events when you're not watching the other patrons. It's also next-door to the **Two Queens**, the only gay liquor store in the islands.

Hula's Bar and Lei Stand (2102 Kuhio)—behind "Canlis Restaurant" off Kalakaua—has no flowers but certainly plenty of "lays" about. A Sadie Thompson-tropical outdoor bar under a huge Banyan tree atwinkle with lights; rattan romance under the stars! Number one with the teenies dressed to strangulation in the latest fashions. Billed as a "mega-sex" place (the mirrored Disco indoors is MEGA sound for sure) so you're apt to see the entire gamut of nightlife. Hetero-couples feel safe and uncontaminated; straights and/or husbands away from the wife rock with

the best of them. Definitely the gay bar with class and most relaxed atmosphere.

The Tomato (240 McCully and Ala Wai) is the farthest from central Waikiki (actually only three blocks Ewa of Hula's), so is patronized more by locals than visitors. It's the largest of the gay bars and the favorite of our (real) sisters—the bar to hit in the wee hours when others close (it's open until 4am).

For non-drinkers, there's the **Steam Works** (307 Lewers, 2nd floor), up the rear steps in an office building. It's the only one in town now, and very popular anytime. Weekends are full-house Ace's and rooms are gone by 8:00pm. Lots of service hunks and Paradise-Found for the admirer of orientals. Tourists—new bods flown in fresh daily—automatically get star billing. Sauna, movie/television rooms, maze and orgy room assure lots of sweaty swinging. Friendly service guaranteed by an able-bodied crew.

Between Hula's and McDonald's on Kalakaua is the raunch section of the strip. Best block for rough trade. Several book stores and the "Screening (or Screaming) Room" has the wildest peep-show quickies. The Sundowners swarm in from the beach around 4pm hoping for a crotch-knock opportunity. Astounding variety of in-and-outers keeps the place groping. Open forever for every taste.

Other than the Blowhole's recent addition, the only gay restaurant in town was **Yours 'N Mine** (1700 Ala Moana Blvd.), but just as this issue was going to press, Yours 'N Mine closed "for remodeling" and word was out that the place was pau—finished. Check it out, though, just in case.

If it's cruise instead of gourmet food that tingles your palate, the sexiest stud-waiters are at **Bobby McGees** (2885 Kalakaua), just a block Diamond Head of Queen's Surf. With waiters wearing theme/personality costumes, it's a must-do one evening. Having Superman in skin tight leotards endowing your order of prime meat can be a memorable eat-out. Moderate prices with generous portions of solid food. Disco, evenings for everyone, and better-than-beach wear advised. Behind and on the ocean is **Michel's**. Still and always the most elegant dining in town. If you're not rich, have a wealthy lover.

To pick up on current news of best/cheap restaurants listen to "Maude Munchies" in your hotel lobby. She'll know better than anyone. I couldn't begin to chronicle

them, as the town is a diner's Eden. However, don't miss **Patti's Kitchen** at lower-level Ala Moana Center. Patti's offers Chinese dishes abundantly displayed cafeteria style and a top price of \$2.55 to fill you sumptuously. Everybody in Honolulu eats there once. For late-late night snacks and under enough light to assay every mounded detail, it's everybody's favorite French standard — "Jack'N Box." Open 24 hours, unlike McDonald's. A stunning stream of studs any time.

At the beaches, as in all beach towns, the luscious lifeguards sprawl supreme in their towers of power. Ad-copy tans sprinkled over with sun-bleached curly hairs and the hottest "up the Y" viewing. They got—and show—it all. The other reigning stud symbols are the "Pedicab/Rickshaw" drivers. If you need directions or . . . they can tell you the where, why, when, and how of every action in town. These dudes are the hustler-par-excellence and well equipped to give service. Big jock types to slim orientals and native Hawaiians. Stationed everywhere along Kalakaua, 24 hours a day. Most are friendly and for hire. For the gymshort, sweat-sock enthusiast, these guys *make-it!* With his pumping muscled buttocks and thighs eye-level-inches from your face, you'll never have a better ride.

Kapiolani Park across from Queen Surf Beach is the jockville for joggers, and Honolulu is joggers—every hour, rain or shine. The Park has rest/exercise stops where you can eat your heart out admiring their sweaty pumped-up physiques. The Park also has soccer, baseball, events weekends, and the tennis courts go 24 hours.

A final note, and one to remember. If you should have any contact or problem with the law, state first and strongly you're a tourist, then play innocent and you should have no further difficulty. Your tourist money is the job-maker of Hawaii. A status which is a powerful talisman when used wisely.

Unlike other places, you're *not* a stranger in Hawaii (the truth of the matter being we all are, here) so hang loose, be yourself, but leave home the chic-condescension and mainland-airs which are not appreciated in this easy going Polynesia. We're a bit behind times, slow in tempo, and we also live longer! Although you may soon tire of the word "Aloha," try to feel and live it while in the Islands. The simple, warm and outgoing spirit it represents is the motto of this paradise—and believe it's not a bad way to live. *Aloha nui loa.* ■■

GORE VIDAL: OBSERVATIONS

by James Spada

In Gore Vidal, the gay community has, potentially, its most visible, eloquent and effective national representative. An internationally renowned author and essayist, Vidal is respected for his keen mind and lightning-fast wit, his superior debating ability and his fluid, fascinating writing style. He has definite, hard-hitting and controversial ideas about politics, religion, literature and Hollywood. And his current favorite topic is gay rights, something for which he has spoken out vehemently in recent months.

Vidal's most recent entry into the gay rights fray occurred in Boston this Spring. He was invited to speak before a group of citizens, gay and non-gay, on the issue of gay rights. In many ways, the assemblage was in support of 40 defendants in a gay sex court case then going on. It was not a defense group per se that Vidal spoke to, but it was a sympathetic one. As Vidal tells it: "I felt I had to speak out because the case was being blown all out of proportion in the press, most notably the *Boston Globe*. They were calling it a 'child porno ring' and there was neither children nor pornography involved. The 40 men were having relations with adolescents around 16, all of them willing. I spoke about the necessity of repealing anti-sex laws, etc. The next day the papers were saying that I had come out in favor of pornography and child molestation. It was just scare tactics. The District Attorney has pushed the 'anti-fag' button and there is a witch hunt going on—daily arrests for loitering, etc. And those men face life imprisonment if they're found guilty—that is the law of Massachusetts.

"Now, they're taking it even further and trying to impeach the Chief Justice of Massachusetts simply for being in attendance at the meeting.

"I think gays should claim a piece of land as their own and set up a separate country."

"It is a witch hunt, an attempt to press the popular 'anti-fag' button for the sake of political gain. The laws are barbarous and have to be changed. One positive note out of Boston is that 30 members of the *Globe* staff protested their coverage of my speech and there at least is now a polarization of public opinion on the issue."



Vidal often speaks across the country on the need for changing the antiquated sex laws in so many states. His own personal brush with homophobia occurred 30 years ago, when his third novel, *The City and the Pillar*, was released. To that

point, he had been acclaimed as the brightest new literary light in the country. But this book, the first to deal sympathetically with homosexuality in this country, changed all that. "The *New York Times* refused to accept advertising for the book, and the daily reviewer, then the most powerful book critic in the country, said that not only would he not review that book but would never review another book of mine. *Time* and *Newsweek* followed suit." Vidal wrote five other novels in the next six years, all of which were ignored by these three important reviewers and all of which did poorly in sales as a result. "I was forced to give up book writing for ten years," Vidal says, "and so I turned my attention to writing screenplays for Hollywood and television." He also wrote essays which earned him a reputation as a "literary politician." In 1960, largely because he was related through marriage to Jacqueline Kennedy, Vidal was urged to run for Congress in upstate New York. Running as a Democrat in a lopsidedly Republican area, he ran respectably. He was urged to run again in 1964, and the Johnson landslide of that year probably would have put him in office, but he declined.

Instead, he returned to writing books, and by this time he was so well known that he could not be ignored. His books did phenomenally well and he was established as a literary giant—*Washington, D.C.*, *Myra Breckenridge*, *Burr*, 1876 and his newest bestseller, *Kalki*. Vidal's image of the end of the world as told through the eyes of a bisexual aviatrix-turned-news-paper-reporter.

Vidal gained even further national attention in 1968, when, with William Buckley, he acted as commentator for the Presidential Nominating Conventions. Vidal and

Buckley, at opposite ends of the political spectrum, battled each other tooth and nail, until, at one point, Buckley called Vidal "a fag" and Vidal countered by calling Buckley a "neo-Nazi." Their feud still goes on. Asked his reaction to Buckley's novel *Saving the Queen*, Vidal says, "I thought it was an interesting memoir." He has also feuded with Norman Mailer and Hollywood, which he says, has made a "travesty" of his works, most especially *Myra Breckenridge*—an opinion most would not argue with.

Meeting Gore Vidal was a stimulating, pleasurable experience. I had expected an imperious, condescending intellectual snob. What I found was an approachable, convivial, highly intelligent, wonderfully witty man. Unquestionably an aristocrat, he is not heavy-handed about it, not above a self-effacing remark and quite at ease about cruising good-looking men as we drive by in his press agent's Cadillac. His humor, too, is not always sparkling with sophistication. Told by the photographer along with us that day, "We need some more action shots," Vidal replies: "How about some fist-fucking?" Easy to

feel comfortable with a man like that.

Vidal's opinions about social issues have gained him many enemies and many staunch supporters. He calls the Vatican "those Cosa Nostra" and blames religion for many of the world's ills, stressing his view that it is a belief based upon irrational fears. He believes most office holders are at best ineffective and at worst totally corrupt, that nothing the American public believes wholesale has not been carefully prepared for them by the powers that be, and that the current campaign against homosexual rights is based in economics.

"The entire American economic system is based on workers. And the best worker is a scared worker. A scared worker is a young man with a wife and young child to support. He'll do what the bosses tell him to because he desperately needs that job. If he doesn't toe the line, he and his family will be out on their asses. But a gay man, or two gay men living as lovers, are a threat to the big business owners. They're independent, they can tell the owners to fuck off or they can rabble-rouse, organize other workers who would be afraid to lead

the movement themselves. The owners of this country are afraid of diverse groups ever getting together, because then they don't have a chance. All of the racial turmoil in the south was fermented by the factory owners. As soon as they sensed that blacks and whites were getting together against them, they'd invent some black/white sex scandal and scare everybody."

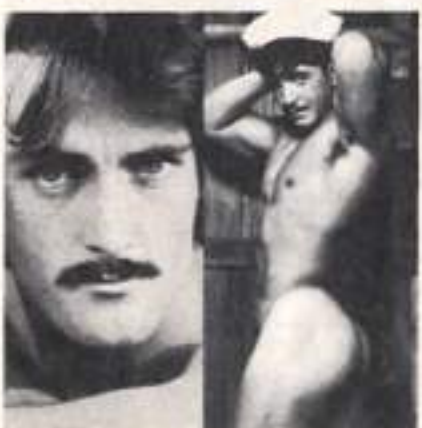
What does Vidal think gays can do to fight back against oppression? "I think gays should claim a piece of land as their own and set up a separate country. Short of that, maybe the answer is violence. Surely the social changes that have come about in this country have occurred as a result of violence. Perhaps that's the only way."

Vidal's opinions are frequently overstated in order to make a strong point. He thinks it very important that people become riled up, react to oppression, and *think* about the world around them. "If people would think for themselves rather than believing what so many others tell them, we'd be a much freer people."

And you can quote him on that.

■ ■

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"Hoop" is a slim, six-foot, biodegradable Irish self-proclaimed gypsy who now lives in Hawaii. Quintessentially young ("I've got a Dorian Grey portrait to prove it"), Hoop has adopted the Islands' philosophy of "You Only Live Once."

A tap-dancing star at four, concert pianist at 20, he was seized by the wanderlust shortly thereafter and became a self-taught artist in the '50s. He had his first one-man New York exhibit in 1963, and his





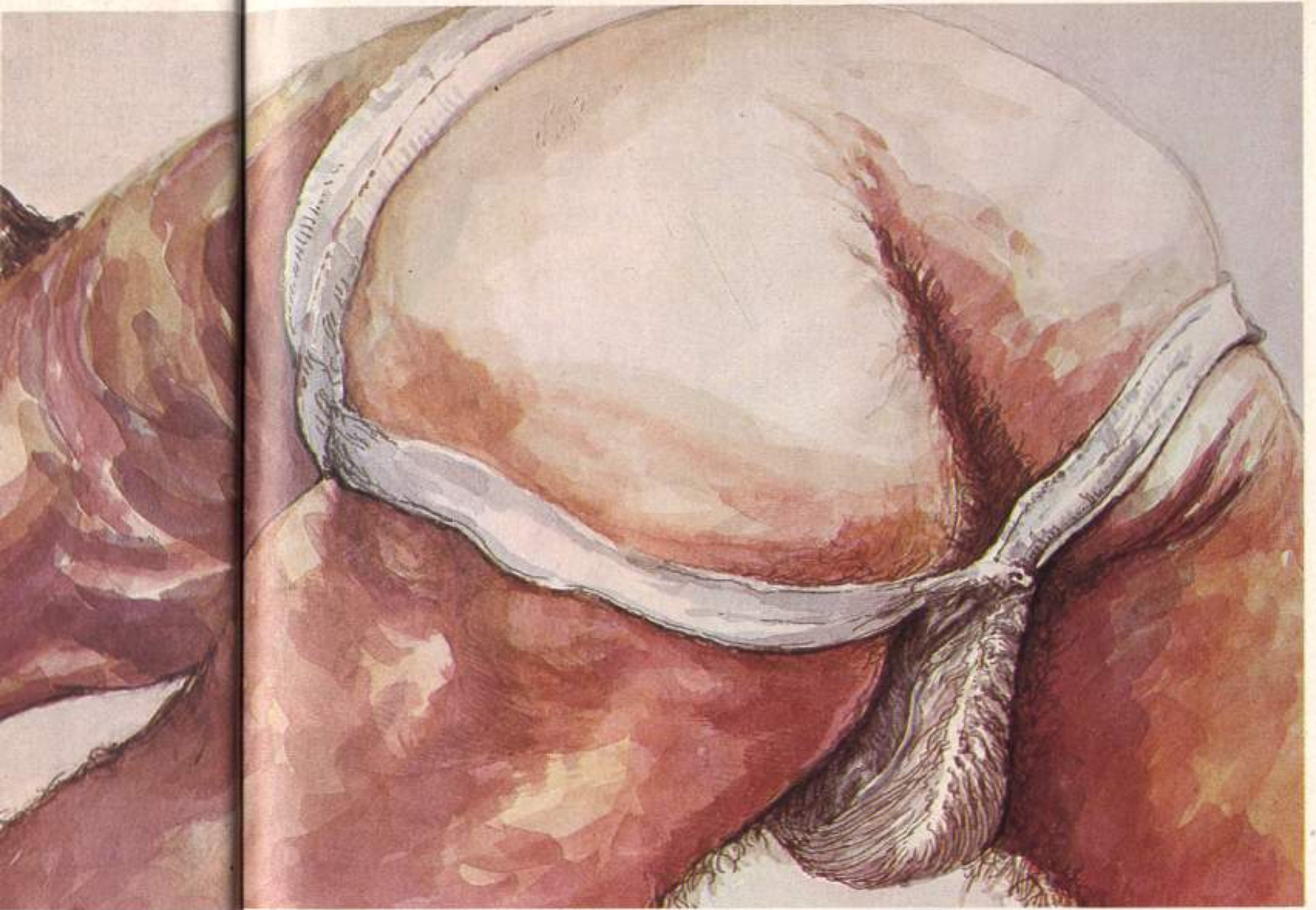
IN TOUCH
P.T.C.

work hangs in homes and galleries around the world.

He considers himself a dyed ("bright/sunny colors only") in the wool Aries Ram who always gets things done his way, and that life holds no unattainable goals. Super-sensitive and gentle, Hoop is nevertheless a determined survivable Don Quixote whose daily motto is: "Work is play, play is Life, and Life is music."

"Why accept a solo," he asks, "when there's a whole orchestra to command?"





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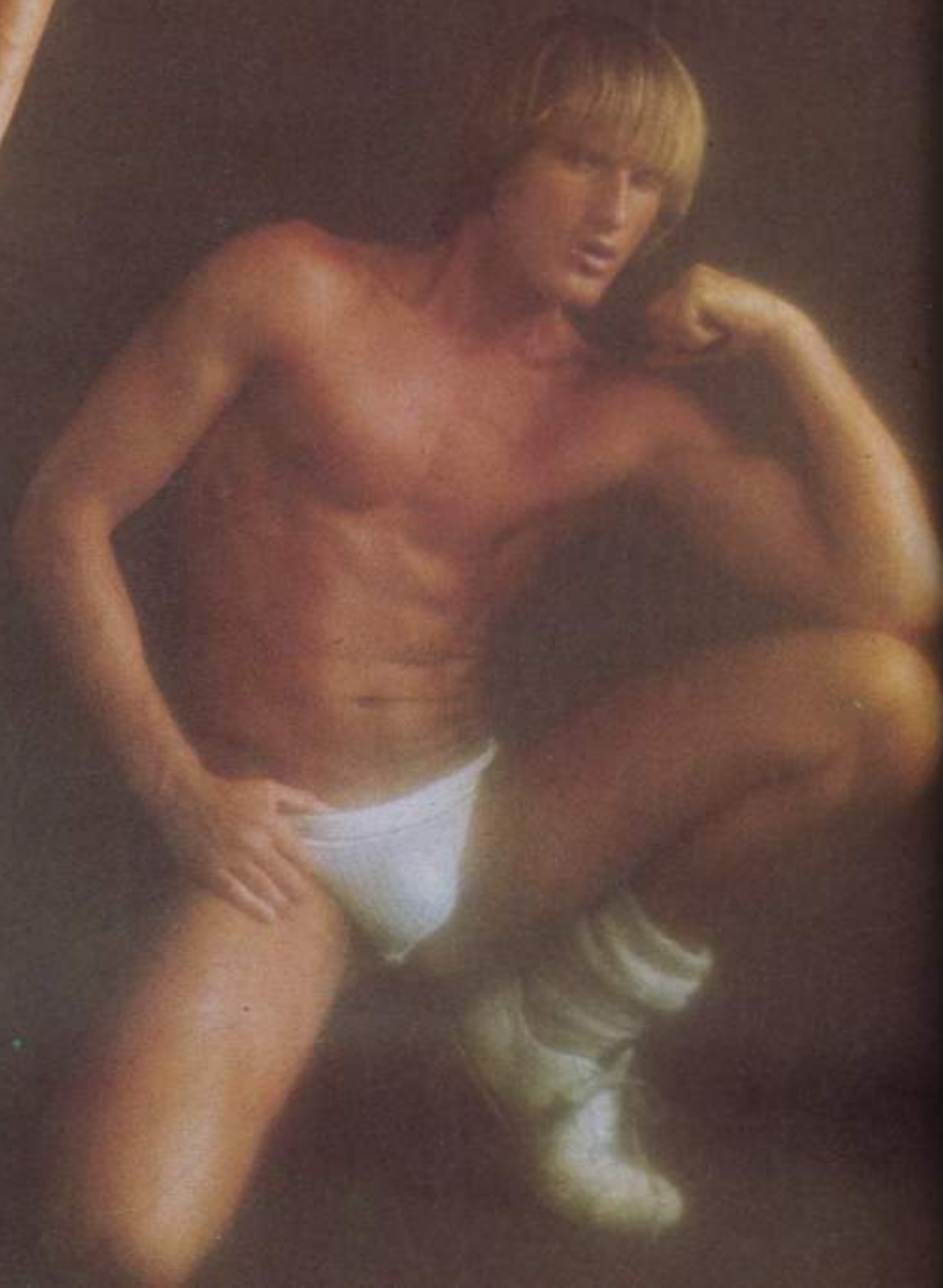
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A growing literary cult finds almost as much between Kirkwood's lines as in them.

by William R. Russo

JAMES KIRKWOOD

James Kirkwood is the most readable, exciting writer on the literary scene today. Once an actor, disc jockey, night-club comedian, Kirkwood has combined this breadth of experience (all his characters are at least on the fringe of show business) with an extraordinary vitality to become one of the most prolific authors in America. No one else has succeeded in so many genres—Broadway comedy, drama, novels, and non-fiction, too! Kirkwood seems to be vying for the title of Renaissance Man.

Kirkwood may be the only major writer today who is read by and accepted by straights and gays alike. The literature of Kirkwood has dealt with homosexual characters—and characters with gay qualities—in the most fair manner of any contemporary writer. Kirkwood's heroes are searching for companionship, for a special friend. This may not be a gay quest, but the friend often is the initiator into a new perception of life—a lifestyle lacking sexual hang-ups. Nicknames, magical words, a religious attachment, seem to bond the relationship. Indeed, Kirkwood has grown progressively brazen in each novel and play about the bisexual implications of this special friend.

Over the past fifteen years, the writer has penned four novels, four plays, a non-fiction study of the Clay Shaw-Kennedy Assassination trial, and this includes co-authorship of the Broadway musical *A Chorus Line* which has been awarded the Pulitzer Prize—and yet, Kirkwood is seldom listed among the important contemporary literary figures. For some reason there is a scholarly snobbery against him.

As a young first-novelist in 1960, Kirkwood's *There Must Be A Pony* contained an early treatment of gay issues. The narrator, a precocious fifteen-year-old boy, discusses the "He-Man Myth" at the beginning of the novel. "I can't stand to hear a grown-up call a kid a sissy." Josh angrily describes the intolerance of sexual liberty for gays and cross-dressers. Indeed, the most sympathetic character in the story is a screenwriter named Merwin who—one might guess—is gay. But the subject of overt gay relationships is closeted, as a novel written in the 1950's ought to be.

Good Times/Bad Times, Kirkwood's major work of the 1960's, is more daring. The story focuses on a prep school boy—good-looking, athletic, charming—who is accused by the headmaster of having a gay love affair with another student. In an ironic parody of Maugham's *Rain*, Peter finds himself the object of the headmaster's latent passion. Later, to defend himself against a sodomic rape, Peter kills the headmaster. The issue of Peter's gayness is left ambiguous, despite Peter's denial of the possibility.

Kirkwood's two novels of the 1970's have proven to be popular treatments of the sexual dilemma. First, in 1972, *P.S. Your Cat Is Dead* was published before it was produced as a play. Recently revised for Broadway, it remains Kirk-

"The literature of Kirkwood has dealt with homosexual characters—and characters with gay qualities—in the most fair manner of any contemporary writer."

wood's most liberated work. A straight male actor named Jimmy Zoole captures a gay burglar in his apartment. An unusual friendship, albeit seduction, develops, leaving the conversion of the straight male a definite possibility. Several years later, Kirkwood presents an average straight male hero, made Vietnam prisoner-of-war, who must deal with his sexual feelings for his cell-mate. Eddie Keller is, indeed, *Some Kind of Hero*.

Each novel has been a first-person narrative—in essence, a confessional, although each narrator would be horrified by that classification. But it does seem apt. Kirkwood's protagonists are *not* criminals, but are residents of a shadowy area of normality. Peter Kilburn and Josh's mother are charged with murder, perhaps unjustly; Eddie Keller eventually commits a major robbery; Jimmy Zoole is on the verge of a mental breakdown and imprisons a burglar, and J. Francis Amber—central figure in the play *UTBU*—is plotting to murder his mother.

Satirizing the sexual mores of these heroes is also an element of Kirkwood's art. Each of Kirkwood's main characters is straight and nervous about—although tolerant of—gays, but each is also adamantly opposed to the humbug of macho behavior. In *P.S. Your Cat Is Dead*, both play and novel, Jimmy Zoole, faced with his girl friend's duplicity and his best friend's death, finds salvation in the love offered by a gay burglar. Although Jimmy has refused to "make it" with his best friend, he regrets it after his friend's death. Nevertheless, he remains weary of the butch cat-burglar, Vito. Later, Jimmy realizes that love is love, regardless of the source.

The people in this literary world are often at the mercy of outer forces—not merely other characters, but large systems or institutions. Kirkwood's delineation of contemporary America manages to be a darkly humorous social criticism. Various social institutions serve only to convolute and to frustrate the protagonists. For instance, the criminal justice system victimizes Peter Kilburn and Josh's mother, unfairly charging them with crimes. The press also sensationalizes the situation, causing the sensitive people to border on emotional breakdown. Rigidity and uniformity of lifestyle undermine the lives of Kirkwood's characters; Peter's prep school, Gilford, is an example: it is known as the "Institution for the Criminally Young." For Eddie Keller, the Vietnam war hero, the military—as usual—ties him up in red tape and bureaucratic double-talk, causing him to strike out independently and to thumb his nose at the System. Perhaps Kirkwood's most ironic depiction of the crisis is in the little-known play, *UTBU*, wherein an organization has been formed to exterminate (murder) unpleasant people. It is corporate America parodied to its ultimate.

Sometimes, Kirkwood is reminiscent of Charles Dickens. The parallel certainly follows along the lines of the authors' intentions for writing. *Good Times/Bad Times* is, indeed, a sort of combination *A Tale of Two Cities* (renamed Sodom and Gomorrah) and *David Copperfield* (recall the friendship of DC and the seductive James Steerforth). Kirkwood presents the reader with a gal-

lery of characters in each work. All are swept along in the picaresque vignettes of the protagonist. By dealing with such heavy themes as child abuse and premature death and the comedic adventures of harmless eccentrics, by portraying cruelty, by using detail, through gesture, through colloquial speech, Kirkwood resembles a twentieth century Dickens.

Nevertheless, Kirkwood seems to be most accurately a literary descendant of J.D. Salinger. There can be no doubt that Salinger has had influence over Kirkwood's treatment of subject, literary voice, and philosophy. When *Catcher in the Rye* came out in 1951, Kirkwood must have seen its unrealized possibilities. Holden's passing experience with a gay teacher becomes the focal point of Peter's life in *GT/BT*. When Kirkwood wrote *There Must Be A Pony*, the narrator would be a fifteen-year-old son of a has-been movie actress. ("If you want to know the whole truth, it just about kills me to go over the whole thing.") The voice of Josh is nearly identical to Holden Caulfield's. Many phrases are standard refrains from Salinger's work. Over the next ten years Kirkwood totally alters the similarity. But the influence of Salinger must have been impossible to ignore in 1957 with the publication of "Zooney" in the *New Yorker*. Zooney Glass, born in 1930, a child of show business, is in 1955 a television actor on a soap opera. Kirkwood could not have failed to see the parallel: in 1955, Kirkwood—son of actress Lila Lee—was a twenty-five-year-old television actor on a soap opera ("Valiant Lady"). In 1972, *P.S. Your Cat Is Dead* would have a main character named Zoole—who seems to be Zooney some years later.

In the worlds of Salinger and Kirkwood, stories featuring grotesque events, bad times, victimization, need to be told with warmth and charm by characters who seem to be transcending their problems. For all Holden's faults—and Maxwell Geisman called him a "sad little screwed-up hero"—Holden's desire to do good, to expose the phoniness of modern life wins the reader's sympathy. For Kirkwood's Kilburn, kindness to the "screwed-up people of the world" is Peter's primary trait. Holden and Peter are charmers. In fact, if there has been a critical reaction adverse to these two heroes, it has been said that they are too cute.

This criticism against Kirkwood is, simply, wrong. "Cute" is not the term to describe a universe filled with violent images and recurrent

insanity. The perceptions belong to the narrators; James Kirkwood does not sugar-coat reality. Too many readers confuse the author with the characters he presents. Besides, the works of Kirkwood contain more dead cats than any writer outside Mark Twain (Huckleberry Finn used to swing dead cats on a rope).

Insanity is also a component of the milieu. Characters like Peter Kilburn have periods of anger that are contiguous to insane violence. Often, they recognize their own capabilities. For instance, Jimmy Zoole's state of mind is quite dangerous when he violently subdues the burglar; Zoole is losing his mind. Josh, too, is a terrified boy who loses his balance at the swirl of events that poison his adolescence. Eddie Keller feels that he is forced into taking drastic and crazy actions to save his mother and himself.

In addition, in Kirkwood's literature, children are often the victims of their parents or parent-surrogates. In the first novel, Josh's parents are long divorced: but to illustrate Josh's inability to cope with that, the boy never gives his last name. Later, when his mother has a breakdown, he says: "Isn't it miserable that the first time you see a woman naked it's your mother and she's going crazy!" Josh is truly an unfortunate child. So is Peter Kilburn who—with his weak, alcoholic father—is forced to fend for himself. Peter's classmates have equally insensitive parents. One father has forced his six-year-old son to perform fellatio. In *UTBU*, the situation is ironic; J. Francis Amber, a has-been actor, now caring for his elderly and senile mother, is accused of "mother abuse."

Underlying the horror and the comedy is Kirkwood's Constant, a deity who is a Cosmic Jester.

The cruelest trick of the Big Joker is to cause grief when happiness is near. In each of Kirkwood's literary works, the central character meets a best friend, someone special, after years of searching. And in each case, just as the relationship seems to reach a new plateau, the best friend dies—suddenly and prematurely. Josh loses Ben, his mother's lover, to suicide. Peter loses Jordan to a heart condition. Jimmy Zoole's friend dies of a heart attack while at a movie. Eddie Keller's friend dies of dysentery in a Vietnam prison camp. The joke is unfunny; the death will haunt Kirkwood's hero forever.

Lately, Kirkwood has been enigmatic (no, not enigmatic). From his first novel, the author has been concerned with the modern view of life in scatological terms. This idea

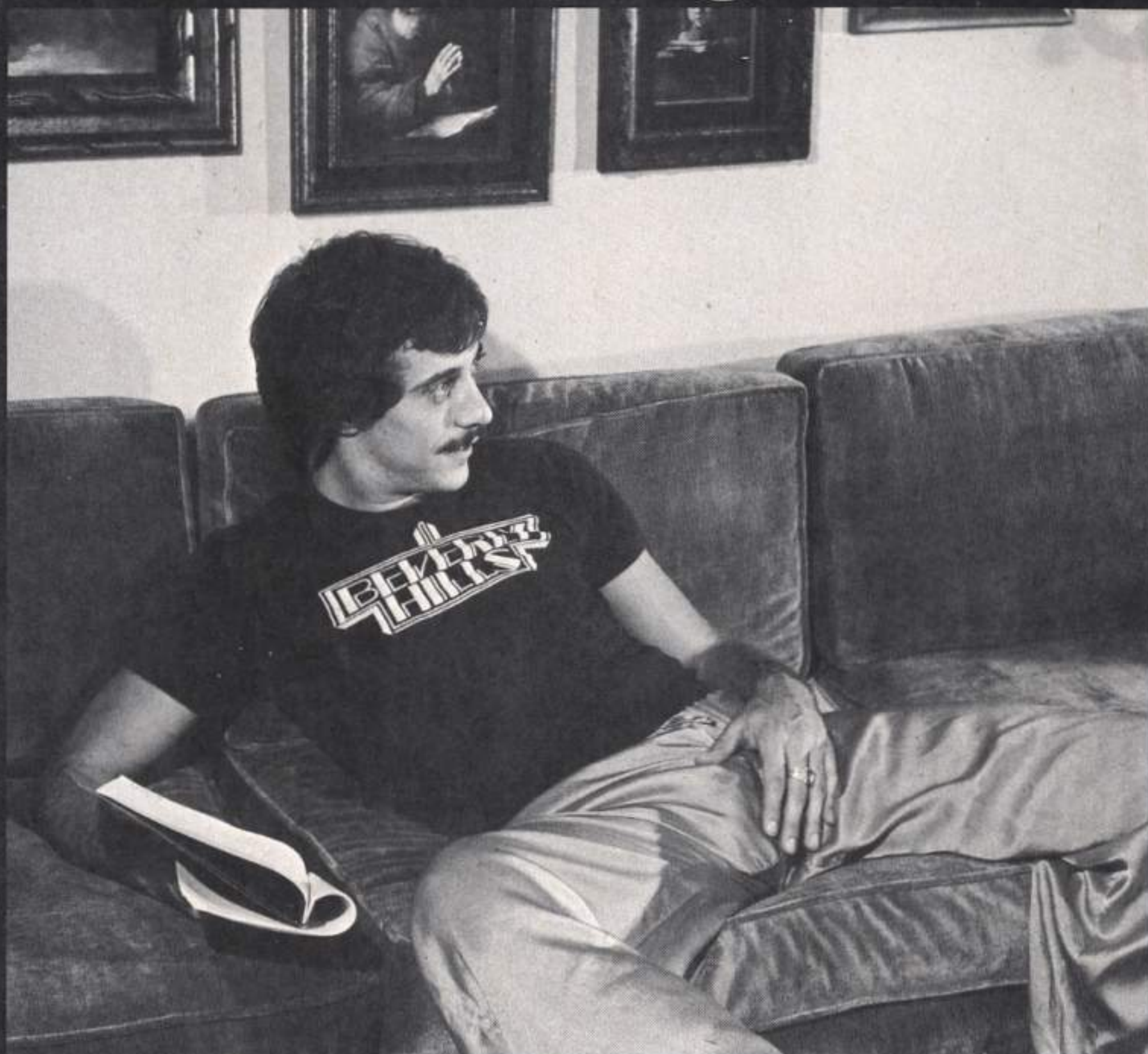
only slightly waned in the next literary works, but Kirkwood's most recent novel has again focused, stubbornly, on this perception. In fact, *There Must Be A Pony's* title derives from an anecdote told to young Josh about a father's experience with his two sons. One son was an eternal pessimist, one an optimist. The father filled one room with toys and gave it to the pessimistic son; the boy was wary and suspicious, wanting to know the catch. For the optimistic son, the father provided a pile of manure. The son jumped enthusiastically into the pile, digging through it. Asked why, the son told: "In all this horseshit, there must be a pony." This rather succinctly capsulizes Kirkwood's opinion on how to approach life.

In *Some Kind of Hero*, however, the point is inescapable: Eddie Keller's nickname is "Pisher," because he was captured by the Vietcong while urinating. Later, his best friend dies of dysentery in a few rather graphic and ugly scenes. His mother's heart attack and paralysis allows her to speak only one word: "Shit." New York City and its inhabitants are described in the myriad possibilities for the slang. Excrement is the fashion. People are equated with their basest functions. This is the point, however critical, where Kirkwood's latest novel leaves the reader. Where his next work will proceed interests the growing coterie of Kirkwood aficionados.

Kirkwood's most recent two novels have ended on an optimistic note. After the agonizing, unfulfilled heroes of the 1960's, Kirkwood's protagonists in the 1970's have been better able to deal with their gay feelings: Jimmy Zoole accepts his gay burglar and will probably find happiness with his "vivid" friend. In *Some Kind of Hero*, Eddie Keller's turbulent story also ends on a positive note. "Today I'm dedicating myself not only to the pursuit of happiness, but the catching by the tail and dragging down into the clover of it." Eddie may be a new disciple of Auntie Mame, but one thing is for sure: Kirkwood's main characters are on a better emotional and mental plane in recent works.

A magical power enervates Kirkwood's literature. His narrators are both charming and charmers. But, as with the Pied Piper of Hamelin, the ability to enchant belongs to James Kirkwood—not to one of his characters. James Kirkwood is a major American writer whom gay and straight readers ought to celebrate. It's time to pay homage to the Piper. ■■

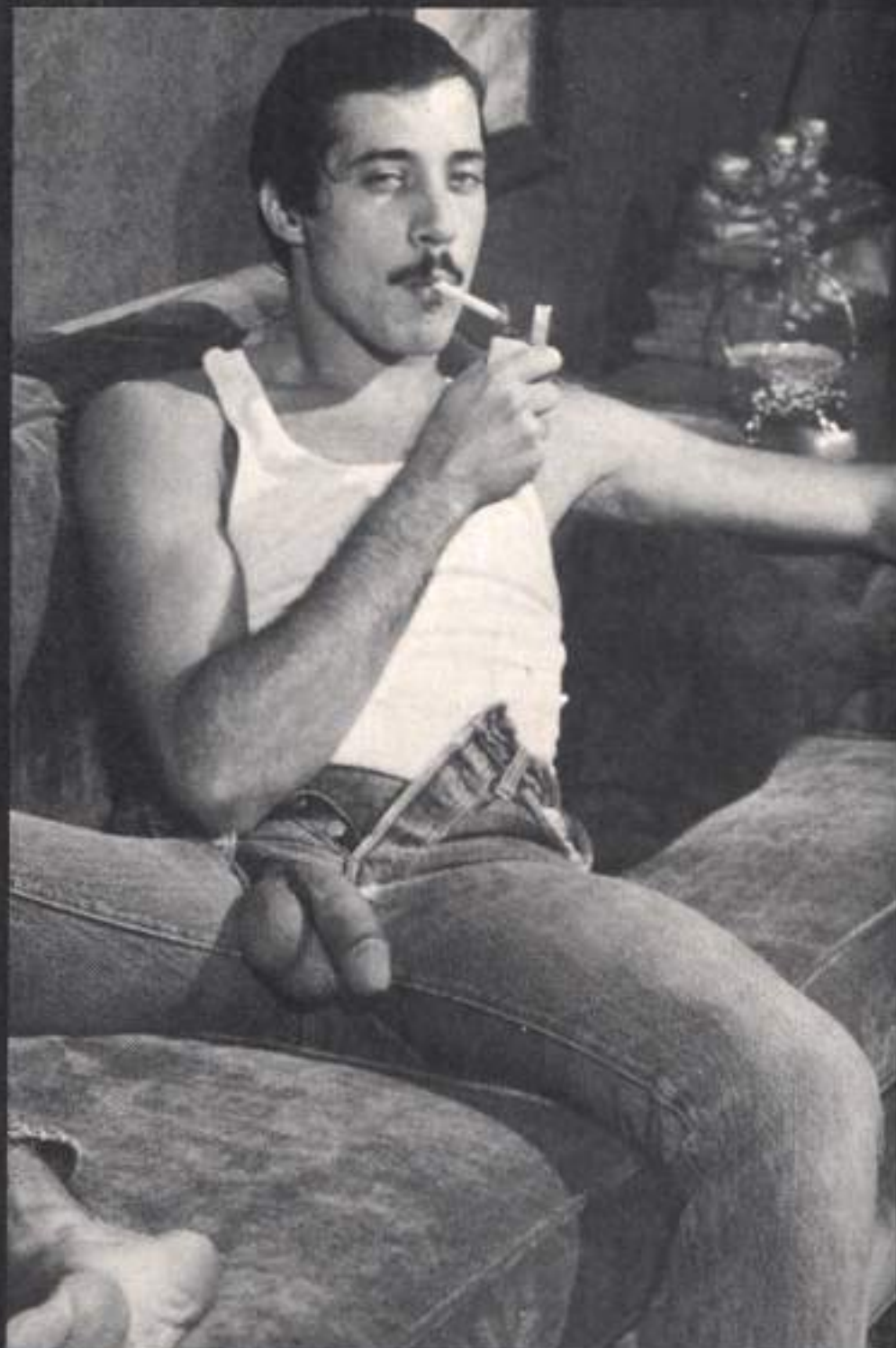
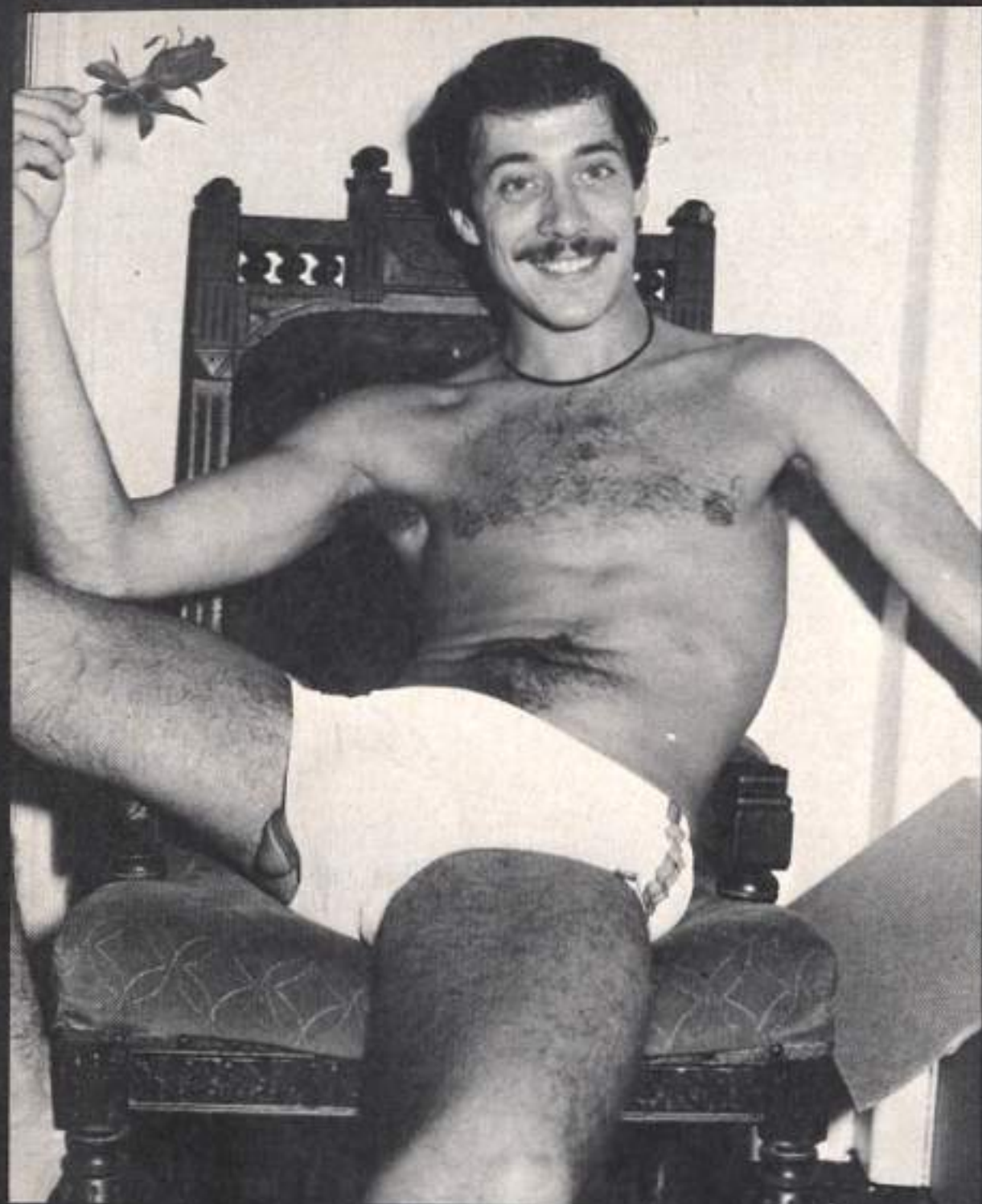
INTRODUCING *Thom Amorelli*

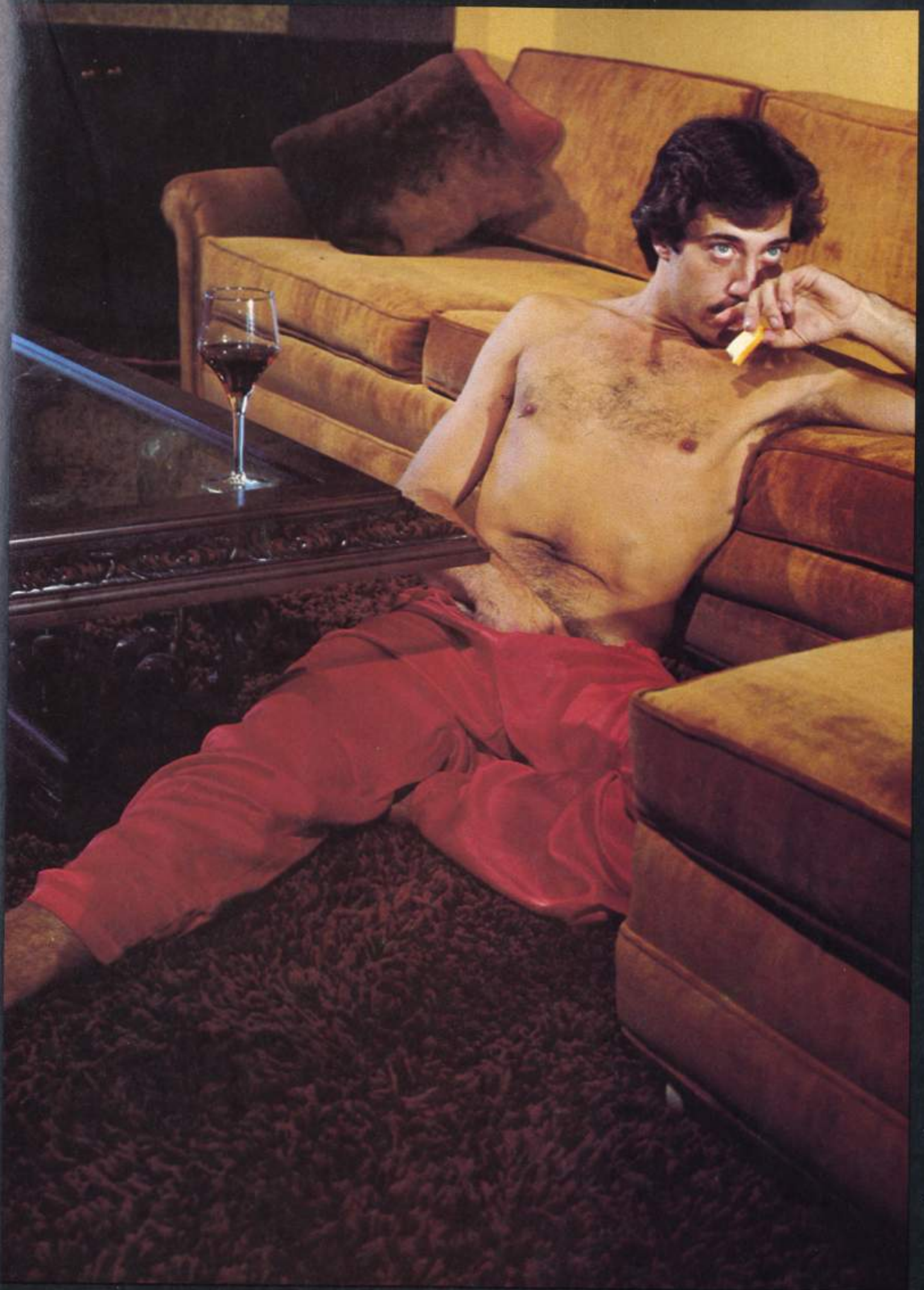


Sicilian-born Thom Amorelli is a walking example of the term "hot-blooded Italian." This 23-year-old, 145#, 5'11" Aquarius never does anything half-way. He's constantly waging a running battle between his wanderlust and his goal of becoming a clinical specialist in pediatrics, and is working

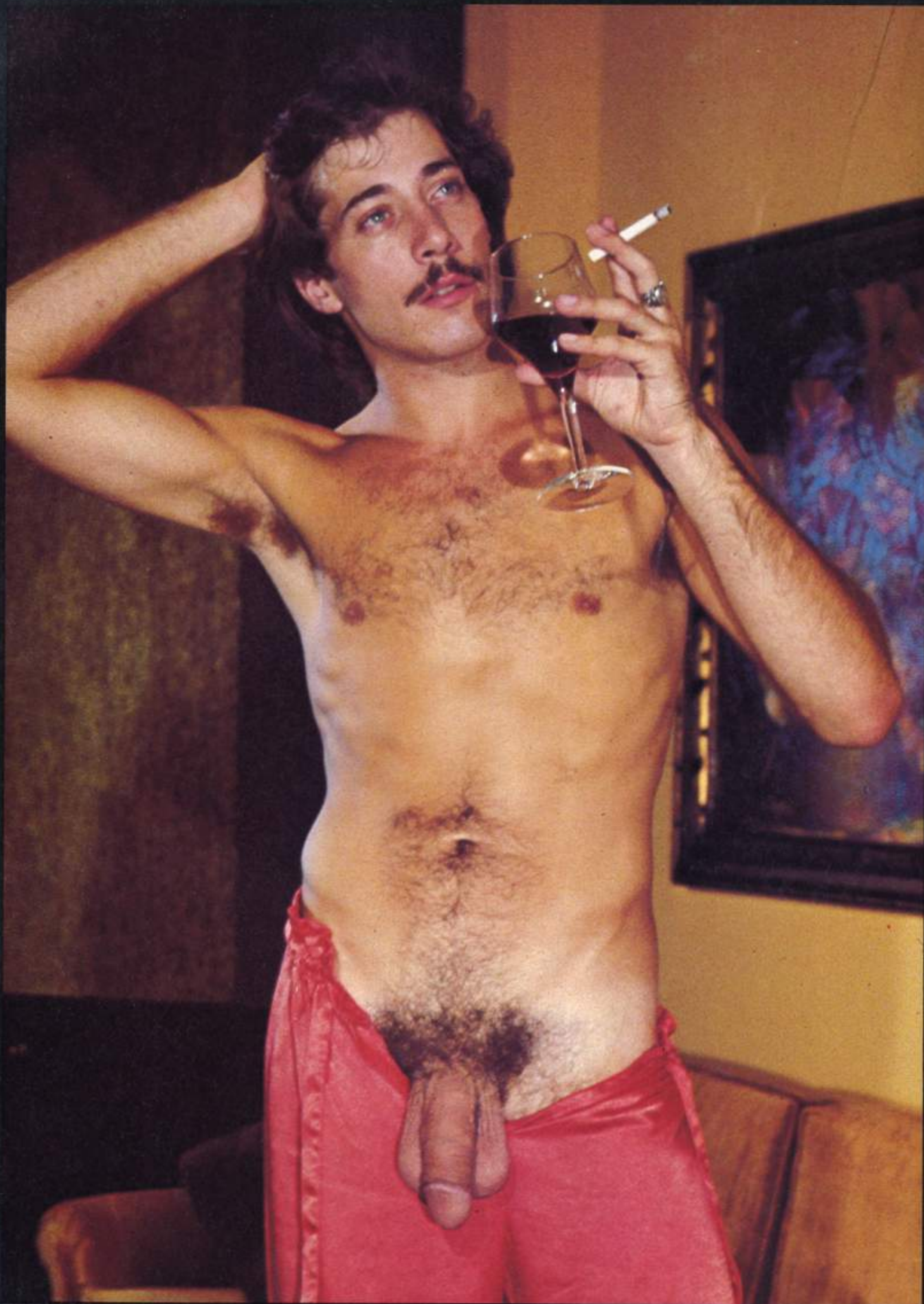
his way through school as a bartender and waiter, plus occasionally acting and singing in various reviews. In his spare time, Thom's a nudist who enjoys water skiing, canoeing, and the beach. Keep an eye out for Thom—you're likely to run into him almost anywhere.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB GUNTNER









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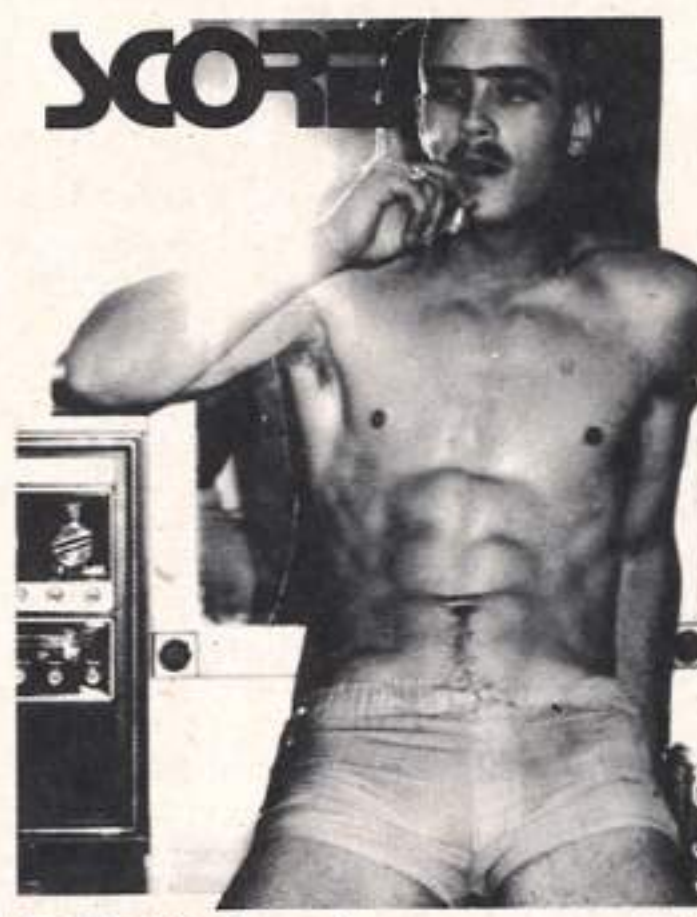
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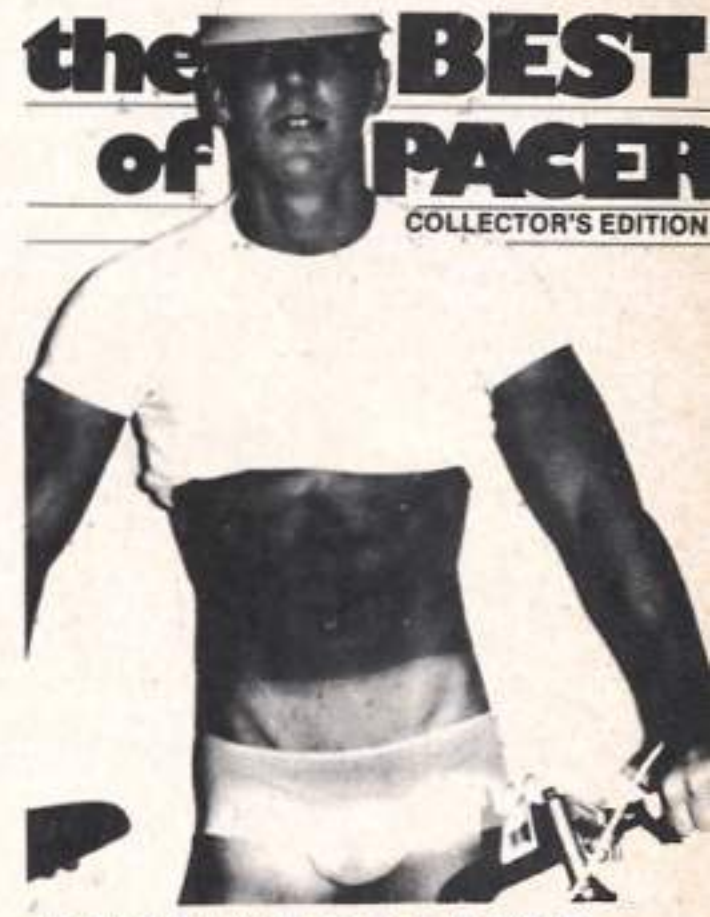


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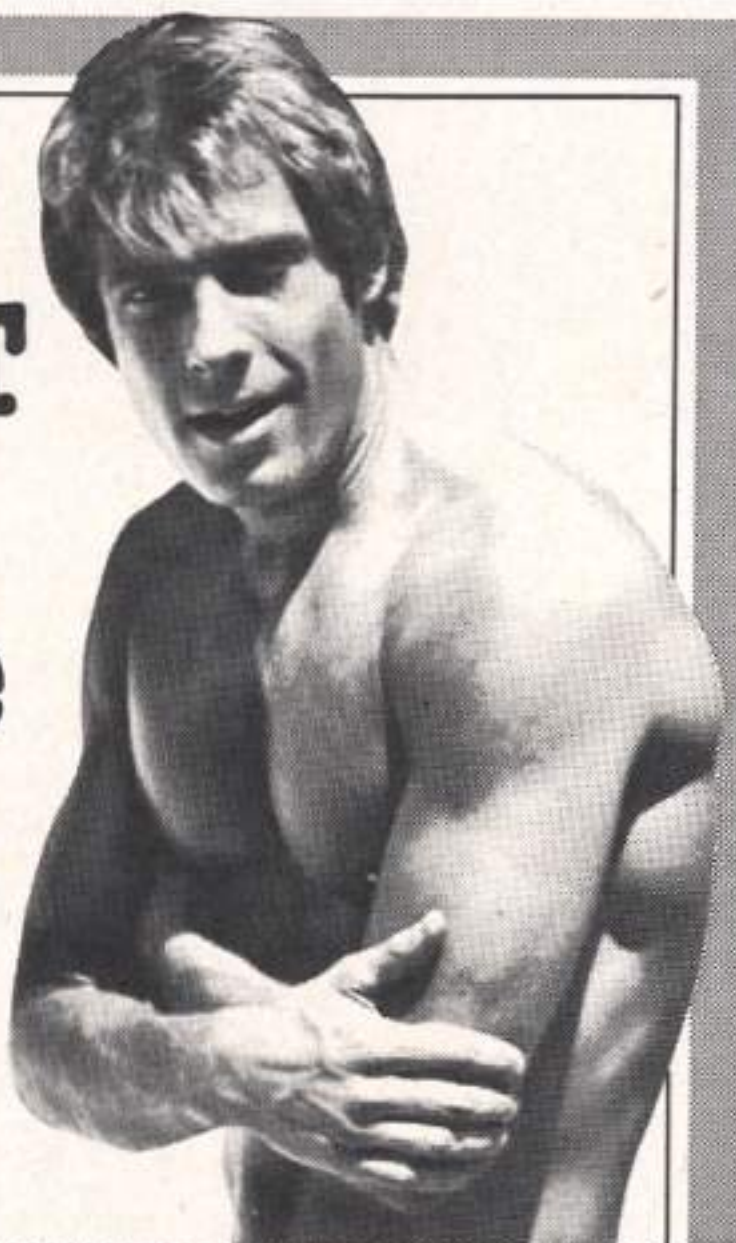
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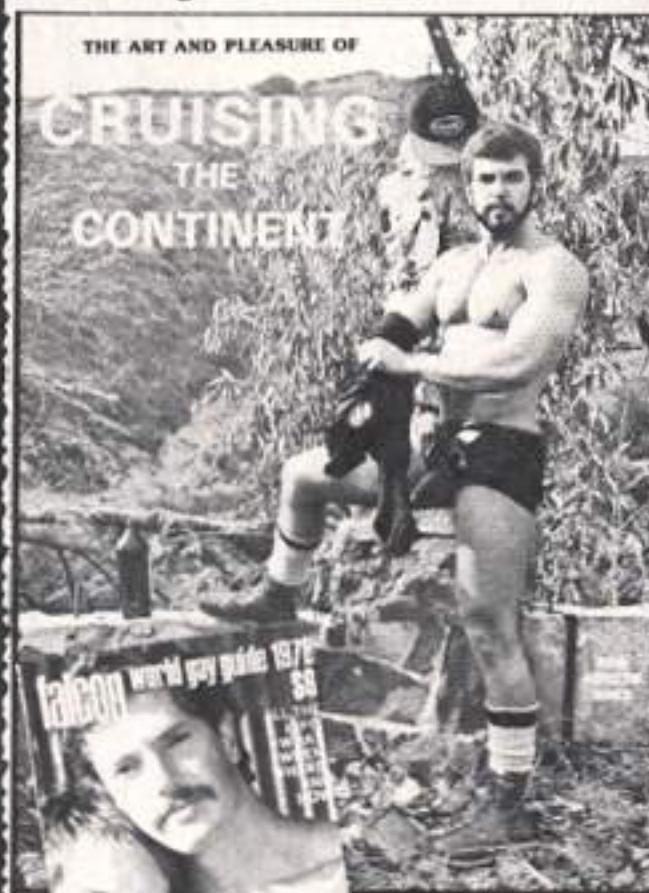
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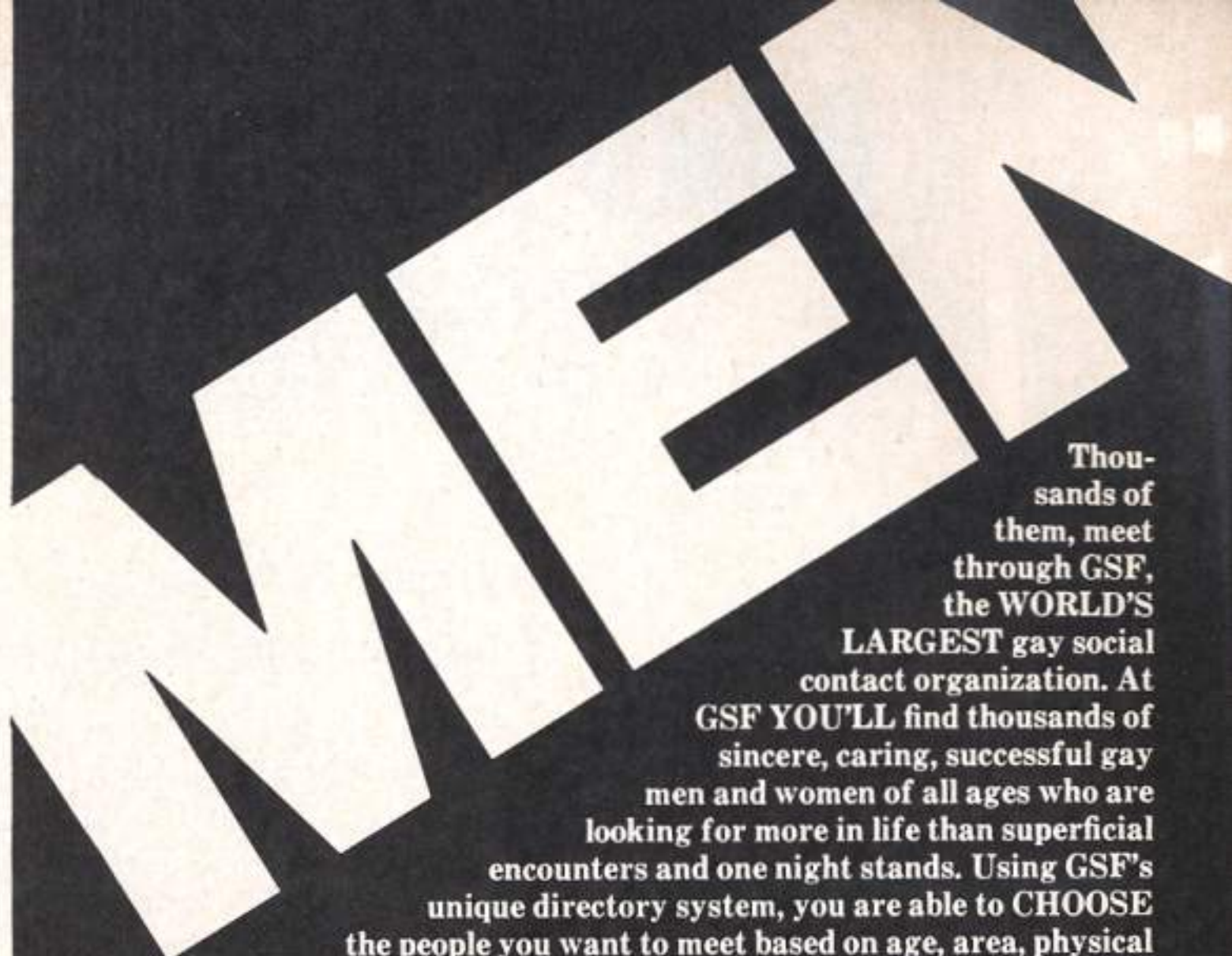


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No Crowns, Please

Fiction by William Rogers
Illustration by Frederick Green

... into body-building, ballet, classical music, and polaroid photography. Eager to share. Explicit photograph receives reply.

"There! That ought to attract *anyone*," I thought as I counted the words, wrote a check, and placed the whole thing into a well-sealed envelope. Adding a foot or two of tape to the flap, for safety's sake, I mailed it off to *Gaffer's Gay Pen Pal Club* with heart beating high in my throat.

Summer passed into autumn and my heart returned to its normal place and regular beat before I received a reply to my ad. In fact, the *only* thing that increased the old heartbeat was the sight of my mail box each afternoon as I returned from school. The few brightly colored leaves which gathered there daily did not prove too exciting.

The first reply was extra-cautious and contained absolutely nothing to induce palpitations, including a return address. I did receive a couple of photographs of fatties who claimed to be truck drivers and well-endowed. However, their endowments were hidden in the shadows beneath their stomachs, so it was rather difficult to evaluate those delights even with a powerful magnifying glass. To these I replied politely, expressing good will but nothing more. Even though each said that he cruised my area and would be happy to give me a "free ride," who really wants to be smothered in tons of fat for a few minutes of dubious pleasure?

"Well, Rogers strikes out again," I thought as I mailed off the last polite thank-you-but-no-thank-you letter. Back to ogling the nudes in the Michaelangelo volume of my art encyclopedias. How *ever* did old Mike meet those gorgeous creatures? He must have had one heck of a personality. It's a cinch he didn't advertise in *Gaffer's*. Too, gays in old Italy must have been freer than they are in our oppressed state where all the closets are firmly bolted from the *inside*.

Autumn leaves were drifted across the yard when I trudged home after a dreary day of tedious teaching. "The falling leaves drift into my mail box," I hummed as I peered into that orifice. *Voila!* A thick cream envelope reposed there postmarked Capital City. My heart which had almost leaped high plumped back at the memory of my non-encounter with Gaffer (he cleverly chose the same name as the penpal club), that twit who gets his jollies from placing misleading ads and writing provocative letters, at the Capital City Art Center. Without doubt, that dude was writing to blackmail me. At least he wrote his blackmail letters on a better grade of stationery.

"Poo, on you," I said tossing the missive into the wastebasket where it fell with a dull thunk. "Forget it, you little shrimp."

Walking away, I paused. Perhaps—just perhaps—it might *not* be from Gaffer. Gold Chains, that gorgeous creature whom I had encountered on my previous enormously disappointing visit to the Capital City Art Center, might have been given a box of good stationery by one of his fat women friends. After all, surely Gaffer wasn't the *only* gay in our oppressed state.

Rushing back, I snatched the envelope from its repository and ripped it open. A photograph fluttered to the floor from the three pages of heavy deckle-edged vellum. "Class," I thought.

Writing in a beautiful script (a calligrapher's dream), the author described himself as eighteen, tall, and athletic. He stated a preference for art, classical music, and ballet as well as body-building. On top of that, he was an enthusiastic practitioner of "all phases of the sexual arts." Sexual arts! I guess that's what turned the trick. That and his signature, Bruce. Who *hasn't* know a Bruce at one time or another?

The photograph which he enclosed was greenish and murky. It looked as if he had photographed himself in front of a fun house mirror on a dark night using the bottom of a half-filled Coke bottle as a filter. The brown hair and blue eyes Bruce described were not easily discernible from the "heavy endowment." That the subject was actually human was a matter of conjecture.

Ever the optimist, I rushed to a stationery store and bought the most expensive formal stationery available. The Snoopy writing paper which an admiring but pimply adolescent had given me in a burst of emotion would have been *tres de classe*.

My hand was a claw when I finally finished my painfully neat reply to Bruce's letter, since I had to start several times before I managed to control my drooling. My letter was neither an artistic nor a literary triumph, but it did display an anxiety to meet *immediatement*. If not sooner! Cautiously I signed myself Rick, which sounded butch enough.

Bruce must have already had his reply written, because two days later another thick cream envelope lay atop the crumbling leaves in my mail box. Frantically I ripped open the envelope and devoured the contents. Bruce was "thrilled" with my reply and was "anxiously awaiting" meeting me and "participating in the sexual arts" (of which he was sure I was more than proficient) with me and enjoying my body! The letter itself was a turn-on!

(continued on 88)



FREDERICK BENNETT GREEN

"The delicate body which 'longed to know' mine was now much too close. He was thin and wearing a school uniform—a red blazer over white trousers. 'St. Francis of Assisi Preparatory School' was embroidered on a crest. . . ."

World Reports

Most people know of the Spartacus Gay Guide, which comes out of Amsterdam, but it isn't commonly known that David Eastman, the person responsible for the bulk of the illustrations in the Guide, lives here in Sydney. And besides seeing his work appear in the world's foremost gay guide, David has his paintings appearing regularly in magazines around the world, including *Quorum* and *Revolt*. (David did the illustration for the Amsterdam travel feature in IN TOUCH #31.)

Born in England in 1941, David moved to New Zealand with his family when still a child, and lived there until he was in his twenties, leaving to work with Spartacus in Amsterdam. Though without formal art training, David has perfected a unique style which has won him plaudits all around the world. As he sees it, "it's just putting something else into pornography that nobody else has bothered to do. Just elevating it."

Sydney

For David, "pornography," like "beauty," is in the mind of the beholder. "If people see my work as pornographic," David says, "it's because the viewer says so." He doesn't believe in sexism, saying that it doesn't exist.

"I'm not sexually attracted to women, but I *need* women," says David. "I find women beautiful and I don't just mean physically. To me the sexual act doesn't prove a thing. Sex exists separately from love. I subliminate my sex drive into my painting. It leaves me free to love people without hanging onto them."

When asked why he always only painted the beautiful—almost the unbelievably beautiful—David says: "In each of us there is a beauty. If we see enough pictures of beautiful people, we are going to become beautiful people."

I was interested to explore with David the idea that he put fantasy on canvas rather than reality and with this he agreed, then added: "Except that what most people claim to be reality is what they have been taught is reality; there are other realities which they have been taught are fantasies." In reply to my observation that the average person was most unlikely ever to meet the males portrayed in his paintings, David said that that was untrue.

"Where I paint men, as men, they are people off the street," says David. "Admittedly, they are unlikely to want to become sexually involved with the people looking at the picture but this, of course, is one of the purposes of pictures altogether. I'm very fond of pictures. The streets are full of people whom I consider beautiful and would like to make contact with. I would like to say, 'This is a friend of mine,' because the beauty is so great. Even if that person were to smile at me, that

(continued on 74)



Artist David Eastman combines beauty, sexuality, and symbolism in most of his work.

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Keith Carradine

by Steve Warren

It helps to be schizophrenic when you talk to Keith Carradine, so intense is he in pursuit of dual careers as actor and singer-songwriter.

Both Keith Carradines are encased in one tall, slender body, topped by a weathered yet boyish face with dark brown eyes and dirty blond hair.

Aside from the two Keiths, there are several other Carradines to be put into perspective. John, the father, has been in nearly 500 films over the last 42 years. He made *Stagecoach*, *Alexander's Ragtime Band* and *The Grapes of Wrath*, but has done much of his work in horror films, including last year's *The Sentinel* and *Satan's Cheerleaders*.

John's oldest son, David, gave his best performance in the little-seen *Bound for Glory*, but is better known for such major and minor turkeys as *The Serpent's Egg*, *Gray Lady Down*, *Cannonball* and the current *Deathsport*, and for the TV series, *Kung Fu*, in which, as Keith puts it, "David would say something mystical and then kick the shit out of somebody."

David and Keith's younger brother, Robert Carradine, took a giant step forward this year when he appeared in *Coming Home*. Prior to that he was restricted to the likes of *Orca* and *The Pom Pom Girls*. In addition, Keith says: "Bobby's a guitar player, a good one." They're a musical family, the Carradines, on those rare occasions when they can get together to jam.

A long-discussed family project is scheduled, according to Keith, to come to fruition in October. Not only will it involve the three Carradine brothers, but also the Bridges, Beau and Jeff; the Keaches, Stacy and Jim; and Timothy and Joseph Bottoms. The movie will be a western epic about famous outlaw brothers like the Youngers and Frank and Jesse James. (John Carradine played in Henry King's 1939 *Jesse James*, but there will be no part for him in the new film, his son says.) The Carradines would also like to do *The Tempest* together.

Keith started both of his careers at the same time, in 1969, when, after dropping out of college, he took a part in the Broadway production of *Hair*. (He predicts the movie "will be a disaster.") After doing the show for 11 months in N.Y. and L.A., he sought a straight acting job in pictures. He says he made a conscious choice to establish himself as an actor first because he was "acutely aware" of the difficulty of crossing over once you're accepted as a singer. He cites Kris Kristofferson as one who has had trouble gaining credibility as an actor. Elvis Presley was another obvious example.

His screen debut in *A Gunfight* came about, Keith says, after his brother David's agent—a "father figure"—introduced him to another agent whose brother was producing the picture. He was cast because "the guy was supposed to be really young and ingenuous," and Keith looked the part. Then Kirk Douglas, who shared star billing with Johnny Cash in the film, decided the youngster should be tougher to make his own character less despicable. "I wound up playing something completely different from what they had cast me for," Carradine recalls.

Since then he's had good roles in *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, *Thieves Like Us* (both for Robert Altman) and *Emperor of the North*. But *Nashville* (Altman again) was the film that registered Carradine the actor in the public's consciousness; and ironically enough, it also enabled him to cross over into a musical career when his song, "I'm Easy," won an Academy Award.

His first album was ready for release at Oscar time, but was held up so the winning song, which had already bombed as a single, could be added. It replaced "Love Conquers All," which is on his second album, *Lost and Found*, released earlier this year.

Modest about his instrumental ability, Carradine says: "The mediocrity of my guitar playing is less noticeable than the mediocrity of (continued on 82)

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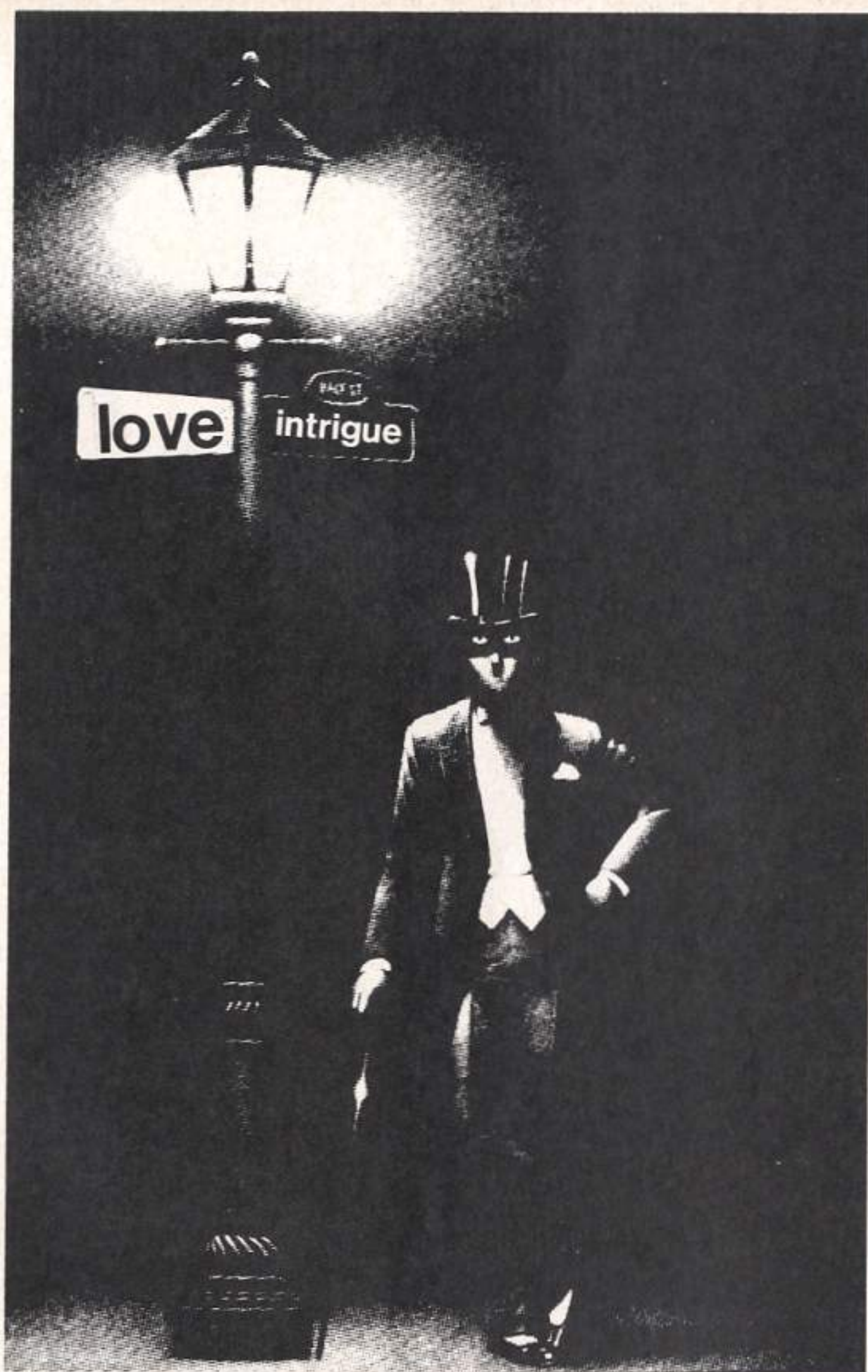
VD

by Steve McElroy

VD is a disquieting topic; embarrassing and, to some, a tad sleazy. It is also a serious health problem among gays. Unless you're one of the fortunate few, you will in all likelihood one day have some minor brush with a venereal infection (the word "venereal," interestingly, derives from Venus, the goddess of love). It may be only a case of crabs or a bout of nonspecific urethritis (NSU). No major hassle, right?

And anyway you have friends who seem to have slept with thousands of guys and never had so much as a single body louse, so maybe you think you'll get as lucky as they and feel you don't have to worry about anything so declassé as VD. If you count yourself among these types or if you feel VD could only possibly be a minor complication in your happy sexuality, then perhaps you should proceed to the centerfold now. For as potentially off-putting as such a topic may be, you're about to get a metaphysical dose of the clap — and hopefully a painless cure and preventative!

Short of hieing thyself to a monastery, you really have no choice but to accept the possibility that your sexuality may get you in medical trouble one day. For it remains that if you sleep with more than one man (or even if you sleep with only one, but *he* sleeps around), you are risking VD. And perhaps it is in understanding exactly what is risked that has been obscured by our sexual freedom. Often we seem to have no consciousness of what we may be exposing ourselves to as we leap from bed to baths to bars to glory holes to beaches to . . . The circle of our sexual contacts may expand almost infinitely. The man you trick with in February in New Orleans beds down with a lad in Los Angeles in March who in turn visits Lake Tahoe where he tricks with one ski instructor and two gamblers who . . . This is a perception, an actuality, we don't remind ourselves of frequently enough. If one in the chain just described has an untreated, unsuspected venereal disease . . . so much for reality therapy.



The term "venereal disease" is one of those all-purpose, catchall structures in our language. It includes a number of diseases ranging from crabs to syphilis. The term

do you risk when sloppy thinking leads to indiscriminate tricking? If you're fortunate, minor inconvenience, brief discomfort; and if your luck runs out — death. It's hard to

Whoever said "what you don't know can't hurt you" obviously wasn't thinking about venereal disease. It's one of the least-pleasant aspects of gay life, but the more you know about it, the better.

"venereal disease" is being replaced by the more descriptive "sexually transmitted disease" or STD. What

keep a light touch in discussing VD once you realize anew (or for the first time) what a grave problem it

can be (pun intended). For example, that exquisite rimming you gave the cool brunet at the tubs last night may infect you with hepatitis — and in a small percentage of cases, hepatitis is fatal.

Before proceeding any farther, be advised that any self-diagnosis and/or treatment of a suspected venereal infection is for the foolhardy. Except perhaps in something so minor as crabs, you should never attempt to treat or diagnose a possible venereal ailment. It is sufficient that you be aware of the various symptoms of the diseases about to be discussed so that you may report accordingly when you go for treatment to a reputable (and hopefully sympathetic) physician or clinic. Briefly then, and in no particular order, these are the diseases included under the heading VD or STD. Although all can be transmitted during a sexual contact, some may be passed in nonsexual ways and are thus not technically venereal diseases. However, that they may be passed sexually warrants their inclusion here.

Crabs: the French phrase for "crabs," papillons d'amour (butterflies of love), is more romantic, but the English is more descriptive. Crabs are body lice transmitted during close encounters of the wired kind. You may tell your mate that you picked this louse up by using a friend's infested towel, but he's not likely to believe you (and he'll probably want to know what friend and why you were using that towel!). Crabs itch. They usually anchor at the base of hair follicles and are tenacious, hardy creatures. They infest mostly the pubic hair, but can wander as low as your knees and as high as your eyebrows.

They're dark, pinpoint-sized bug-ers and are easily treated with A-200, a nonprescription remedy available at any drugstore. A-200 is a liquid applied to the body ten minutes prior to bathing. It is washed off during the course of your shower, and afterwards you comb through the pubic hair to thresh out the dead and dying mites and eggs. Treatment requires two applications of A-200. The first one kills off the crabs and most of their eggs; the second application five days later is insurance that all the eggs have been destroyed as well as any newly-hatched lice. If you fail to follow through with this second application, you may well be reinfested. You must launder all sheets, towels, clothing, etc., after your first treatment, and you should inform all exposed fuck buddies of the situation or you risk reinfestation from them.

Scabies: a mite picked up by skin contact during sex and occasionally through using infested towels, sheets, and so on. They are extremely itchy and site themselves most often at the wrists and ankles. Like crabs, they're not dangerous left untreated, but can be very aggravating. Kwell lotion, a prescription medication, is the primary treatment for scabies. Scabies will require a call to another doctor for the Kwell and he may insist on an office call to make sure that you don't have some other problem. (The costs begin to mount for even so minor a complaint as scabies.) Kwell is a stringent medication, and your skin may react adversely to its ingredients. It generally requires only one application. Again, launder all towels, sheets, etc. and get on the phone to those you may have infested: honor among thieves, and all that.

Venereal warts: a viral infection usually transmitted during contact during anal intercourse. Venereal warts are unsightly and have no place in your bodily aesthetic. If irritated, they can be painful during intercourse. They usually appear singly — or in clusters — on the penis or in or on the rectum. If both you and your mate are infected it goes without saying that until both of you are free of the virus, you should look but not touch. (If you must engage in sex, use a condom to prevent further infection. Many men feel treatment goes faster if anal intercourse is totally avoided during treatment time.)

Your physician will treat very large external warts occurring on the outside of the anus by freezing with the application of liquid nitrogen. This application may be painful, and there will be some swelling and drainage in subsequent days. Smaller external warts are handled in two ways: (1) with the application of podophyllin (a chemical that destroys the wart cells) — the podophyllin burns and you will experience some discomfort for 4-6 days; it is applied by your doctor directly to the warts and you wash it off in six hours; (2) through the injection of a local anesthetic and then the electrocauterization (burning off) of the warts. Treatment time for external warts varies from a few weeks to some months.

Venereal warts occurring inside the rectum present a more difficult treatment problem. Examination for and treatment of internal warts is not done until the external warts have cleared. In the majority of cases, treatment for internal warts

requires a local anesthetic (to lessen pain and to relax the sphincter muscle to allow treatment). Internal warts are electrocauterized. Treatment continues for one to six months, but it may take two years to eradicate the problem.

Venereal warts occurring on the penis are more easily treated than those in and around the rectum.

Again, consider the money and time involved in the treatment, the potential pain, and the affront to your sensibilities — *wart's* for God's sake!

Herpes: a viral infection that may be communicated during sex. It is an acute inflammation of the skin and/or mucous membranes and takes the form of small blisters (cold sores are a variety of herpes). The blisters often occur under the foreskin of the penis and can be quite painful during intercourse. Herpes is contagious and sexual activity delays healing (and infects others).

There is no known cure for herpes — once you have the virus, you have it always. Warm soaks in salt water and air-drying of infected areas is the recommended treatment. It is suggested that herpes lives on nerve endings, so worry and stress will further aggravate it. The blisters usually clear on their own in 3-4 weeks, but may return at any time (regardless of any further sexual contacts) — especially during anxious or emotional periods.

Hepatitis: a serious liver disease, hepatitis can be sexually transmitted in the following ways: rimming (from contact with fecal matter) and through infected semen (introduced during fellatio or anal intercourse). It may also be transmitted through kissing, eating infected shellfish, through an infected needle, and so on. There are two types of hepatitis — "A," or infectious, and "B," or serum — and both types can be sexually transmitted.

Hepatitis requires immediate and continuing medical attention. Initial symptoms are fatigue, possible fever and rash, and poor appetite. Eventually your urine will turn brown; your stool will turn white or gray/white. You will lose appetite and will sleep a great deal. Finally, your skin may turn yellow (this occurs in 50-60 percent of cases). As with herpes, there is no cure for hepatitis. You must let the ailment run its course — usually two weeks to three months. Some cases take much longer to clear up and some people never completely recover from hepatitis. Some will die.

(continued on 100)

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What would you do if suddenly confronted with:
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a cowboy,
a leather man,
a soldier,
a pimp, and
an indian?

Have the perfect orgy? Well, perhaps. But you'd be much more likely to work yourself into a feverish frenzy on the disco floor. For this sizzling group of macho, macho men is today's fastest rising disco recording and theater attraction, Village People.

On both records and stage, Village People is virility with a capital "V." Here are six hunky guys who make the word "butch" come alive. Off-stage, however, Village People loves to shed its he-man image, and that's exactly what they did when we met them at Casablanca Records and Filmworks' plush offices on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood.

"We were the original Shirelles," says super-stud Randy (the Cowboy) Jones. "Then we were the Ronettes for awhile, and we've always been the Harlettes. You see, Village People is the very first all-guy girl group!"

Unlike the Shirelles, the Ronettes and the Harlettes, Village People shave their legs. (We can camp, too!) But seriously, folks: Village People are six of the most masculine men you'd ever hope to meet.

Bursting with energy, the group all begins to speak at once when the subject switches to their meteoric success on records and in disco theater. With two smash Casablanca albums, **Village People** and **Macho Man**, a SRO cross-country tour, appearances on national television and in the new film **Thank God It's Friday**, Village People has a lot to be energetic about—and thankful for.

Unlike many rock groups, Village People didn't pound the pavements on its struggle to the top. Instead, the act was cast in very much the same way that roles are filled for a Broadway show.

The original idea of forming a disco group of hot men came from disco genius Jacques Morali—the writer, composer, and conceptual driving force behind Village People. He's also the casting director. Lucky Jacques!

Morali cast Village People with strong American images in mind. The group, he felt, should be a little bit on the brash side, a lot on the sexy side. Each member of Village People was cast not only on the basis of looks and talent, but how well he fit the role he would play.

Now secure in these roles, Village People have managed to fuse their own dynamic personalities into their stage characterizations.

With other successes such as The Ritchie Family to his credit, Jacques Morali definitely knows what the disco experience is all about. Village People considers him a genius. Lead singer Victor (the Indian) Willis sums it up: "A song that becomes a

VILLAGE PEOPLE

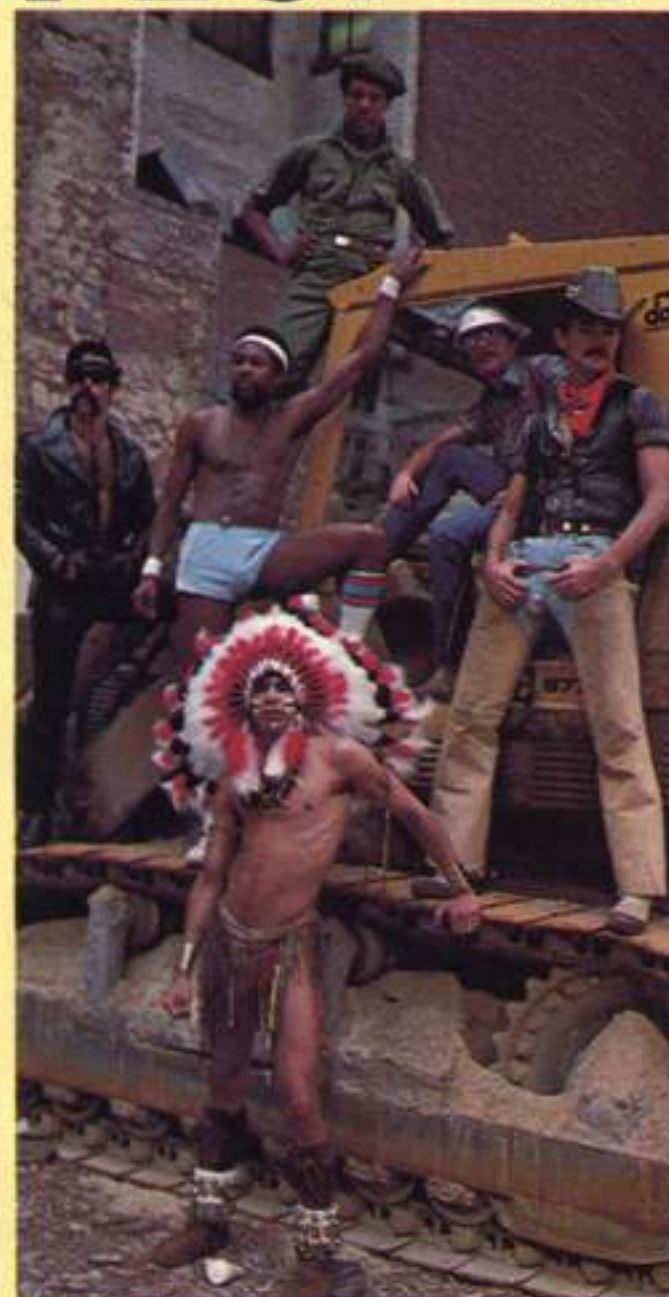


Photo by Michael Halsband

by Jerry Rice

disco hit is one that gets inside you and does the dancing for you. And with the beat and the message that Morali produces for us, there's no way you can avoid it."

The Village People's act was put together only last December, and its six members were instantly thrust into a heavy duty rehearsal schedule. As group members got to know and love each other, they found themselves involved in a "fantastic" experience.

With important lyrics, exciting music, a feverish beat and a cast bursting with good looks and ener-

gy, Village People has emerged as perhaps the nation's hottest disco attraction. The group dazzled both gay and straight audiences on its recent coast-to-coast tour, bringing live disco theater to the masses. Certainly one of the tour's highlights was an appearance at Brooklyn's own 2001, where **Saturday Night Fever** was filmed.

By no stretch of the imagination is Village People your everyday disco act. They don't lip-sinc to their records, nor is their music pre-taped. Village People isn't only live, it's *a-live!* (As one glowing disco dude commented during a Village People performance, "Seeing Village People is like seeing six Grace Joneses, all hung!")

But turnabout is fair play, and Village People get off on their audiences as much as audiences get off on them. According to Glen (the Leather Man) Hughes: "It's a total orgasm for us to see our audiences carry on, jump up and down, and perform with us. When the audience reacts to our music, it's like a popper for us. Sometimes they come dressed in our costumes and are as much a part of Village People as we are."

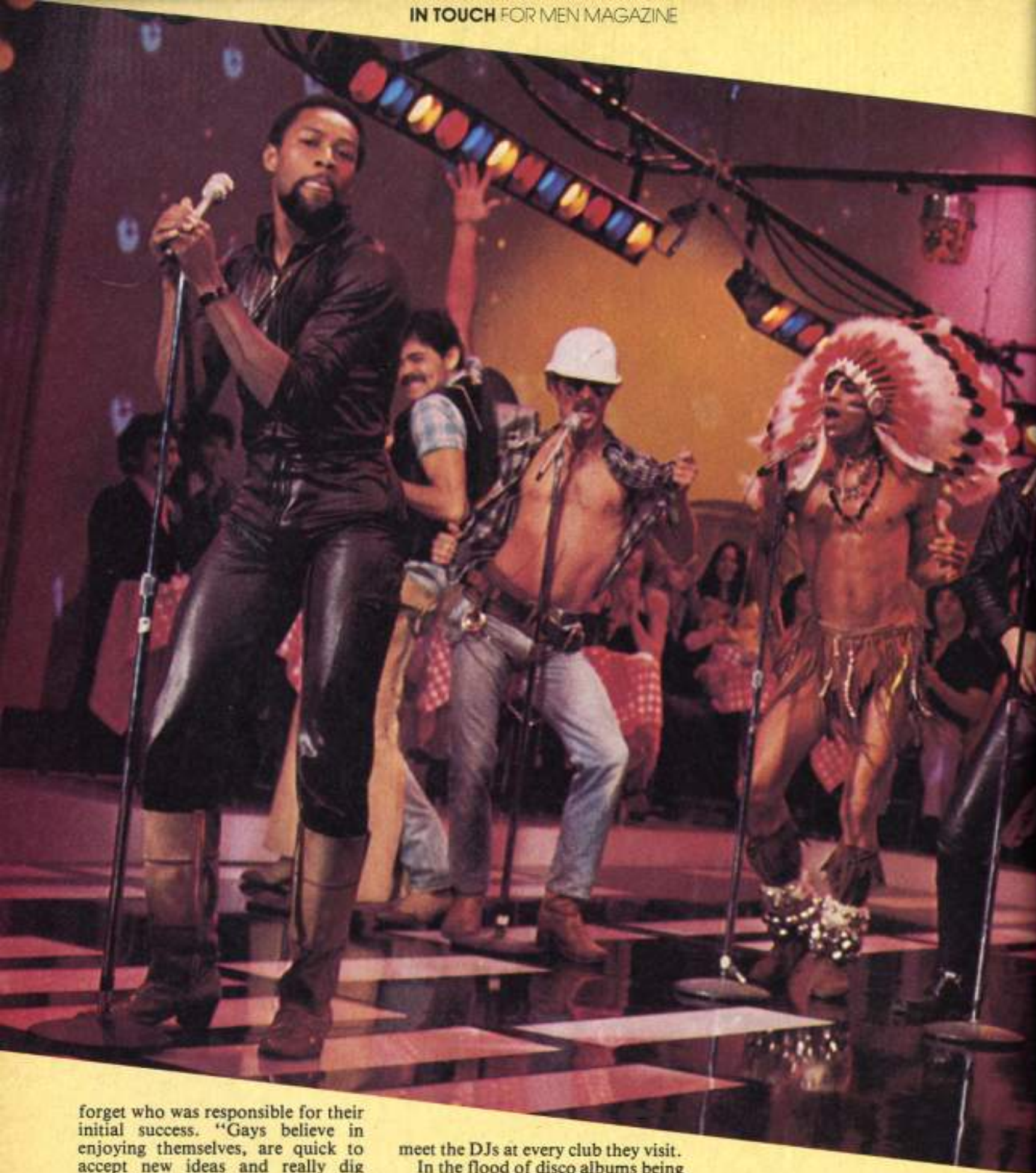
The phenomenon of disco theater is only in its infancy, and Village People is in on the ground floor. People are getting dressed up and going out to dance and be entertained. *Saturday Night Fever* started an incredible new wave, and it's no secret that both gals and guys are hot for John Travolta.

In many cities, disco is the only form of live entertainment, and the current scene is breaking down many of the old social taboos. Girls are dancing with girls, guys with guys, and people are wearing clothes that reflect their liberated lifestyles. It's come a long way from *American Bandstand*, and there's no end in sight.

Right from the start, gays picked up on Village People as soon as their first recording was released. The group believed that the hardcore disco audience (which is essentially gay) would support them. The success of that first album was a strong barometer of the importance of gay support.

Today, of course, Village People is reaching a broader market. And their popularity with straights is significant since the group's lyrics deal openly with the joys of the gay lifestyle in such disco hits as *Fire Island*, *Macho Man* and *I Am What I Am*. The popularity of these songs is spreading the positive side of an alternative lifestyle to non-gays.

But Village People isn't about to



forget who was responsible for their initial success. "Gays believe in enjoying themselves, are quick to accept new ideas and really dig living," says David (the Construction Worker) Hodo. "And right from the start, gay men considered Village People their very own."

Village People also acknowledges the disco DJs who played their records and helped immeasurably during the group's climb to stardom. The group makes it a point to

meet the DJs at every club they visit.

In the flood of disco albums being released at a staggering rate, the first Village People album was an instant smash. The group is unanimous in giving credit to Casablanca Records, and doubts that they would have made it so quickly had it not been for Casablanca's expert marketing and promotional know-how. Even non-disco record buyers

found that Village People's album was equal in excellence to Donna Summer, the Trammps and other star act recordings. Record buyers discovered a fresh and positive sound backed by a moving, driving beat.

On stage, under the throbbing disco lights, Village People are all

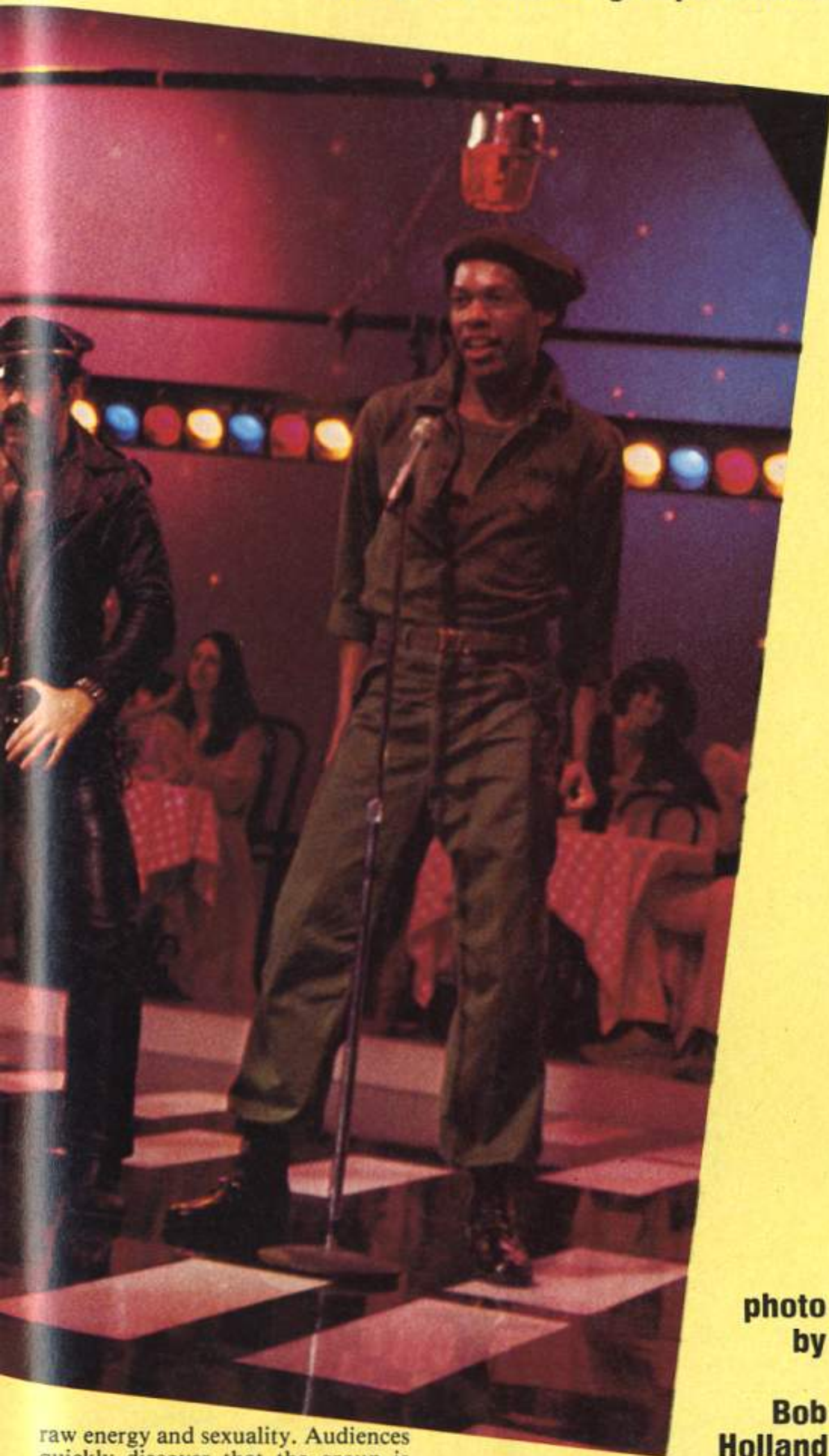
"Macho Man" is more than the title second album—it's the image and attitude of one of the hottest groups



raw energy and sexuality. Audiences quickly discover that the group is pushing some heavy duty karma with their erotic visuals and outspoken music. Seeing the group is both an exciting and a liberating experience.

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**photo
by**

**Bob
Holland**

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For starters, Village People are blessed with well-above-average good looks. In the characters they portray in their act, there is something for everyone—at least every-

one who is into fantasy. And nowadays, that's just about everyone.

Besides good looks, Village People projects extraordinary masculinity on stage. Despite some good-natured camping at interviews, there is absolutely no mincing or camping on stage. *That* would destroy the entire concept of the group, and it is important for audiences to relate to the macho image.

"We want to present masculine, positive images to our audiences," explains Alexander (the Soldier) Briley. "And although our show is heavy into sexuality, we don't throw blood or fire at the audience as Kiss does, nor do we decapitate baby dolls, a la Alice Cooper. Village People is just pushing good wholesome sex, and that's what Hollywood has been doing for years."

At a Village People performance, the only issue is party. Dancing, being part of the scene and enjoying yourself is all that's important.

Village People's music is essentially about having a good time, and no matter what you label it, sex and party are good times. But the group's music is also about social change. Their songs extoll the joy of the liberated lifestyle and the glamour of making the scene in this country's gay capitals such as San Francisco, Hollywood, Key West, Fire Island and, of course, New York's Greenwich Village.

Village People's music also talks about taking pride in yourself as a person, keeping your body in shape, staying healthy and being proud of who you are.

The group's second album, appropriately titled **Macho Man**, is currently riding high on the charts and spinning nightly in the nation's discos. A third album is now being recorded, and plans (subject to change) call for an early fall release.

Village People is breaking new ground not only by bringing an important message to America, but doing so in concert and on network television, on such programs as the Merv Griffin Show and Saturday Night Special. The group performed its hits *Macho Man* and *San Francisco* on these shows, marking the first time that the pride of gay lib has been seen and heard nationally, in song. A real breakthrough.

A new Village People tour is now underway and the group hopes to appear in larger discos and theaters, bringing the message to more and more people. A world tour is also in the works.

So next time Village People appears in your area, don't miss them. You'll dance, you'll party and you'll be as proud to be gay as you can get.

■ ■

IN TOUCH FOR MEN MAGAZINE

CANCER



By Roger Asquith

HOROSCOPE

cancer

(June 22—July 23)

Ignore some wild rumors that are flying about. They say where there's smoke there's a pot party. Okay . . . you can always join in the drag session as the roach goes round and round, but watch out for the orgy afterwards . . . don't miss it. Orgies are a time for discovery. You'll see who's doing what to whom and be able to make up a very good group for your next barbeque and midnight swimfest. It is the season to be sociable, you know . . . an eye for an eye and a party for a party. Musical beds are out—this year it's a musical weekend to that deserted ski lodge tucked away in the mountains. How are you on the skin flute?

leo

(July 24—August 23)

Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your wardrobe grow . . . it's time to sort out a few older duds and toss them in the Goodwill hamper and seek out some sleek threads to cover thyself, friend. If you've got a lot, flaunt it, if you haven't, do some shopping. If you're short of cash and nothing else, you can invest in tight jeans and a big smile . . . but if you have a few bucks to spend, emphasize the assets. In other words . . . make something of yourself. It pays to advertise, even if your better half is the best thing since inflatable jockstraps. It will keep him on his toes and you on your knees, unless you prefer your vice versa.

virgo

(August 24—September 22)

Have you been paying too much attention to acquiring tangible assets and ignoring mental stimulation from knowledgeable friends? Creature comforts are great, but only if we can share them with people who also appreciate their worth. Slow down a little and find out what your goals are. Maybe you've been aiming in the wrong direction, like a frustrated ball player who ignores the spills of the game for the thrills of the locker room. Relax a little and enjoy what you've got already . . . before he takes off again. We all need to be appreciated. You, of all people, enjoy a lot of loving, so go out and spread it around.

libra

(September 23—October 22)

Have you been ignoring old friends lately? Leaving the phone off the hook too much? If you have, it's time to listen and learn. On the other hand, if you've made yourself too available, you may want to go into hibernation, especially if you've squirreled away some nuts to play with during the long summer evenings. You're a likable person if you want to be . . . don't hold back—let others enjoy your assets, too. Be a little charitable and don't draw the blinds until you absolutely have to. Letting it all hang out once in a while not only gives it an airing, but gives a lot of your friends a chance to come up to scratch.

scorpio

(October 23—November 22)

Don't be lax about returning invitations. Is it your turn to give the next bash? You don't have to top the last one—all your friends really want is a chance to socialize and show off their new accoutrements, whether it be a new car, a new toupee or a new bedmate. You provide the room and they'll provide the entertainment . . . who knows, you might have to put one up for the night. Your source of money may be a little shaky. Less overtime perhaps, or you've got too much competition on the other corner . . . whatever, it's only for a short period, but it will give you a chance to seek new ways of making some bread because you'll be needing the dough. . . .

sagittarius

(November 23—December 21)

This seems a good time for collecting outstanding debts. Many of your debtors have been avoiding you. This will give you a chance to go after your male—and that's the correct spelling. A lot of friends who owe you money have slipped away; go after them and get what's coming to you. You've been known as a soft touch. Your friends know that this situation doesn't last for long and you soon become hard and rigid, especially in your personal contact with spongers. Think twice about lending money and three times before lending your car. In many things, however, you can give until it hurts, providing he says thank you, and means it.

capricorn

(December 22—January 20)

Whatever it was that hit the fan recently has certainly landed on you. Have you noticed your popularity waning? Can't you get it up for a third time? It's time you took stock of yourself and figured out why. If you've taken all the vitamins and used all the recommended mouthwashes and personal sprays, it could be your own personality that's wrong. Take a look at yourself naked in a mirror, check out the bulges and think about ironing them out. Summer is here and it's the time to let it all hang out, so make sure it's at its best. Diet and exercise plus some new threads and you should be back on top again . . . in more ways than one.

aquarius

(January 21—February 19)

If a recent affair d'amour has affected your life too much, slow down and think it out. Don't give up a tried and trusted relationship for a flippant one-night stand . . . on the other hand, you could be still flogging a dead horse. Treading the narrow path between them is a little nerve-wracking but only you know if it's worthwhile. Size up their assets and don't necessarily take the biggest one . . . brains count for a lot, you know. If, however, you haven't experienced a new heart-throb . . . don't go around with blinkers on because there's one on the horizon if you're in the mood.

pisces

(February 20—March 20)

Shake off dull sloth and rise joyfully. You've got somebody to get up for . . . or you should have if you played your bars right. You need a partner for the ultimate. Once you've got one, enjoy him to the hilt . . . but if you've had a series of one-night stands that couldn't quite make it through the night, it's time you found one that could. Dig a little deeper before choosing a partner. Physical attributes are very desirable, but for a lasting relationship you need a little more . . . and a little more . . . and a little more. If you've got everything you need, tell him to read his horoscope another time and see if anything's come up again.

aries

(March 21—April 20)

Money may be a problem for the next few days. Try not to borrow, and curb your desire to use that credit card. Look around—you may have all you need close at hand. It's amazing what you can find in your own backyard if you keep the dog chained up. This period of financial crisis may coax you to look at your employment situation. Should you ask for an increase in salary, or will you settle for a raise in your expense account? Whatever, you'll soon acquire a balanced budget and be able to splurge just a little. Your love life should improve during this period, since you'll be forced to stay home and entertain all comers.

taurus

(April 21—May 21)

It's been dog-eat-dog lately, and many of them have been real bitchy. If you've kept your nails sharpened and a rock in your handbag, you should have come through unscathed, physically speaking. It's time to either change bars, steam baths or zip codes. Pounding the same old beat—that's beat with a small "b"—can be as useless and boring as what you first thought I'd written . . . and the way to change this situation is up to you. Staying in a rut is only good if there's plenty of rutting, otherwise go where the action is. You'll get a chance to review your situation very soon, maybe a call from an old friend or a close encounter in a crowded elevator may give you a chance to feel things out . . . grab it with both hands. Good luck.

gemini

(May 22—June 21)

It's time for a little change in your life, and that doesn't mean nickels and dimes. Try getting out of the wrong side of the bed one morning—the crawl over to the other side might prove longer than you think, especially if your roommate's an early riser. Seek out change—it's very thought-provoking and you might discover that you've been doing it wrong. Strive for an all-over tan, which will mean shedding a few foibles, but they could do with an airing, don't you think? You may have to shed a few pounds as well. All this means diet and exercise, but it's a fantastic excuse to try out that new sauna you've been hearing about.

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WORLD REPORTS

(continued from 62)

would be a connecting link. I would like that, but they don't. In my frustration I'm at least able to go to a book and look at these people. In the streets you can't even look at them. You can take an overt glance but if you look too hard, all sorts of things can happen.

"So the book, the magazine, the pictures provide me with that relaxing thing of being able to stare without being stared back at. I believe the pictures that I paint offer people a place of beauty to go to away from the ugliness most of us are confronted with most of their lives."

David believes we all have to have somewhere to go, idealistically, though he feels a lot of people do not have ideals, which he puts down to education. As David sees it, we are taught that things are what they appear to be, "and that's that. We're stuck with it. But we're not stuck with it; we're not stuck with anything."

He believes that if you don't like the surroundings you're in, change them. And this is what he's trying to do. He doesn't like the world as it is. He wants to change it. He clearly sees himself as a revolutionary and he's using art as his revolutionary weapon.

"I'm quite content to work on, aware that the final and ultimate meaning will not take place until I die," he philosophizes. "The work being what it is, a man has to die before anybody takes notice of what he really said. And also then, and only then, can the world see what created this pattern of a man's life. Once my life, from start to finish, is completed, then everything that I have done will mean something, and I know what that meaning will be."

David's ultimate ambition is to paint Paradise as he sees it, because, as he says, if he paints it successfully, half the world, if not more, will say it's pornography while the other half will be moved by it. It will mean something, says David.

Fundamentally he paints for his own personal pleasure but, over the years and increasingly so in the future, a great many people also gain a great deal of pleasure from seeing the labors of this talented and very warm young man.

—Martin Smith

London

The London theater seems to be dominated by musicals and plays with music and, as is to be expected, there have been some resounding flops. The most notable disaster was Leslie Bricusse's *King and Clowns*. The show, about Henry VIII, starred Frank Finlay and sank without trace almost upon opening. Bricusse has had more of a success with *Travelling Music Show* (Her Majesty's); a compendium show made up from the best of the songs written by Leslie Bricusse with Anthony Newley. Much of the success of this show, however, is because of the star—Bruce Forsyth, one of the U.K.'s most popular television personalities.

Revivals of Lionel Bart's *Oliver* (Albery) and *Kismet* (Shaftesbury) show that it's impossible to keep a good musical down. *Oliver*—perhaps the most enduring of home-grown musicals—is a sellout, greeted with the kind of rapture most usually associated with the return of conquering heroes. *Kismet*—which boasts the magnificent Joan Diener in the role she created more than twenty-five years ago—is memorable because of the borrowed Borodin score, pleasing lyrics and sets and costumes which left a lot to be desired.

Elvis (Astoria), based upon Presley's life, staged by Jack Good, has justly been acclaimed (collecting the prestigious London *Evening Standard* Award for best musical of the year). *Elvis* is, perhaps, the liveliest and most exciting musical currently playing in London and well worth a visit.

At the time of writing, two eagerly awaited shows are about to open—the American import *Annie* (Victoria Palace) and Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice's *Evita* (Prince Edward). The publicity surrounding *Evita* (a musical evocation of the life and career of Eva Peron) has been intense ever since the release of the double album more than eighteen months ago. The show, with a production budget of nearly a million dollars, looks set to recoup costs even before it opens.

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In recent months, here, a lot of people have been sitting up and taking notice of a new rock singer, Johnnie Cougar. Cougar, from Bloomington, Indiana, is currently based in Europe and his debut album here—*A Biography*—has the US record companies lining up to make their bids. On stage, Cougar is highly sexual (a friend commented that Cougar was a natural with gay audiences).



Johnnie Cougar—a Yank in England.

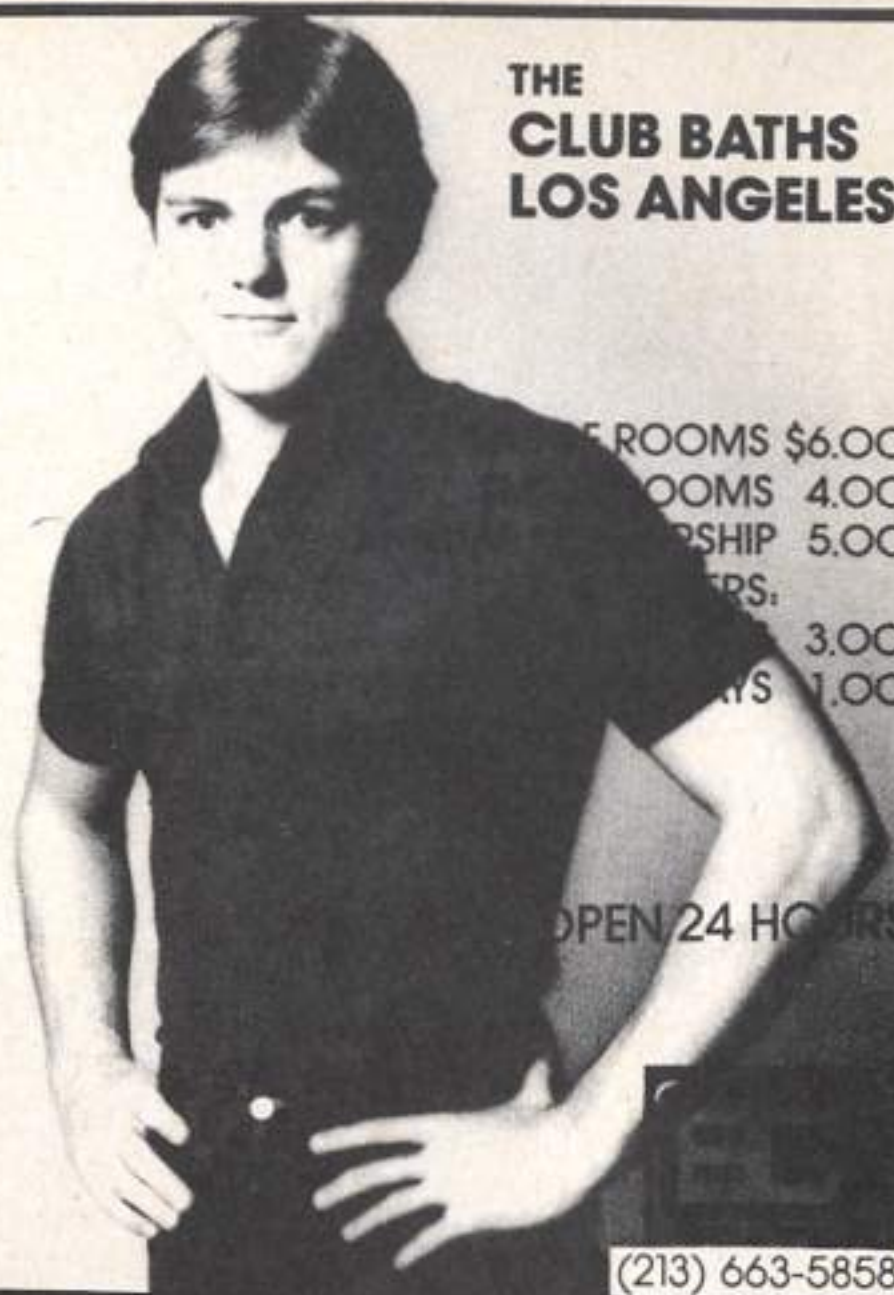
Kenneth MacMillan's newest full-length ballet, *Mayerling*, from a story by novelist Gillian Freeman (famous for her book *The Leather Boys*) has been an enormous success for the Royal Ballet. A Los Angeles production is planned and, by now, may well have been seen.

Recent books have included the second, and final, volume of P.N. Furbank's *E.M. Forster: A Life*, beautifully written and with careful attention to the homosexual details of Forster's life, and Colin Spencer's *The Victims of Love* which, with painful clarity, examines the disintegration of the marriage of a homosexual and the struggles he undergoes to gain access to his son.

In Brighton—often considered London-by-the-sea—we have a new gallery (James Ruston Fine Art, 237 Eastern Road, tel: 0273-697937) which has had a series of interesting exhibitions. In June, Rushton staged works by Terry Wilson, who has pictures in such galleries as London's Tate and Victoria and Albert Museum. Wilson's series of (nude) dancers are particularly impressive and his picture 'When in Rome' is
(continued on 106)

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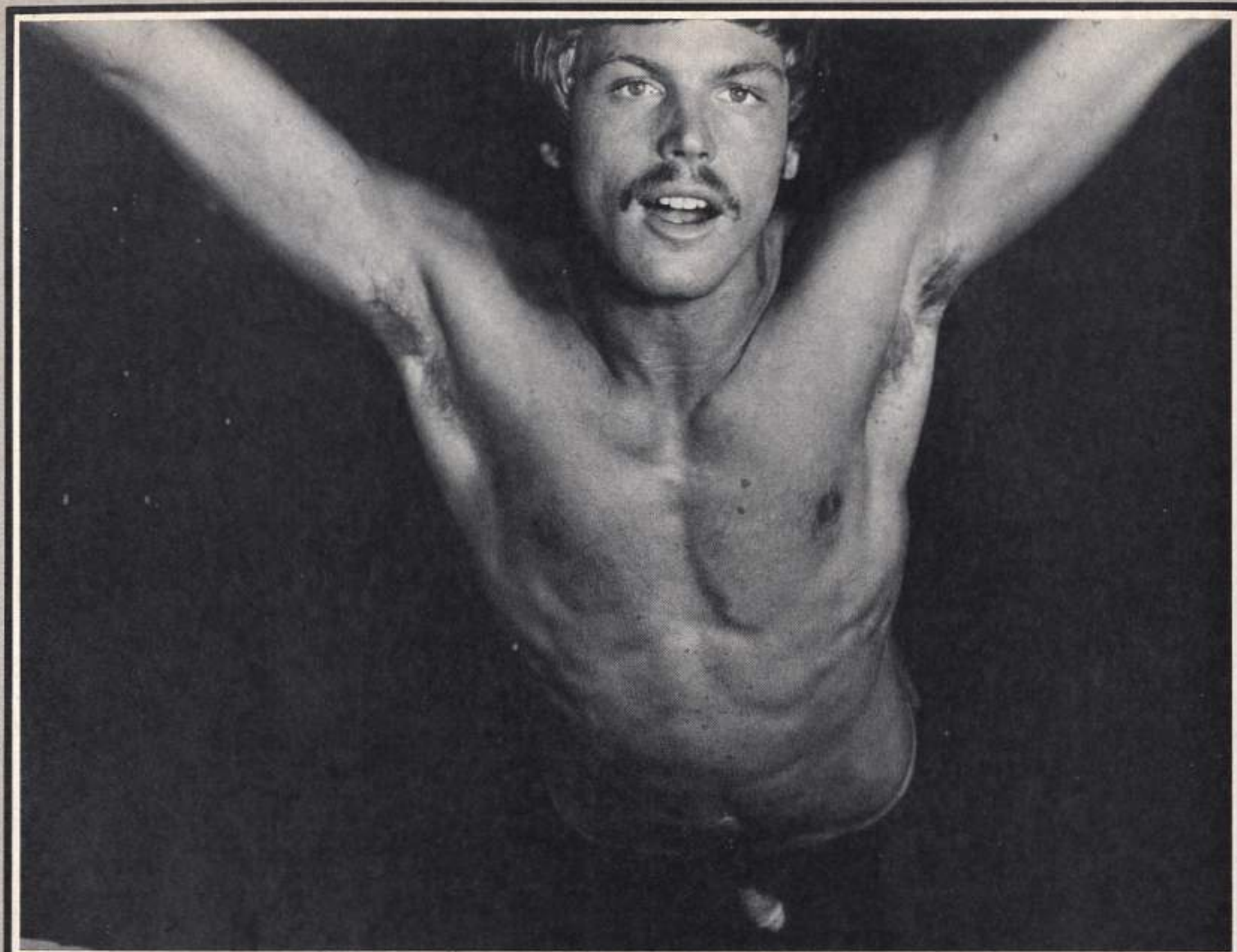


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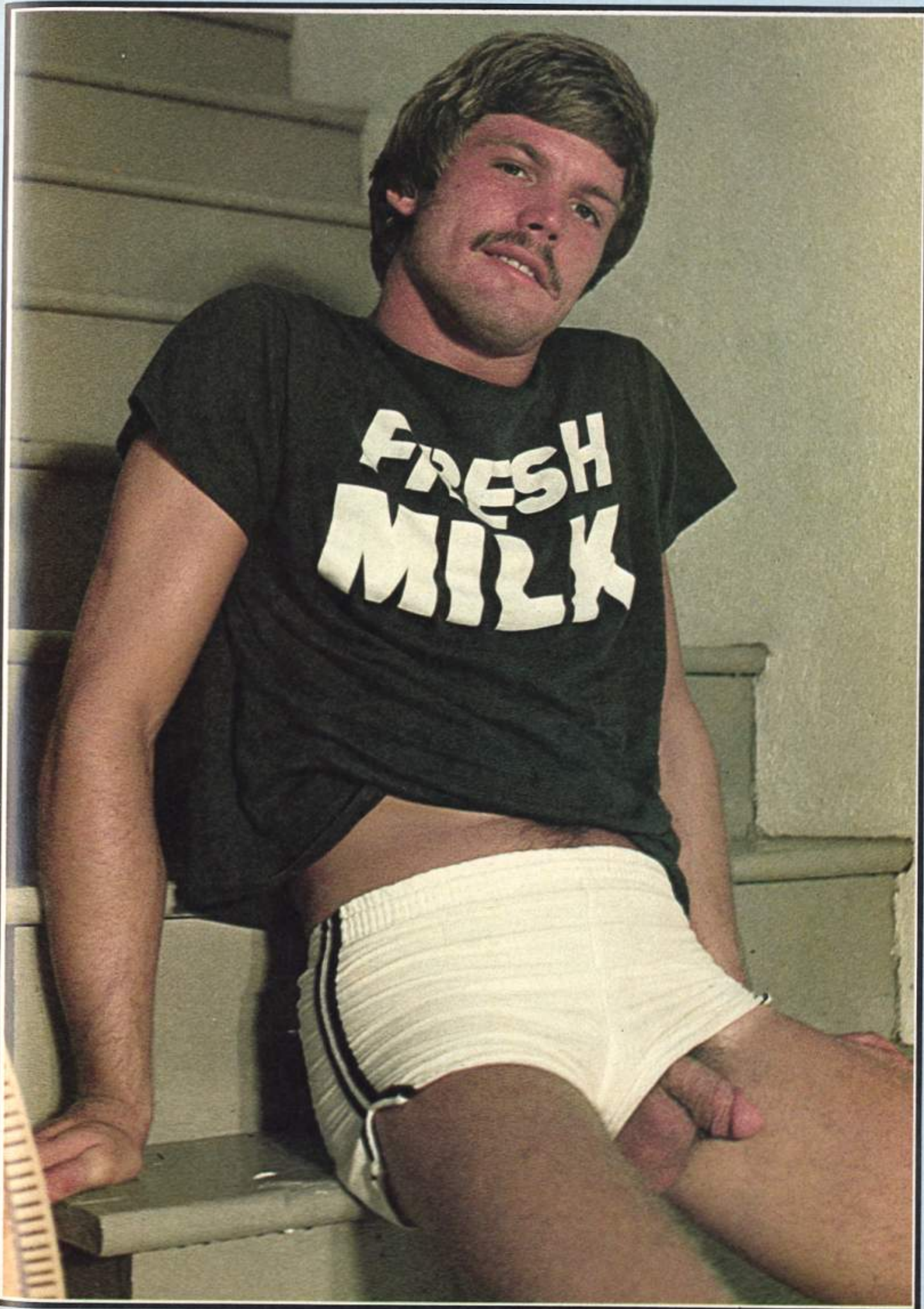
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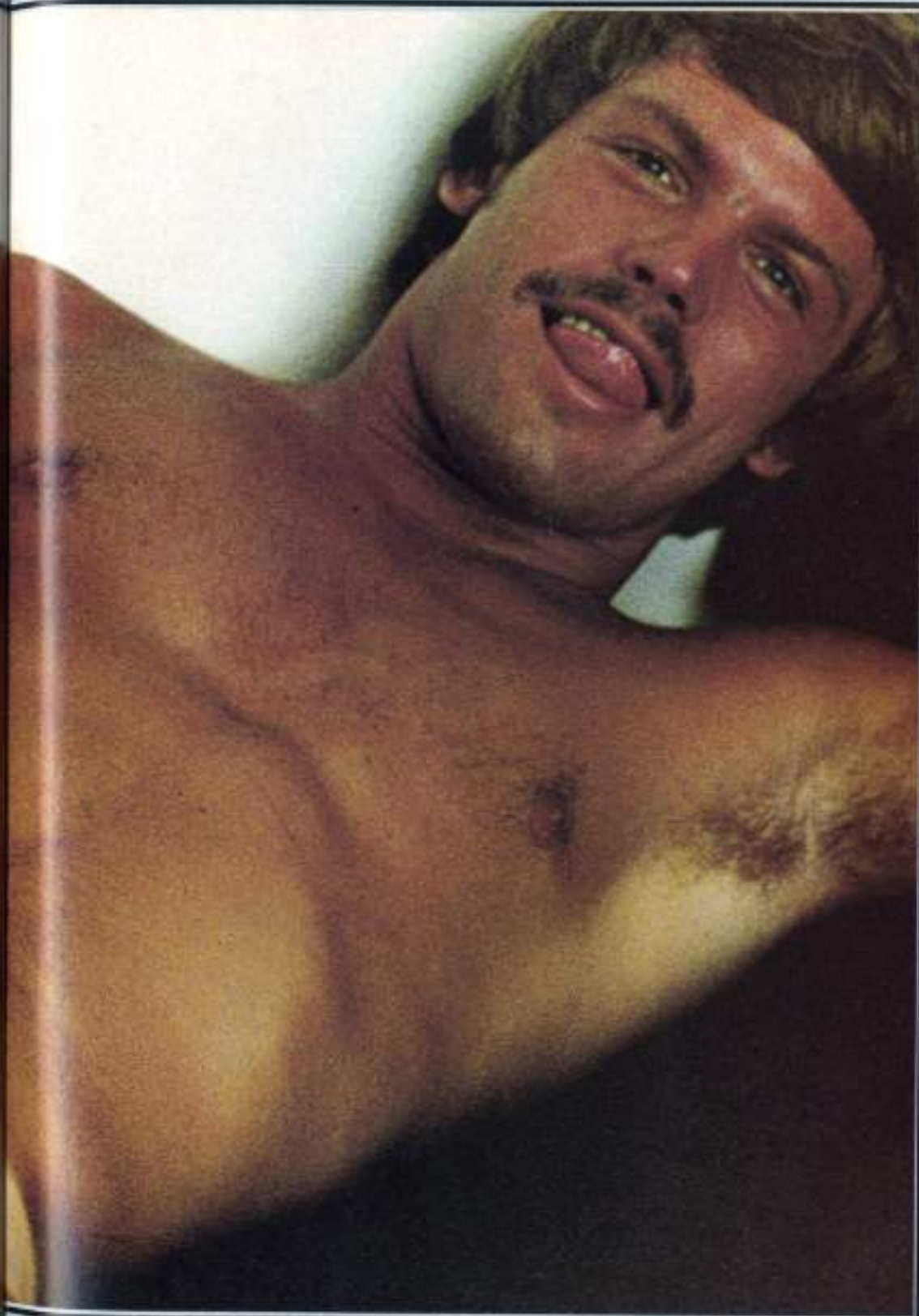
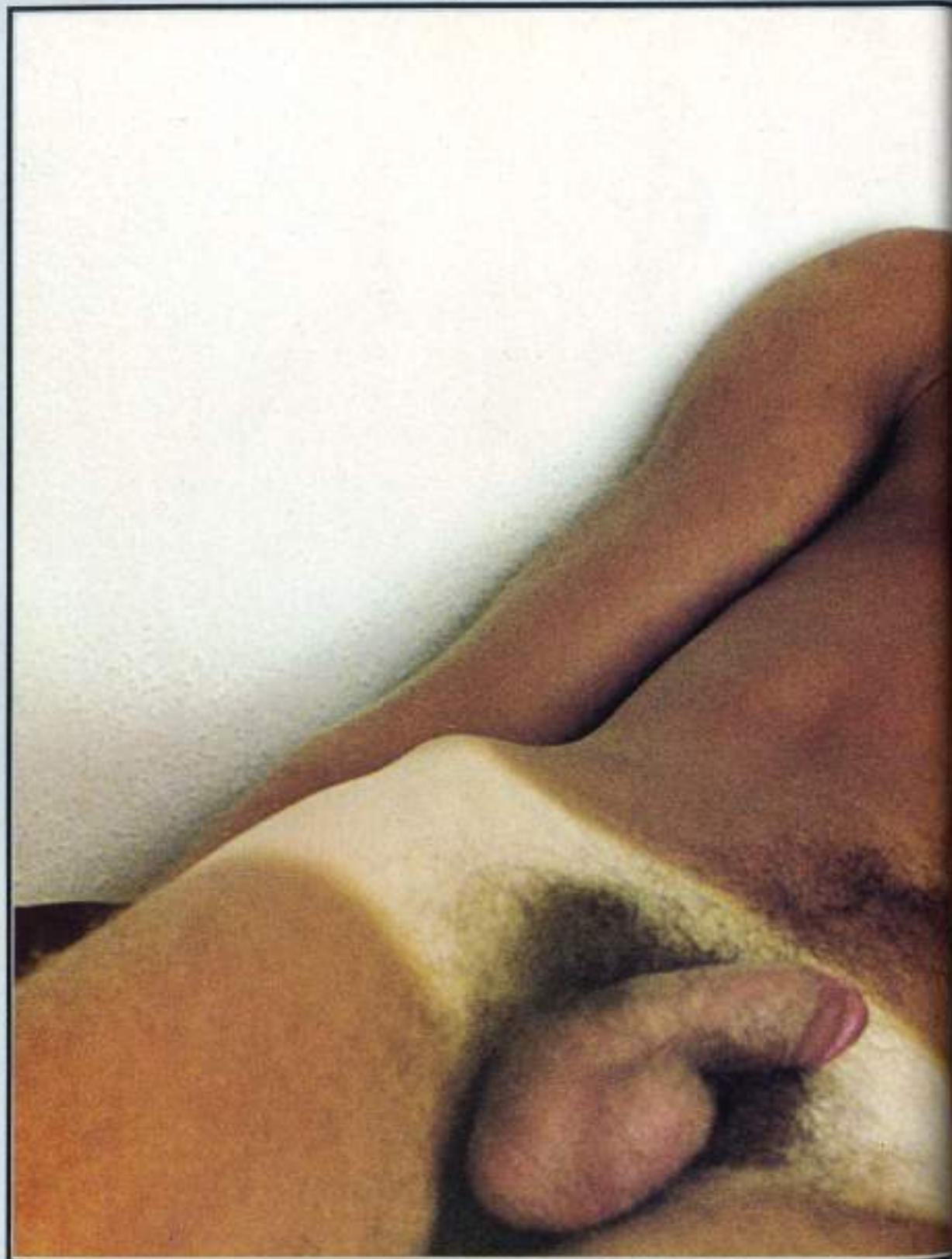
Michael Royce

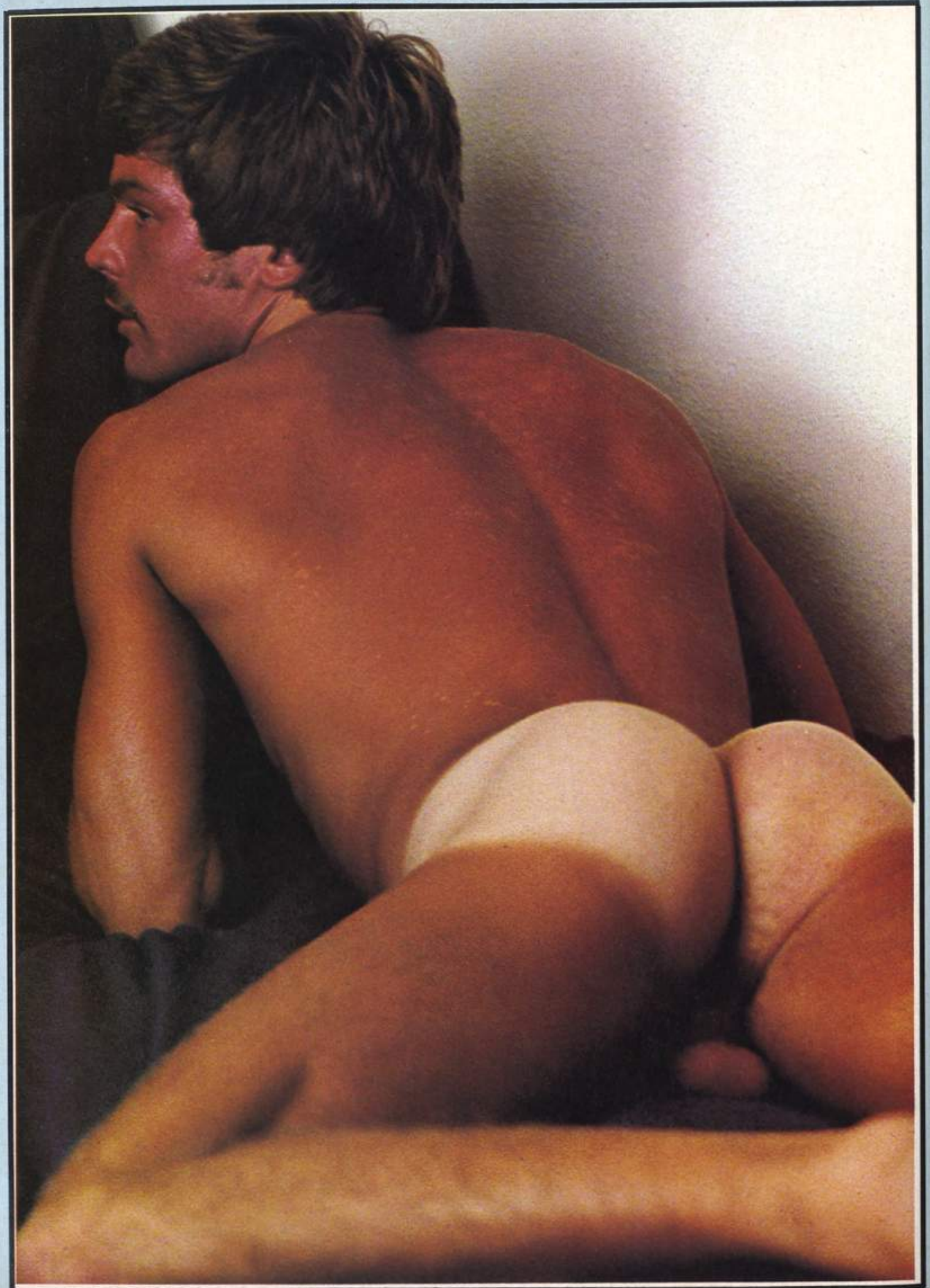


Honolulu's home to this 6', 172# Cancer, so it probably won't come as a surprise to anyone to learn that Michael Royce is an avid sun-worshipper who follows his idol wherever good climate and good times beckon. His friends keep track of him through a string of notes and postcards they receive from wherever Michael may be at the moment. "I'm looking for something special," he says. "I don't have a word for it, but I'll know it when I find it. And then I'll settle down. But there's plenty of time for that...."

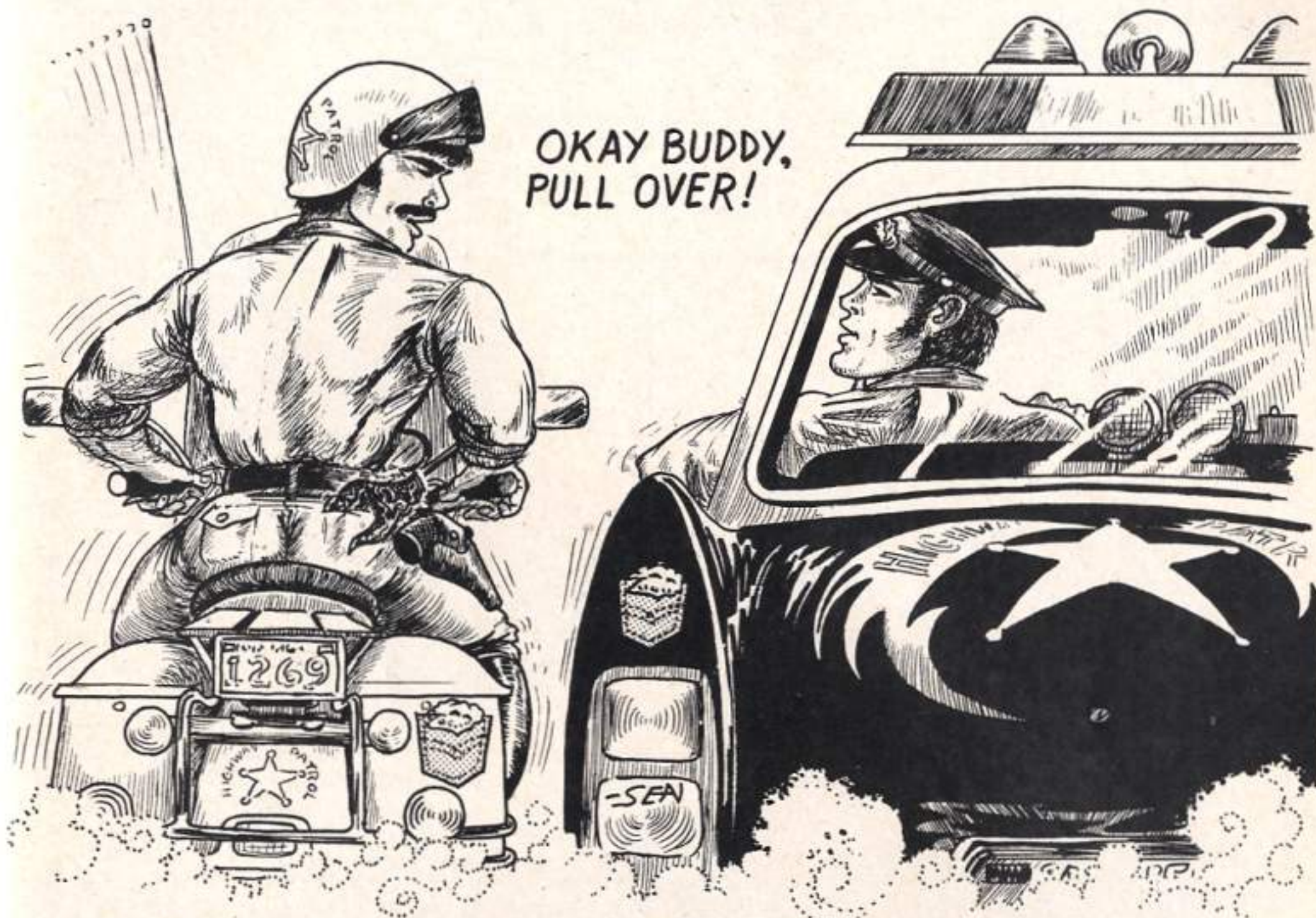
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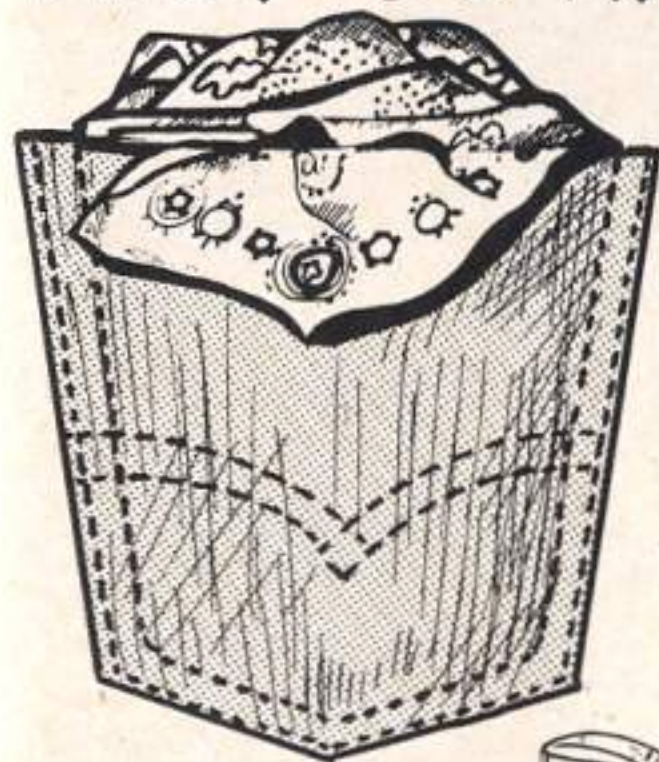




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KEITH CARRADINE

(continued from 65)

my piano playing. Strumming is more acceptable than pounding On a ten-scale I consider myself about a five on both guitar and piano." He was offered piano lessons at the age of six, he says, but declined because "it didn't go with baseball."

"And when," IN TOUCH asks, "did you get over these macho hangups?"

"A couple of years ago," Carradine replies.

Was it because of growing self-confidence? "Yeah, or maybe just not giving a shit anymore."

His first album, Carradine says, was "a total bastardization It had as much to do with me as" He gropes for a word, can't find it and trails off with "nothing." Compared to that he calls the second "99-44/100 percent pure," but admits it still required some compromises. One was the inclusion of an "oldie"—"I hate being trendy"—for which he finally chose the Fleetwood's hit, "Mr. Blue."

Explaining his choice, he says: "The first thing I ever played was a harmonica. I used to play 'Red River Valley' a lot . . . and I'd sit on a street corner playing 'Mr. Blue.' . . . For while it was between that and 'Rhythm of the Rain' for the album. That was one of the first songs I learned to play on the piano." The initial song he mastered on guitar was "House of the Rising Sun."

Carradine's first band was a bluegrass group in which he played banjo and washtub bass. "When I first started writing," he says, "I was coming from a real romantic place. The only time I could write a song was when I was depressed . . . about being alone."

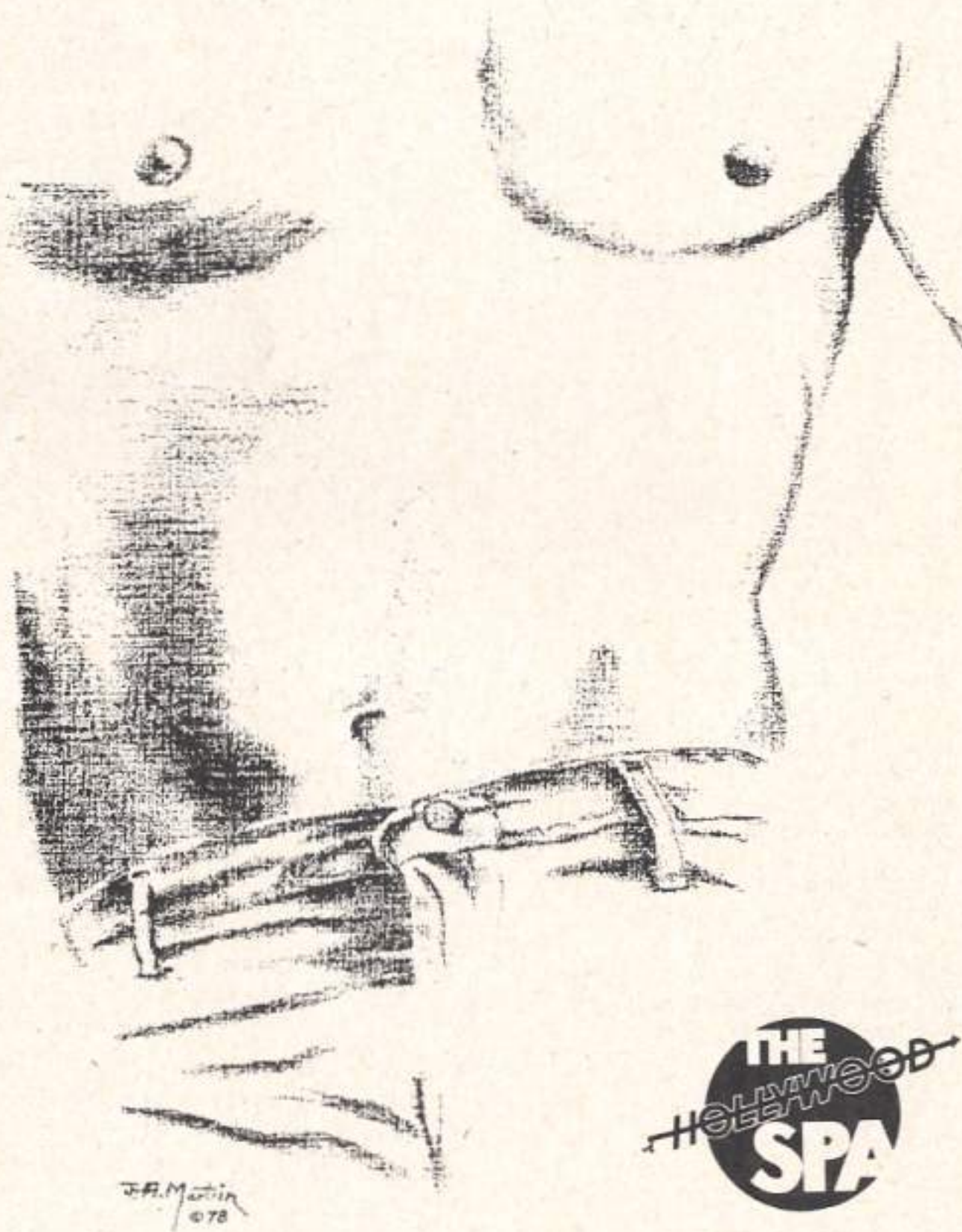
His early influences were "people like Gordon Lightfoot, Peter, Paul and Mary and Ian and Sylvia. Then I discovered Tim Buckley and everything else suddenly became boring There's some Fred Neil, too, in the bluesy kind of stuff I do." His latest inspiration comes from Tom Waits, whose "San Diego Serenade" Carradine sings on *Lost and Found*: "When I first heard his music, it sounded like someone writing from inside my head!"

Most of the songs on the latest album are, Carradine says, "over a year old or somebody else's." The three exceptions are "Homeless Child," "Love of the Blues" and

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#35 (MAY/JUNE)

John Travolta, The First Time, Houston, "Getting to Know You, Charles Strout," Henry Winkler, The Art of Richard Adkins, The Gyno-Gay Cult, "Saturday Night Trick," Andy Gibb, Charles Adams: His People & Images, The Great Hollywood "C" Party

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"Neutron Bomb." The last, written with his lead guitarist, Tony Berg, illustrates the new direction his composing is taking: "My writing is starting to get a little crazy now. I'm not writing love songs anymore. I'm trying to get outside of myself and write from a difference perspective."

One of his musical ambitions is to learn to play bagpipes. He's bought a set but hasn't made much progress. "Those guys," he says of pipers, "must be stoned all the time!"

Nashville also gave Carradine's acting career a boost. French actress Jeanne Moreau, whom he calls "a really interesting lady," cast him in *Lumiere*, her first film as a director, after seeing his picture in a newspaper. "It was an act of faith on both our parts," he says; "but I got to live in Paris for a month—it was like some sort of romantic dream!"

Carradine has had two movies released this year. In *The Duellists*, he and Harvey Keitel play feuding soldiers in Napoleon's army. It was his first "costume picture," and he says he enjoyed the idea of dressing up; but "those costumes were a pain in the ass. There were like 50 buttons to do up the front. I don't know how people lived like that, let alone fought a war."

Pretty Baby may replace *Thieves Like Us* as the actor's favorite among his films. "I haven't seen *Thieves* for a couple of years," he says, "so I'm not sure how it holds up. But it was the first time I did work up to what I wanted to do." He has to see his pictures several times, he explains: "The first time I watch a film I'm just looking at myself. The second and third times I'm looking more at the film as a whole."

In *Pretty Baby* Carradine plays the strange photographer, "Papa" Bellocq, who falls in love with a prostitute's 12-year-old daughter in New Orleans in 1917. Though he's top-billed, he has no illusions about it being his picture rather than Brooke Shields', who plays the girl: "The first time I read the script there was no doubt in my mind who the protagonist was and what my function was in the film."

Calling *Pretty Baby* "a very special film," Carradine defends it against the furor its theme has aroused by pointing out that the complaints started before anyone had seen the picture; so the controversy was all based on conjecture.

Director Louis Malle, who admits he almost gave Carradine's part to a French actor, laughs about one of the film's harshest critics, Rona

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The Shirley MacLaine Show, Aug. 15-20.

The Atlanta Symphony has two pops series underway. Thursday nights in the **Fox Theater** (660 Peachtree) include Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo, June 22; Prof. Peter Schickele with the music of "P.D.Q. Bach," June 29; Van Cliburn, July 6; Benny Goodman, July 13; and Virgil Fox, July 20. Friday nights in Chastain Park feature Tony Bennett, June 23; Peter Nero, June 30; Michel Legrand, July 7; Judy Collins, July 14; Ferrante and Teicher, July 21; and Jose Feliciano, July 28. The Symphony is presenting free pops concerts in Piedmont Park every Sunday evening through July 23.

The Georgia Opera Company imports Teresa Kubiak, Herman Malamood and Cornell MacNeil to star in their production of *Tosca*, July 27 and 29 in Symphony Hall of the **Atlanta Memorial Arts Center** (15th and Peachtree). The Atlanta Symphony will accompany. Downstairs at the Arts Center, Alliance Theater Company hopes to get a long run from their new production of *Side by Side* by Sondheim.

Include Atlanta in your vacation plans this summer. We've got what you want.

—Steve Warren

MIAMI

Zev Bufman has announced a very exciting season for 1978-79 at the **Parker Playhouse**.

The opener on Nov. 28 will spotlight Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn recreating their roles in the Broadway comedy *The Gin Game*, to be followed by Deborah Kerr in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, in a pre-Broadway run. A major musical is in the works as the third production, with the fourth slot going to *Dracula*, complete with the sets and costumes from the original, designed by Edward Gorey.

A second musical is slotted as the fifth production, to be followed by Neil Simon's *Chapter Two*. The finale may be the American premiere of Agatha Christie's last work, the mystery thriller *Murder in the Vicarage*.

Bufman plans on a season at the **Miami Beach Theater of Performing Arts** that will open in November with Jackie Gleason starring in *Sly Fox*. Negotiations are going on for Richard Burton to star in *King Lear* and to be directed by the

great Elia Kazan, who directed such fine productions as *Streetcar Named Desire*, *On The Waterfront*, and *Rebel Without A Cause*.

Also coming to the Theater of Performing Arts will be Leonard Bernstein's *West Side Story* with America's finest director-choreographer, Jerome Robbins, putting the new production together. The production will tour several European capitals for about ten weeks and then will play only three cities in the United States—Washington, D.C., Broadway, and the third will probably be Miami Beach. Also in negotiations are the musicals *On The Twentieth Century* and the stunning new hit *Timbuktu* with a possibility of *Pal Joey* (starring Lena Horne). So it looks like South Florida is in for a great season during 1978-79.

The Copa (624 S.E. 28th St., Fort Lauderdale) continues to be the in spot for theater goers, both



Ft. Lauderdale's **Copa** continues to pack 'em in to a heavy disco beat.

in Fort Lauderdale and in Miami Beach. After the theater you can catch the gay set (and quite a few straight people) making the scene at **The Copa**. No cover and no minimum and plenty of action. Always a different show and a place to find the "beautiful people."

The Club Miami (2991 Coral Way, Miami) is jumping with groovy guys this summer. One can meet people from all over the world and plenty of Latin-American action. The nights are hot in Miami, with the temperature in the high 70's and the low 80's, so there is plenty of outside activities around the pool area.

Uncle Charlie's Downtown (201 N.E. 2nd. Ave., Miami) is the place also to go after the theater. In the past several months, several well-known television and theater stars have made the scene after their performances at various

South Florida theaters. The place is usually jam-packed from late at night to early morning.

The Players State Theater, located in the Coconut Grove Playhouse, in Coconut Grove, a small village a few miles south of Miami recently presented David Rabe's *Streamers*. It was a good production, but certainly not one of the most startling plays to ever be presented in South Florida—or maybe we have grown to accept nudity and four-letter words on the stage and are no longer upset by them.

Up the coast in Jacksonville Beach is **Bo's Bar** (584-N. First St. on the Atlantic Ocean). It's a "great" bar, with the Boys In White dropping in at all hours, since Jacksonville has many U.S. and foreign navy ships docking. The English Navy is very popular at Bo's Bar.

Just a few miles outside of Disney World in Orlando is **The Connection**, (1124 S. Orange Ave.). It has

an extensive lunch menu with reasonable prices. There's disco at night, and many of the Disney World employees can be found making the scene. The age range is very young through middle age.

South Florida has something for everyone—music, theater and gay life, mixed with sports and outdoor living. You name it, we have it in Florida.

—John Saunders

TORONTO

The Lindsay Kemp Company made spring a memorable event this year by performing two of their most stunning productions at Toronto Workshop Productions Theater. The first of the two sharing a month-long run was Kemp's outrageous mime-fantasy, *Flowers*. *Flowers* has roots in Jean Genet's
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NO CROWNS, PLEASE

(continued from 60)

However, a slight chill blew in from east of Eden when I saw where he suggested we meet—by the fountain in the sculpture court of the Capital City Art Center! After my disappointment with Gaffer in that place, I would have been happy to never see it again. However, my regular weekend in the big city was coming up, so I agreed to meet him that Saturday afternoon at 1:00. After reading that letter, I would have agreed to meet him nude at the corner of Main and Broadway at high noon. Again, I described what I would be wearing, but I did not enclose a photograph. After all, if Bruce worked for the Vice Squad, he would have to look before he took me in.

Saturday was a beautiful day. The sun was bright, and the air was filled with excitement and expectation. I sang every song I knew as I drove to the city, oblivious to the danger of being arrested for disturbing the peace.

One o'clock found me sauntering as casually as I could into the sculpture court, my heart racing in my throat and my hair carefully arranged over the bald spot. Napoleon returning to Waterloo!

No one rushed up to me with glad cries and open arms ready to practice the sexual arts. In fact, the court appeared empty. The only sound was the splash of water from the grotesque fountain. Looking more carefully (but discretely), I found that I was not entirely alone. A red-haired little girl and her dog were prowling through the shubbery in one corner.

"Too late met, too early come," I muttered to myself as I settled down on a bench and gazed at the fountain, trying to make some sense of it. I had just decided that the fountain was made up of three pregnant whales spouting water from their tails when I became aware of a presence behind me.

"Gaffer had grown a tiny moustache, merely a thin line on his little upper lip. He looked as if he was about to play Rhett Butler in the Munchkin production of Gone With the Wind."

"Rick?" a voice trilled behind me, and I turned expectantly. Crash! My heart plummeted with the speed of a well-oiled guillotine. There, standing behind me, was Orphan Annie and Sandy. Only it wasn't Orphan Annie at all. It was Buster Brown and his dog, Tige.

"Bruce?" I yelped. I would have leapt to my feet and raced away, but my legs suddenly seemed far, far away, and the world had turned quite gray. "No! No! Not you! Say you're not Bruce," I practically sobbed.

Startled at my reaction, Bruce paused slightly and then sat next to me—too close. "Yes . . . yes, I am, Rick," he trilled as a cold breeze from the prison farm blew down my neck.

Recovering slightly, I looked at him closely. He was beginning to come into focus in the small end of my telescope. He was remarkably pretty, but *young* . . . oh, so young. The childish round face contained two incredibly blue eyes surrounded by long, fair lashes. His skin was fair with the faintest sprinkling of freckles across the bridge of the nose. Of course, he had a dimpled chin

and a "Cupid's bow" mouth. I once thought that "Cupid's bow" mouths existed only in the imaginings of early twentieth century female writers, but there was one.

It was the hair, though, which attracted one's immediate attention. Red does not describe it. Neither does orange. Curling softly over his head, his hair was the color of brightly burnished bronze. It sparkled as shadows played across it. Botticelli might have used Bruce for an angel—or even a Venus. No one with a face like that had ever "practiced the sexual arts."

The delicate body which "longed to know" mine was now much too close. He was thin and wearing a school uniform—a red blazer over white trousers and a turtle-neck. St. Francis of Assisi Preparatory School was embroidered on a crest on his chest.

"You . . . you're disappointed. You are, aren't you, Rick?" The big eyes gazed too candidly into mine.

"Disappointed?" Gaining a measure of composure, I continued, "No, I'm not disappointed. Not really. I guess I should have been prepared for you. You're not quite the person I expected."

"You mean the letter?" he asked. "It's all true. It really is. All of it." Lamely, he added, "Except the age, perhaps."

"Perhaps!" I exclaimed. "You're no more eighteen than I am! In fact, you can't be more than fourteen."

"Oh, but I *am*," he assured me.

"Eighteen! Ha!" I managed to exclaim with some weak spirit.

"Well, not eighteen, exactly." Humbly, "I'll be sixteen before Christmas. Really, I will." As I started to exclaim in disbelief, he added, "I guess I just look young. Truthfully, I'm almost sixteen."

Fifteen! I could feel the prison guard's whip across my shoulders. Could I get used to a diet of bread and water? "Those things you wrote. Uh . . . have you ever done any of them?"

Shyly, "No, but I've read about it. A lot. And I'd like to do them," edging closer, "with you."

Automatically, the old elevator began to rise, so I leaped up. "Let's walk out to the baseball field."

Bumping shoulders awkwardly, we rose and walked out through the gate, leaving the three whales to blow themselves. Tige followed us quietly.

The baseball field was deserted except for a small, hideously ugly dog nosing about. He slinked away as we approached.

We must have talked for half an hour or longer. Bruce felt he had always been gay although he had never had anything to do with another male. He really was interested in music, art, and ballet as well as photography. The photograph he had sent me was done on purpose, or so he said.

"I'm lonely . . . and I want a . . . a . . . a steady . . . friend." He edged close again.

"A friend is all I can be. You realize that I'm old enough to be your father?" Bruce smelled so fresh, and so clean.

"Yes," he looked at me longingly with those incredibly blue eyes, and the old elevator continued its rise. I crossed my legs—hard. "Age shouldn't make a difference, not if you really . . . love someone."

"And you think you could love me?" I asked with my heart beating heavily to the sound of the judge's gavel. "Bruce, I know exactly how you feel because I have felt the same way myself. Perhaps I still do, but do you realize that what you want to do would mean a prison sentence for me and certainly a detention home for you?"

"Not if we're careful. And, oh, I do want it so."

No matter how I might learn to love Bruce, or no

matter how I might want him, I felt that holding him would be like holding a butterfly. He would beat his delicate wings against my hard hands until he destroyed himself.

Bruce was rubbing his leg against mine, and I was just starting to put my arm around him when a thin voice startled us both.

"Charles? Yes, I thought it was you!" There stood Gaffer in all his minute glory. I should have expected him, of course. Where were the fat ladies to make the cast complete? Gaffer had grown a tiny moustache, merely a thin line on his little upper lip. He looked as if he was about to play Rhett Butler in the Munchkin production of *Gone With the Wind*. The little snake must have slithered through the grass while we were talking. How long had he been listening?

"Oh! Uh, why, hello," I stammered.

Gaffer looked from Bruce to me and back again. "It's nice to see you. Aren't you going to introduce me to your *young friend*?" he asked significantly. His slight emphasis upon *young friend* made me feel incredibly old. Old and dirty.

"And it's nice to see you again," I lied, ignoring his question and obvious implication. "How have you been?"

"Fine, Charles. It wasn't nice, your telling me to use 'passive Greek' in my ad. You can't imagine the types I've met. But," he paused and added pointedly, "they were all older." He looked at us both briefly and continued, "Well, I must go and join my wife and *children*." As he slipped off between the blades of grass, I noticed that he was leading what surely must have been the smallest, thinnest dog I had ever seen. He must have bought it from Maggie and Jiggs.

"Bruce," I said resignedly, "you must realize that what you want is too dangerous, no matter how careful we might be. I'll be your friend, perhaps even your best friend. You can write me, and we can discuss whatever you like. Whatever you say will be strictly between you and me."

"But, Rick," he began, "I . . . I . . ." He looked at me for a heartbreaking eternity, then turned and walked dejectedly away with his dog following at his heels. "Goodbye, Rick," I heard him call softly over his shoulder.

"Goodbye, Bruce," I whispered and looked away.

Turning back, I drew my knees up under my chin and sat there clasping my legs and looking across the baseball field where a bright bronze butterfly moved slowly away.

"Charles?" Gaffer was again at my elbow. I ignored him in my misery. "Charles," he paused. "Charles, you are a noble person."

"Beat it, creep," I snarled cruelly.

Gaffer paused briefly and then walked back toward the Art Center.

The mutt which had now returned whined at my feet. Heedless of fleas and ticks, I picked him up and hugged him violently to my heart. Looking across the baseball field, I saw the bronze butterfly burst into a run and catch one last brilliant shaft of sunlight before disappearing into the darkness of the pines at the edge of the park. I sighed.

Nobility does not bring a crown but an awful band around the heart. ■■

COME OUT, COME OUT (continued from 34)

"No!" I grabbed the coat, threw them in the closet and slammed the door. ". . . er . . . No! Not on fire!" I

corralled my parents in wide arms, herded them to the sofa and watched until they sat. Maybe I should hobble them so they don't wander around. I collapsed cross-legged across the coffee table from them, slopped out White Label into three glasses and splashed in some cubes.

And we sat. Silent. Staring. Sipping. And smiling. Tightly.

Now? Do I talk now . . . ? They're sitting . . . (Gulp.) And the ice rattled noisily as I plunked the glass on the table. I felt Motherly scrutiny upon me.

"Gregory, are you getting enough sleep?"

"Sleep? Yeah! More than enough!"

Father looked at Mother then at me and, laying a conspirator's hand on my shoulder, whispered, "Girls," and winked enormously. Mother snorted.

"Girls! The way Gregory's acting you'd think he had one now, naked in his bedroom."

No, mother.

Father beamed. "I bet Greg's got a stable full of young fillies. Before you know it we'll be Grandma and Grandpa."

Father, quit forcing the laughs; I'm trying to think. And why does everything I look at try to spin to the left? I upended my glass and drained it, dumping more booze immediately into it.

Mother pushed herself off the sofa. "I'm not going to ask you the obvious—if you have a bathroom." She sat her glass down and walked around the table. "So where is it?"

I jumped to my feet. "There," I said quickly, steering her into the hallway toward an open door. She turned and scowled at me.

"Really, Gregory. You could have said 'The room with the door open.' I mean there are only two doors here and one of them is closed. Do I really look that senile? Like I couldn't find a bathroom?"

"No, Mom," I muttered, pushing her into the darkened room and slamming the door.

"Well, for Jesus Christ!" she bellowed, bumping and thumping sounds echoing through the door. "Gregory!"

"Mother?" I said to the door. "What's the matter?"

"Open the door!" Thud.

"But you're in the bathroom."

"I might agree with that if I could find the light switch."

Oh my.

"Sorry, Mom." Quickly I opened the door and Mother rolled out, leveling a very gritty glance at me.

"May I try that again with the light on or did I just get one chance?"

I stumbled into the room, flicked the light on, and explained my way back out. "Kind of behind the door" Mother gave me an archly forgiving look and sailed into the room, closing the door.

I plunked back down beside the coffee table, shook my booze-buzzing head and took a hasty guzzle of scotch. *Hic!*

"Mother OK?" Father asked, and I nodded.

Silence fell like a dark, furry blanket around us and, slowly, with a trembling pinkie, I stirred the ice in my tawny drink. How to tell him? How to tell Father he is not to be a Grand one "Well, it's like this, Father. You know that grandkid you want? How about settling for something a bit less extravagant? Like a cute little grandpuppy? Or maybe a couple of playful grand-kitties? You see, Father, Ricky and I" Then he'll ask who Ricky is

"And who are *you*?" Mother's rather startled voice drifted into the living room.

Uh-oh. *Hic!* This is it.

I grabbed the scotch bottle and staggered to my feet. Wait a minute. I can't leave. Besides, where the fuck am I going? This is my apartment. My old black beanbag chair swam into focus; I staggered over to it and collapsed. I'll just . . . *hic!* . . . sit here quietly and watch. Maybe no one will recognize me.

Mother entered the room and rolled spooked to the sofa. Ricky following close on her heels, hopped over beside me and plopped on the floor. Modestly he pinched the collar of his buttonless shirt, but, tossing me an "Aw, fuck it!" expression, let the shirt go, exposing a daring view of a naked, muscled chest.

No. No. I'm drunk, my sanity's flapping ragged and torn in the distance, I'm about to be murdered by my own parents . . . I don't need arousal. Somebody better talk. Quick.

"Uh . . . you wanted to talk to us? To your Mother and me?"

"Gregory, I didn't mean to barge . . . I . . . I just wanted to see the rest of your apartment. I . . . you didn't tell us you were sharing it." A troubled silence befell the room then, suddenly, Mother's face brightened. "But that's wonderful!" she said breathlessly inspired. "You're sharing your apartment! Sharing expenses!"

Father dropped an astonished jaw. "Yes!" he gasped, relieved of some terrible weight. "Your Mother and I worried when you moved into the city; the first thing we thought about was the rent you'd pay. Didn't we, Mother? And this apartment . . ." a second's look around and hasty calculation. ". . . must be at least three hundred!"

"Well, not really," I slurred. "The only thi . . . hic . . . thing Ricky and I share is the . . ."

"Lights and phone," Father added tenaciously. "Those can all add up." And Mother nodded knowingly.

". . . bed," I muttered.

"And garbage!" Father recalled suddenly, but his words spiraled into a confused vacuum.

Mother was not to be denied her inspiration; "Well! You couldn't put two beds in that small room anyway!" And Father gasped again at Mother's uncanny ability to snare fleeing ghosts.

"Yes!" he said quickly, scrambling to grab the rope. "And you wouldn't want to pay another hundred for another bedroom anyway." With an immensely pleased grin, he turned to Mother.

No more . . . No more . . . No . . . hic . . . more!

"Stop!" I roared drunkenly, struggling, arms flapping, trying to get out of my mushy, bean-filled nightmare, with my bottle.

The room plummeted into a spooky silence and I stood, tottering, tilting as the room spun slowly around.

"Mother. And Father," I muttered and looked crookedly at each in turn. "Meet Ricky . . ." I swung an introductory arm over his head. For an instant, Mother and Father, their motionless forms, swirled into focus. Then out again. "I didn't know how to tell you this—and I still don't." I hoisted the bottle and fortified my lack of knowledge. "But I did know I was going to tell you to—*hic*—sit down . . . and you are."

I looked down at Ricky, who wasn't in the same place each time my vision cleared.

"Ricky and me—and I—are lover *Hic!* lovers. Not only do we share the same bed, we share it at the same time."

The room spun into a dead, dead silence and suddenly I felt very cold, very alone and very fuzzy. Then a faint raspy voice called my name.

I turned to the sound. ". . . Father?"

Pause. "You . . . Greg . . .? You and . . . Ricky . . .?"

". . . I won't be a grandmother," Mother muttered vacuously.

"Say it, Dad," I whispered.

". . . always adopt, I suppose," Mother mumbled.

Father rose stiffly from the sofa and wandered, seemingly dazed, away from us and halted.

"My God," he said, his words spoken, their meaning empty, drifted like slow bubbles in the chilly air, plopped silently, leaving nothing.

Mother pulled herself forcibly out of her trance and looked quietly at Father's back. Slowly she pushed herself out of the sofa and walked toward me. Ricky grabbed my wrist and pulled himself to his feet and in my fuzzy mind I felt the warmth of his body curl and wrap comfortably around me. Mother was standing before me.

"You're not going to believe this," she said in a low, steady voice. "But I knew . . . No, I suspected. And your Father, whether he admits it or not, did too." She paused and in the silence a door, far away, closed. "You wanted to tell us didn't you, Gregory? That you were . . . gay? Surprised? I know the word and I know what it means." She paused for breath. "I'm mad at you, Gregory," she continued. "You thought we were complete fools. You never talked to us when we wanted to. We're really not such fools."

**". . . I won't be a grandmother,"
Mother muttered vacuously. "You
could always adopt, I suppose . . ."**

My throat tightened and I swallowed.

"Some day, some evening, come home. When you're not drunk. Then maybe we can talk. There's a lot we should talk about." Stress grew with the length of the silence. "And bring Ricky."

"Sorry, Mom," I muttered, but she wasn't listening; she had turned to Ricky.

"You're not drunk and I think you understand all of this. 'Coming out,' isn't it? And Gregory probably doesn't think I know that either. You know, it doesn't look like you were supposed to be here tonight, but I'm glad you are. It helps . . . I mean, I can see and talk to the person my son loves; it makes it more real. And I'm not making much sense, am I?"

Mother stopped, turned to leave, paused and turned to me. She reached up, grabbing my spinning head in her soft hands and lightly kissed my forehead.

"Your Father will need time," she said and looked around the room. "Speaking of Father, where is he?"

"He left," Ricky said quietly. "He took the coats."

Mother nodded and walked slowly toward the door.

Hic.

"Night, Mom," I muttered, suddenly feeling more than dizzy.

She stopped at the door, hesitated briefly and left quietly without looking back.

Ricky turned to me and placed a steadying hand on my shoulder.

"Want me to go out and dig a grave for the dinner?" he asked, his words muffled and far away.

"No . . ." I gasped. The floor spun suddenly under my feet and a sick, sinking, growling feeling twisted my guts. ". . . I want you to grab . . ." And the last thing I felt were Ricky's strong warm arms grabbing me as I fell off the world. ■■



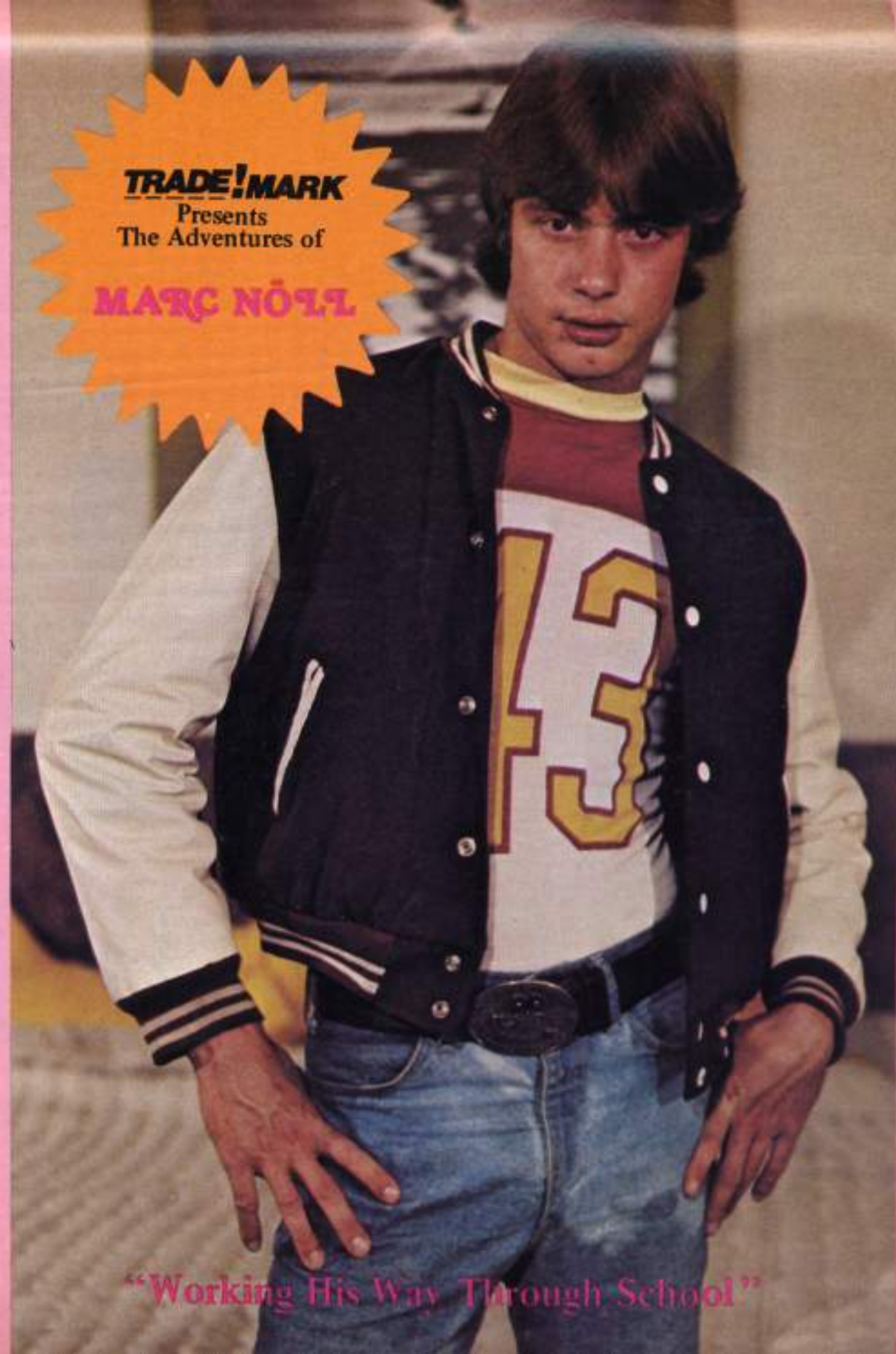
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KEITH CARRADINE

(continued from 84)

Barrett: "When we were shooting in New Orleans, she was calling every day for spicy details she could use in her column. She makes her living telling America what's going on in the bedrooms of the stars."

We'll leave it to Rona to tell you what's going on in Keith Carradine's bedroom; but he's been sharing it for several years (except for one six-month period) with actress Christina Raines and reports their relationship is "real solid now."



If you ask Carradine which of his two careers he prefers, it'll be whichever he's involved in at that moment. He avoids typecasting by turning down parts that are similar to others he's played, and says the ones he accepts are "anything I haven't done." If the right offers don't come along, "I go out and play music."

His idol as an actor is Peter O'Toole, "because I feel what he does is within my grasp." He admires Laurence Olivier, but "I can't even relate to what he does."

When he gets a break from both careers at once, Carradine likes to go backpacking. But right now, having completed a cameo role in Talia Shire's new movie, *Old Boyfriends*, he's eager to take his music on the road: "I've got a whole new band put together. It's hot. I'm anxious for people to hear it." ■■

NIGHTLIFE

(continued from 87)

prison-born novel, *Our Lady of the Flowers*, which Sartre called "an epic of masturbation." Kemp starred in his version in the role of Divine, with Neil Caplan as the lover Darling and David Haughton as archangel Gabriel. The second

production, *Salome*, is adapted primarily from the Wilde dramatic tale with Kemp playing the steamy seductress to Anton Dolin's Herod. Both productions were flamboyantly extravagant and uncommon theatrical experiences never to be missed when Kemp and company are within range. Presently, they are touring South America, but Kemp expresses a great interest in playing North American cities, especially New York and San Francisco. Impresarios take note!

Toronto Dance Theater has premiered the second of three thematically related works created by David Earle, one of the company's three artistic directors. Earle's cycle of works depicts three aspects of early civilization. The first, *Atlantis*, was a view of a superstitious age in which man was completely dependent on the Gods. In the new work, *Mythos*, based on the Phaedra myth, the roles are reversed. "Contrasted with *Atlantis*, which is a study of a whole race, *Mythos* deals with individuals and with personal passions," explains Earle. "I wanted to create a piece with four equally balanced characters: Phaedra, her nurse, Theseus and Hippolytus. I see the nurse as being outside the drama. She is the witness, the poet in this instance who recalls, remembers and retells the tragedy." Earle's third work will have a Roman theme, civilization burning itself out. With David Earle's incredible imagination and sensitivity in creating modern dance, one can only look forward to the completion of the cycle and a triple-bill performance.

The eleven members of a South African dance troupe stranded in our town in January when their show, *Two Faces of Africa*, closed at O'Keefe Center have now been able to go home thanks mainly to a benefit show at **WonderBar**. Thanks are due superstar impersonator Craig Russell and the WonderBar folks for hosting the benefit. Eight other members of the troupe have asked for political asylum because they fear reprisals for the anti-South African government material used in their show.

Any newcomers or visitors in our town wanting to know where and when the gay activities are need only telephone **923-GAYS**. It's an efficient and inexpensive system for local organizations to get their messages out of the community. The service is fielding some three thousand calls per week with its approximate three minute recorded information. A nice addition.

—Bryan Crown

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A summer tradition, the **Wolf Trap Park for the Performing Arts** presents another exciting season—especially for opera buffs. The Metropolitan Opera brings such well-known operas as *Rigoletto*, *La Favorita*, *Don Giovanni* and, for the first time in Washington, the original version of *Boris Godunov* and the world premiere of Stephen Douglas Burton's *The Duchess of Malfi*.

While all this is going on, over in Columbia, Maryland, the **Meriweather Post Pavilion** offers a more modern menu, including such artists as Jackson Brown, Linda Ronstadt, the Beach Boys, and the incomparable Barry Manilow.

The theater scene remains as exciting as ever. The **Eisenhower Theater** at the Kennedy Center provided a beautiful production of *The Mighty Gents* by Richard Wesley, the Tenth Annual American College Theater Festival, and a bubbling new comedy by Samuel Taylor, *Gracious Times*, with William Prince, Tammy Grimes, and Patricia Routledge. At the Kennedy's **Opera House**, the D'Oyle Carte Opera Company presented Gilbert and Sullivan, followed by the New York City Opera with a full range of popular classics including *Madama Butterfly* and Puccini's *La Boheme*.

Arena Stage (6th and Maine Ave. S.W.) gave us a great *Streetcar Named Desire*, and an exciting new production of *Hamlet* by Romanian director Liriu Ciulei. Albert Innaurato's wacky comedy, *Gemini*, and the English language premiere of Alexander Varnpilov's *Duck Hunting* will complete the Arena's current season.

At the **Folger** (201 East Capital St. S.E.), the world premiere of Israel Hanovitz's *Mackarel* is followed by *Richard III*.

On the bar scene, the juncture of Pennsylvania Ave. and 9th St. N.W. offer three cruisy choices: **The Barn**, **Louie's**, and **The Hideaway**—any one of which can provide what you're looking for. For fine food and cocktails, try **Bassin's G.W. Inn** (832 20th St. N.W.) And the place to be on Sunday is **The Exile** (9th and New York Ave. N.W.). In addition to its other inducements, The Exile offers a free buffet at 8 p.m., 10-cent draft from 10 p.m. to midnight.

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—Greg Kodjanian

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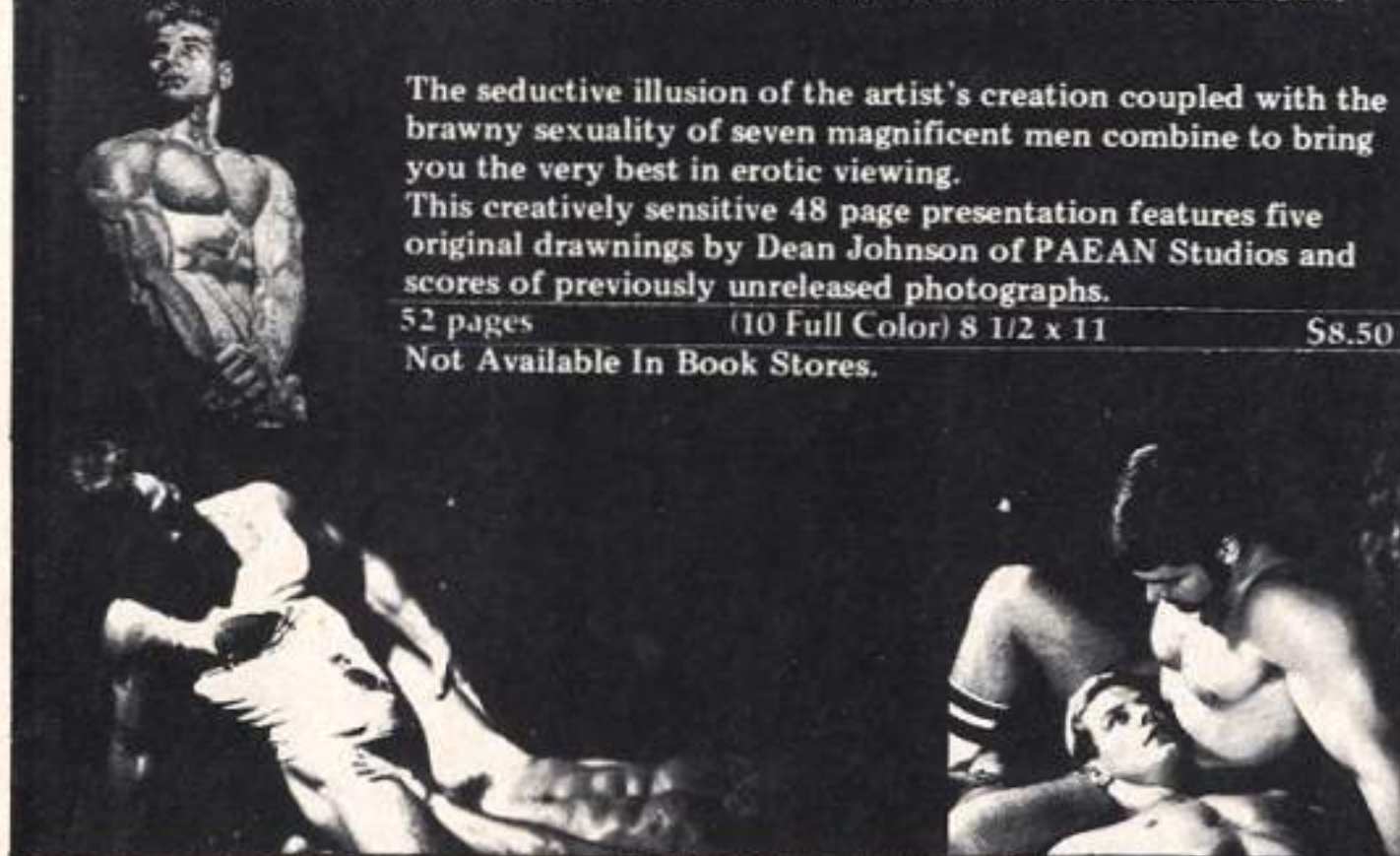
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GAY MYTHOLOGY

(continued from 26)

*Had left the heavens; therefore
on him he seized . . .
The lusty god embraced him,
called him love . . .
He heaved him up, and looking
on his face,
Beat down the bold waves with
his triple mace . . .
He watched his arms, as they
opened wide,
At every stroke betwixt them he
would slide,
And steal a kiss, and then run
out and dance,
And as he turned, cast many a
lustful glance,
And throw him gaudy toys to
please his eye,
And dive into the water, and
there pry
Upon his breast, his thighs, and
every limb,
And up again, and close behind
him swim,
And talk of love. . . .*

Those Olympians were, indeed, a "beautiful, radiant company," but they were, to quote again the redoubtable Edith Hamilton, "capricious and undependable." There were two "Great Gods of Earth,"

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however, who were Mankind's best friends—Demeter (Ceres), Goddess of the Corn, and Dionysus (Bacchus), "of the flowing hair," the God of the Vine, both of whom shared a magnificent temple at Eleusis, a little town near Athens. Worship of Dionysus eventually took place in a theater, with the performance of a play as the ceremony.

If environment exercises any effect on inducing homosexuality, Dionysus can be excused his later reputation as a "gay reveler." Disguised this time as a mortal, Zeus had impregnated Semele, daughter of King Cadmus of Thebes. Six months gone, the princess, provoked by ever-jealous Hera (also in disguise), denied Zeus further sexual privileges, so the great impersonator appeared as thunder and

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lightning and consumed her. Hermes grabbed the six-month fetus and sewed him up inside Zeus's thigh, from which makeshift womb he was delivered three months later. When your dad gives you birth, a certain amount of sexual perplexity is understandable.

To compound the felony, newborn Dionysus was farmed out to King Athanas of Orchomenus and his wife Ino, where he was reared in the women's quarters, disguised as a girl. Later, his schooling was taken over at Nysa by a bevy of nymphs who "cosseted" him and fed him on honey. When he grew to manhood, Graves informs us, Hera recognized him as Zeus's son "despite the effeminacy to which his education had reduced him." His rich dark hair flowed down over a purple cloak, and it's not surprising that among his many adventures was being seized by a band of Greek pirates.

Dionysus was assured a place in this article, however, because of his affair with one Ampelos, recorded in the *Dionysiaca* of Nonnos, as translated by W. H. D. Rouse: "Once while hunting in the shady lurking wood Dionysus was delighted by the rosy form of a young comrade. Ampelos was a merry boy who had grown up already on the Phrygian hills, a new sport of the Loves. . . . And so Dionysus, pierced by the sting of the young man's sweetness, cried out to Zeus his father, another unhappy lover:

"Grant one grace to me the lover, O Phrygian Zeus! . . . My Satyr's beauty is dearer to me than Olympus. Tell me, father, do not hide it, swear by your own young friend—when you were an Eagle, when you picked up the boy on the slopes of Teucrian Ida with greedy gentle claws, and brought him to heaven, had the clown such beauty as this? Don't talk to me of your Trojan winepourer, the servant of your cups. Lovely Ampelos outshines Ganymedes! There are plenty more beautiful lads in troops—court them if you like, and leave one boy to Dionysus!"

"Now Apollo in the thick Magnesian woods, when he was herdsman to Admetos and tended his cattle, was pierced by the sweet sting of love for a winsome boy, as Dionysus rejoiced in heart sporting with the youth. Both played in the woods together. . . . Sometimes alone on a deserted bank, they played on the sands of a pebbly river and had a wrestling-bout in friendly sport. It was a delightful strife for both, for mad Love stood between them. . . .

"Both stood forward as love's

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athletes. They joined their palms garlandwise over each other's back, packed at the waist with a knot of the hands, squeezed the ribs tight with the muscles of their two forearms, lifted each other from the ground alternately. Dionysus was in heaven amid this honeysweet wrestling, and love gave him a double joy, lifting and being lifted. He ran his two hands round the young man's waist squeezing his body with a loving grip, and lifted Ampelos high; but the other kicked him neatly behind the knee; and Dionysus laughing merrily at the blow from his young comrade's tender foot, let himself fall on his back in the dust.

"Thus while Dionysus lay willingly on the ground the boy sat across his naked belly, and Dionysus in delight lay stretched at full length on the ground sustaining the sweet burden on his paunch. . . . Then both rolled in the dust, and the sweat poured out. . . . Thus Dionysus was conquered with his own consent."

But, more's the pity, as Patrick Anderson puts it, "this gay story had a mournful end." Ampelos is fatally gored by a bull (talk about symbolism), leaving Dionysus inconsolable until his lover was reborn as a vine, the original of all viticulture and wine-bibbing. So Dionysus also *became* the vine, which is annually pruned until "only the bare stock" is left (a neat penile metaphor), but always brought back to life in a "joyful resurrection" (erection). This is the event that was celebrated in his theater, and it also assured his ultimate elevation to Olympus to become the only god whose parents were not both divine.

(Of the five Olympian goddesses, it is of interest to note that at least two of them behaved in a suspiciously butch way. Pallas Athena, virgin to the end, was wont to gad about in full armor, taming horses, considered "fierce, ruthless, and warlike." Artemis, another dedicated virgin, "lover of woods and the wild chase over the mountain," was the Lady of Wild Things, Huntsman-in-Chief to the gods, "fierce and revengeful." Both, of course, reflect the ancient Greek ambivalence about females.)

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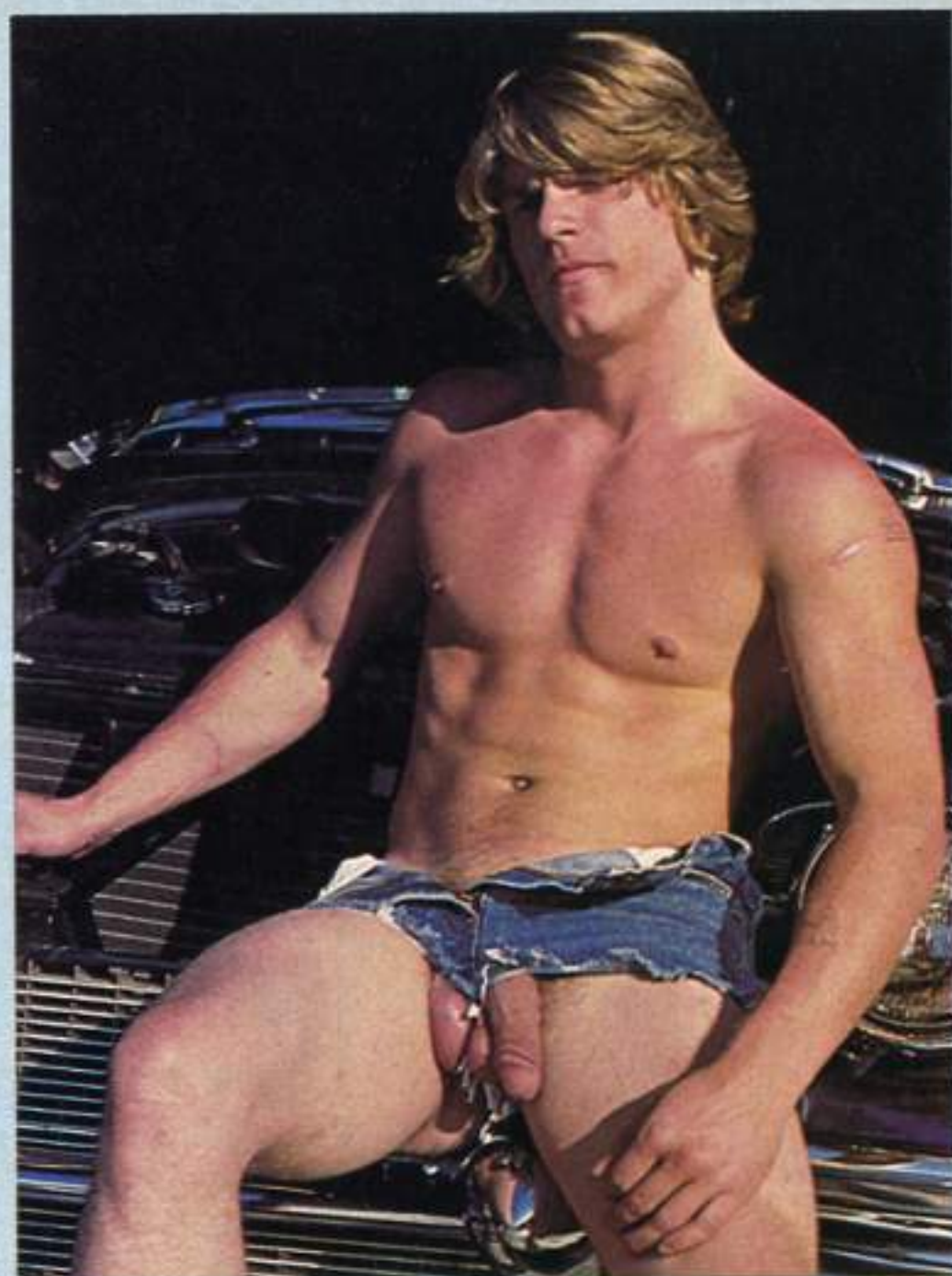
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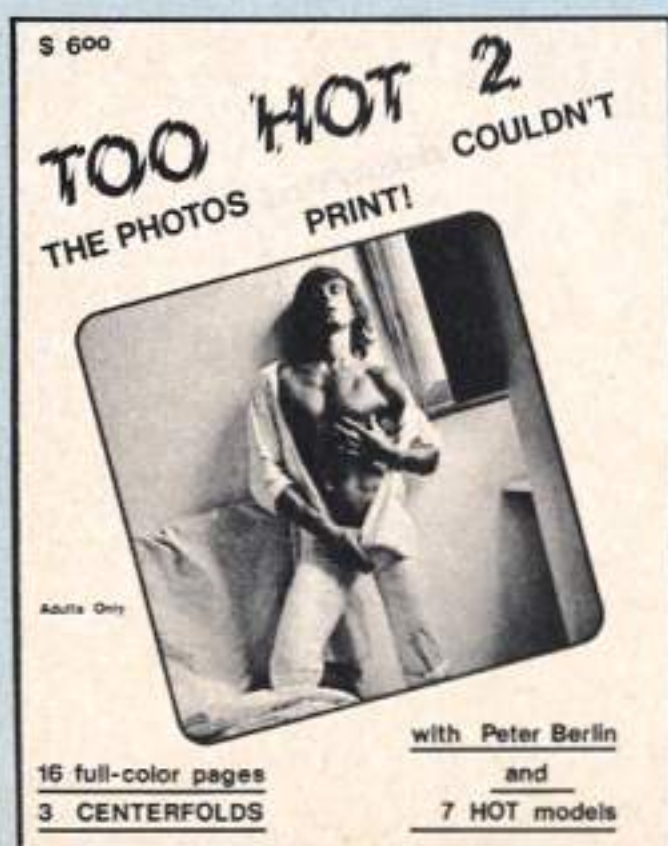


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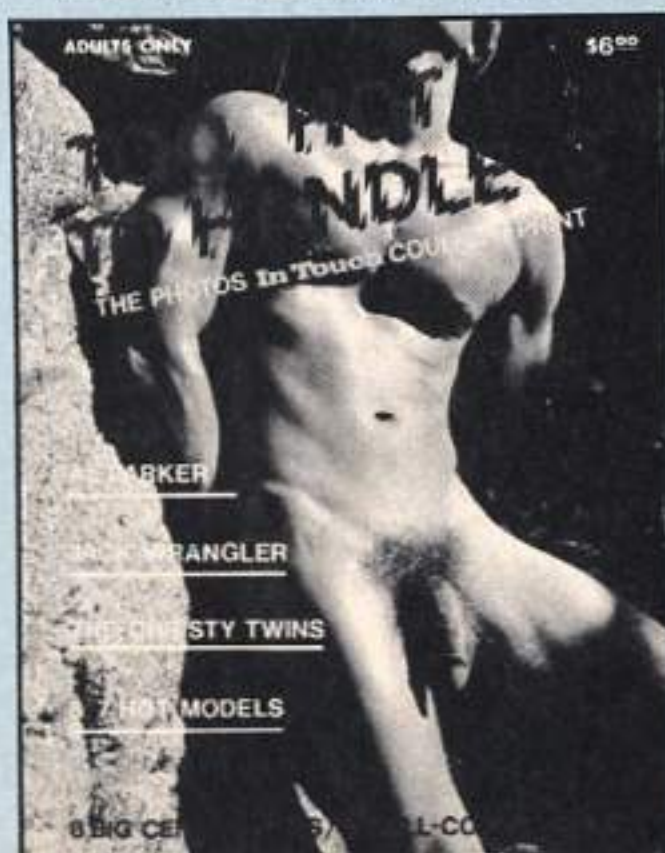
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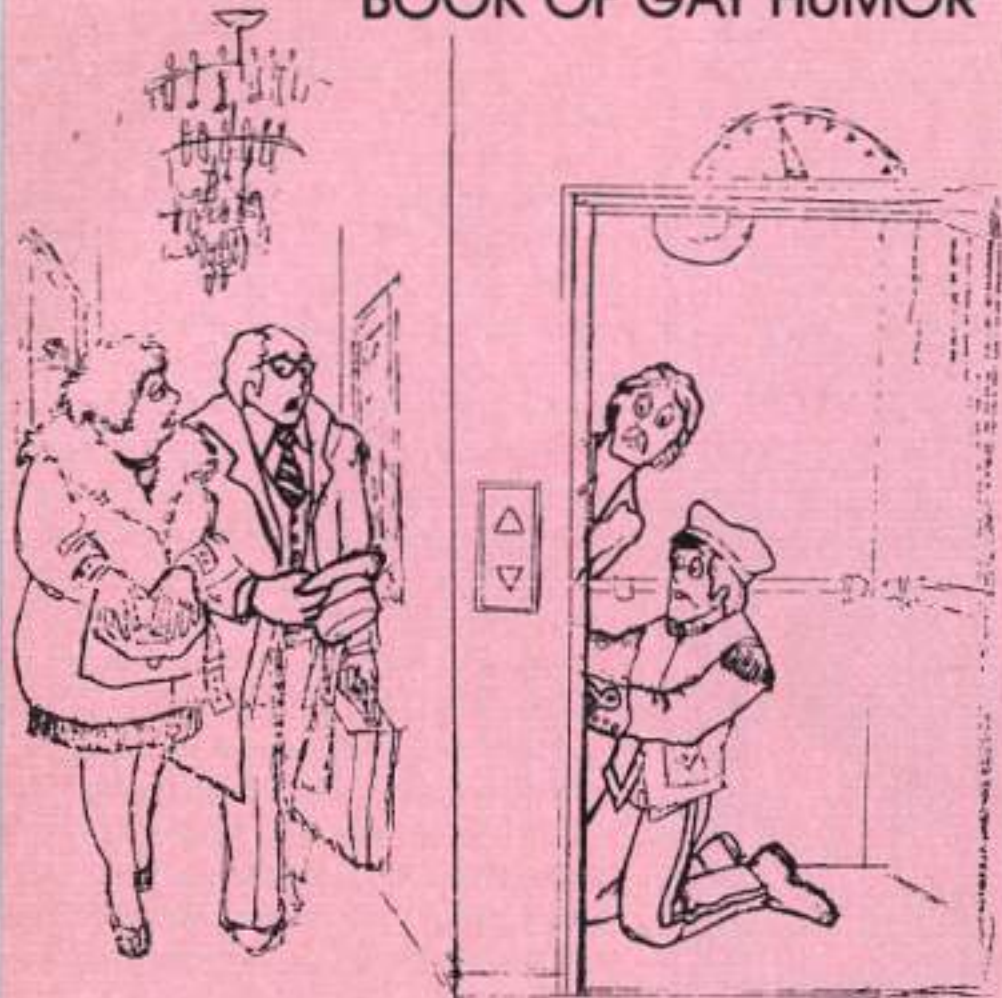
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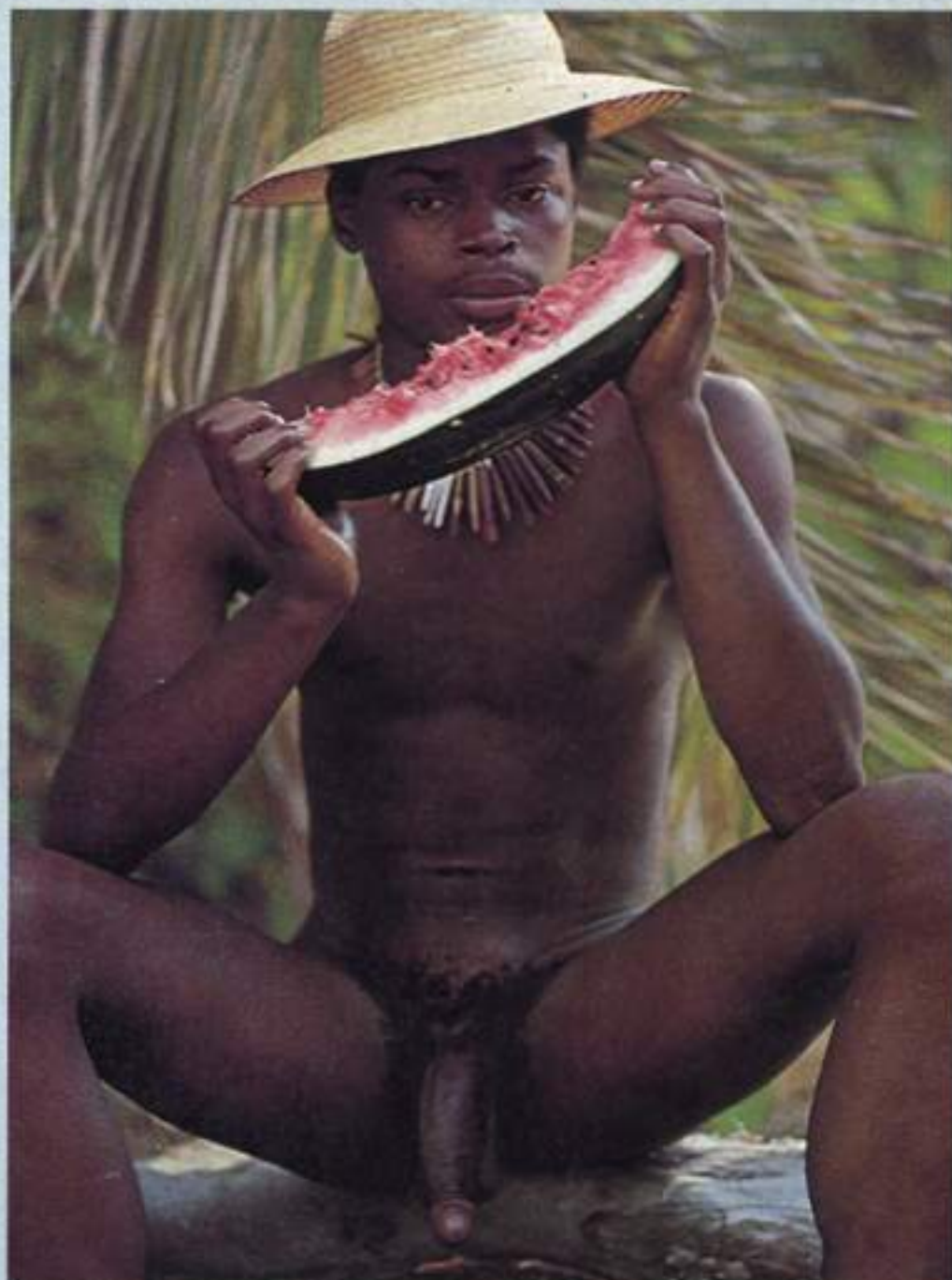
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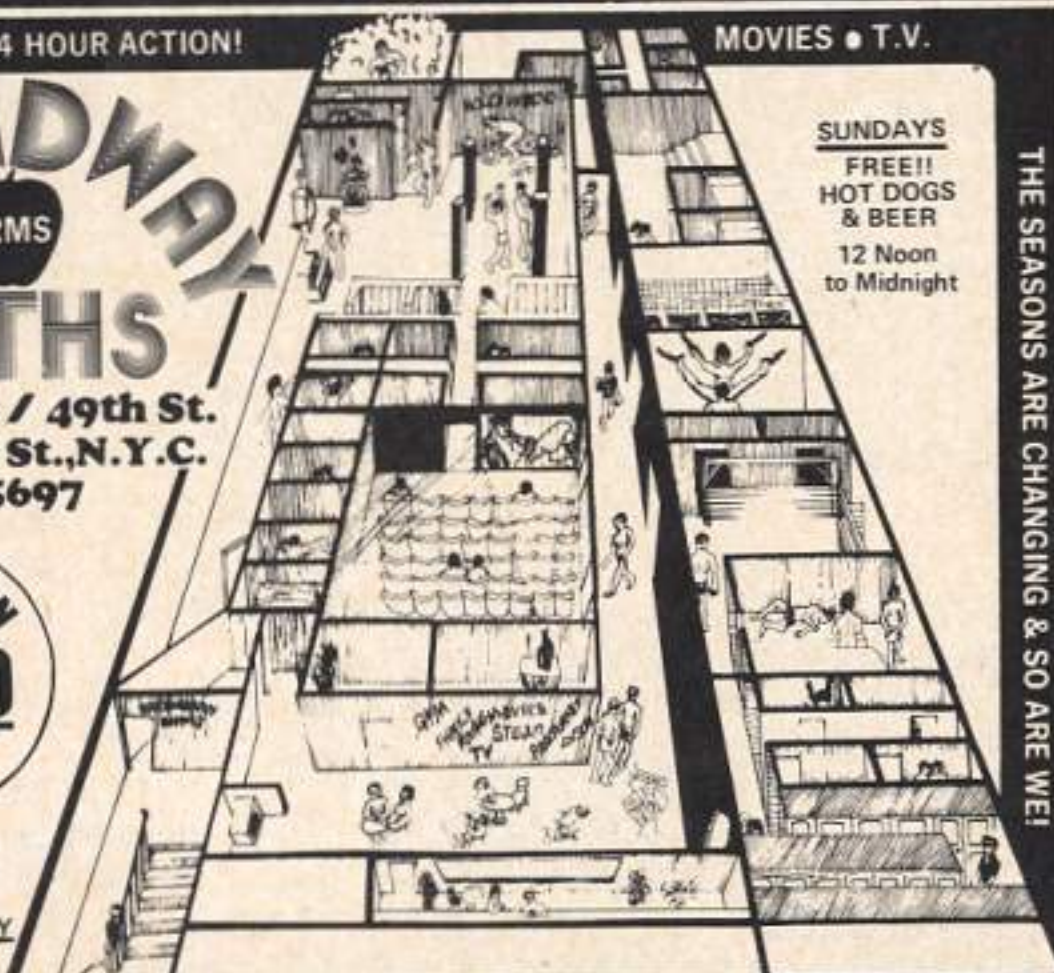
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VD (continued from 67)

Complete bed rest is suggested, although you may be allowed some moderate activity. A vitamin supplement may help. You will be forbidden any alcohol for six months to one year (and possibly longer if you have a severe case) because the liver is too weakened to handle the added strain of metabolizing alcohol into usable sugars. You should avoid poppers and aerosols.

Your physician will probably want to see you once a week during the major phase of your illness so he can monitor the liver for damage, review your symptoms, and perform necessary blood work to determine the course of the hepatitis: a costly but necessary regimen.

Hepatitis can be very debilitating and can leave you in a position of lowered resistance to other infections. Visible symptoms usually disappear in two to eight weeks, but blood tests alone will determine when you are no longer infectious (usually three months infectiousness with type "B"; one month with type "A") and may return to the sexual wars. You may not return to pre-hepatitic energy levels for as long as a year. You may suffer a relapse and are not immune to a new hepatic infection (if you had type "A," you're immune to it but not to type "B," an vice versa). Type "A" usually incubates in 3-6 weeks and type "B" in 2-4 months.

If you've been exposed to hepatitis, a gamma globulin shot is in order. (Gamma globulin is that fraction of blood serum rich in antibodies.)

One possible "benefit": if you've been concerned about your alcohol consumption and/or drinking patterns, hepatitis may help you evaluate them. A normal or social drinker will have no difficulty in laying off liquor for the time required by his physician. A problem drinker will find it difficult, perhaps impossible, to cease drinking. When you recover from hepatitis, you may find you want to socialize at gay AA meetings rather than your local cocktail lounge.

Prostatitis, urethritis: these infections and irritations of the prostate and/or urethra are technically not diseases, but they can be sexually transmitted through bacteria picked up during anal intercourse and fellatio. Other causes: delayed ejaculation, as a side effect of penile gonorrhea, from too heavy sexual activity (leading to abrasion, hence to inflammation and irritation), from erratic sexual activity (too much followed by too little). Pri-

many symptoms of prostatitis are burning urination, frequent urination, occasionally painful ejaculation, and sometimes blood in urine or semen. If your prostate is swollen, your doctor may recommend you not get fucked until the condition moderates.

Silverstein and White in *The Joy of Gay Sex* indicate that "about 60 percent of all the cases of an inflamed urethral canal are called non-specific urethritis (NSU) because they do not stem from gonorrhea." NSU is highly contagious, and its main symptoms are painful urination and a usually clear discharge. Tetracycline is the usual treatment for NSU. A visit to your doctor is in order; inform your sex partners.

Entamoeba histolytica amoebiasis and *giardia lamblia giardiasis*: these are two parasitic infections which afflict segments of the gay community. These parasites infest the gastrointestinal tract and can be transmitted during orogenital and oral-anal sexual activity. Sexual contact is not always the means of transmission, however. Poor hygiene poses this threat: for example, a salad maker infected with one of these parasites uses the toilet and then tosses your endive with his unwashed hands. Result — you get parasites. Symptoms vary, and you may have no symptoms at all. You may have abdominal cramps, runny stools, gas fever, fatigue, loss of appetite, bloody diarrhea and so on. Diagnosis of a parasitic infection can be difficult as the symptoms are generalized enough to suggest other medical problems. If you suspect you have parasites, suggest as much to your doctor, who will, in many cases, consult a parasitologist to run appropriate tests. Treatment is available.

Left untreated, some parasites may worm their way in to your liver and in some such cases abscesses develop. And death may result in some cases where abscesses occur.

Gonorrhea: Gonorrhea, or "clap," is the most common venereal disease among gay men. All but impossible to transmit except through sexual contact, gonorrhea is a bacterial infection. You may have anal, pharyngeal (in the throat), or penile gonorrhea. Penile gonorrhea is the easiest of the three to detect. Within two to nine days after infection, you will develop painful urination and a yellow-green, thick, pus-like discharge. Without treatment, urgent and frequent urination (or, rarely, an inability to urinate), and

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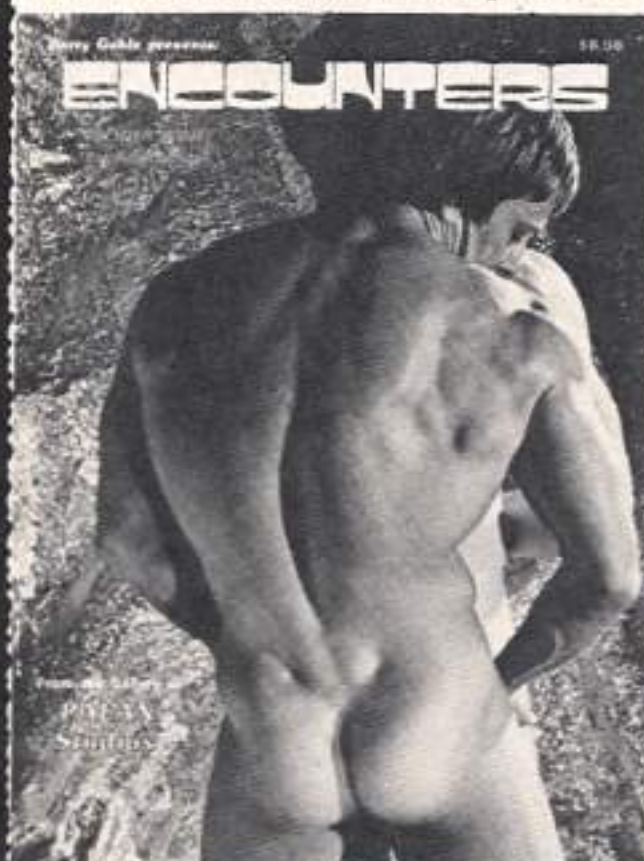
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bloody urine may commence. It is rare to have penile gonorrhea without developing symptoms. Pharyngeal and anal gonorrhea are more difficult to detect. Gonorrhea in the throat has cold-like symptoms: cough, sore throat, congestion, and so on, although usually there are no symptoms. Anal clap may exhibit constipation, diarrhea, pus or mucous in the stool, rectal bleeding, and hemorrhoidal irritations. Eighty percent of those with anal clap exhibit no symptoms.

Tests for gonorrhea involve evaluation of smears or culture specimens taken by your physician from throat, rectum, and urethra. Preferred treatment is with penicillin, and other antibiotics are effective if you are allergic to penicillin. Gonorrhea usually clears within 2-7 days after treatment. Your sexual partners should be notified and treated.

Without treatment, symptoms may clear on their own in some months. When gonorrhea is not treated, the following may occur: infection of the epididymis (infection of the epididymis can lead to sterility), arthritis, pericarditis (inflammation of the sac surrounding the heart), and endocarditis (inflammation of the heart valves).

Syphilis: the most serious of the venereal diseases, syphilis is caused by a spirochete, *Treponema pallidum*. Although it is not as widespread as gonorrhea, it is more serious a health problem. Unchecked, untreated, syphilis has three stages: primary, secondary, and tertiary. The syphilis spirochete is a delicate, corkscrew-shaped organism; it is transmitted almost exclusively through a sexual contact — infection from nonsexual sources is possible, though rare.

Primary syphilis has three symptoms within ten to ninety days (but usually within three weeks) after contact with syphilis, a chancre or lesion appears at the portal of entry of the spirochete. The chancre is a

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tissue reaction. It starts as a small pimple which erodes into a round ulcer.

The sore most often appears on the genitals, but can be found on or around the mouth, the anus on the nipples, and, amazingly enough, the hand, if the sexual contact was fistfucking and there was a cut on the hand through which the spirochete could enter. The sores are painless. Chancres usually appear singly, but there may be more than one.

Many chancres do not conform to this description. The lesion may be so slight as to seem merely a chafed or abraded area of the skin, hence, any lesion on the genitals should be regarded as possible primary syphilis until proven otherwise. And any lesion anywhere on your body which fails to heal may be symptomatic of primary syphilis. Primary syphilis lasts from one to five weeks.

Secondary syphilis has these manifestations and occurs generally four to six weeks after the disappearance of the chancre. The main feature of secondary syphilis is the appearance of a rash on the skin, mouth, or genitals. The rash is usually symmetrical, generalized, painless, itch-

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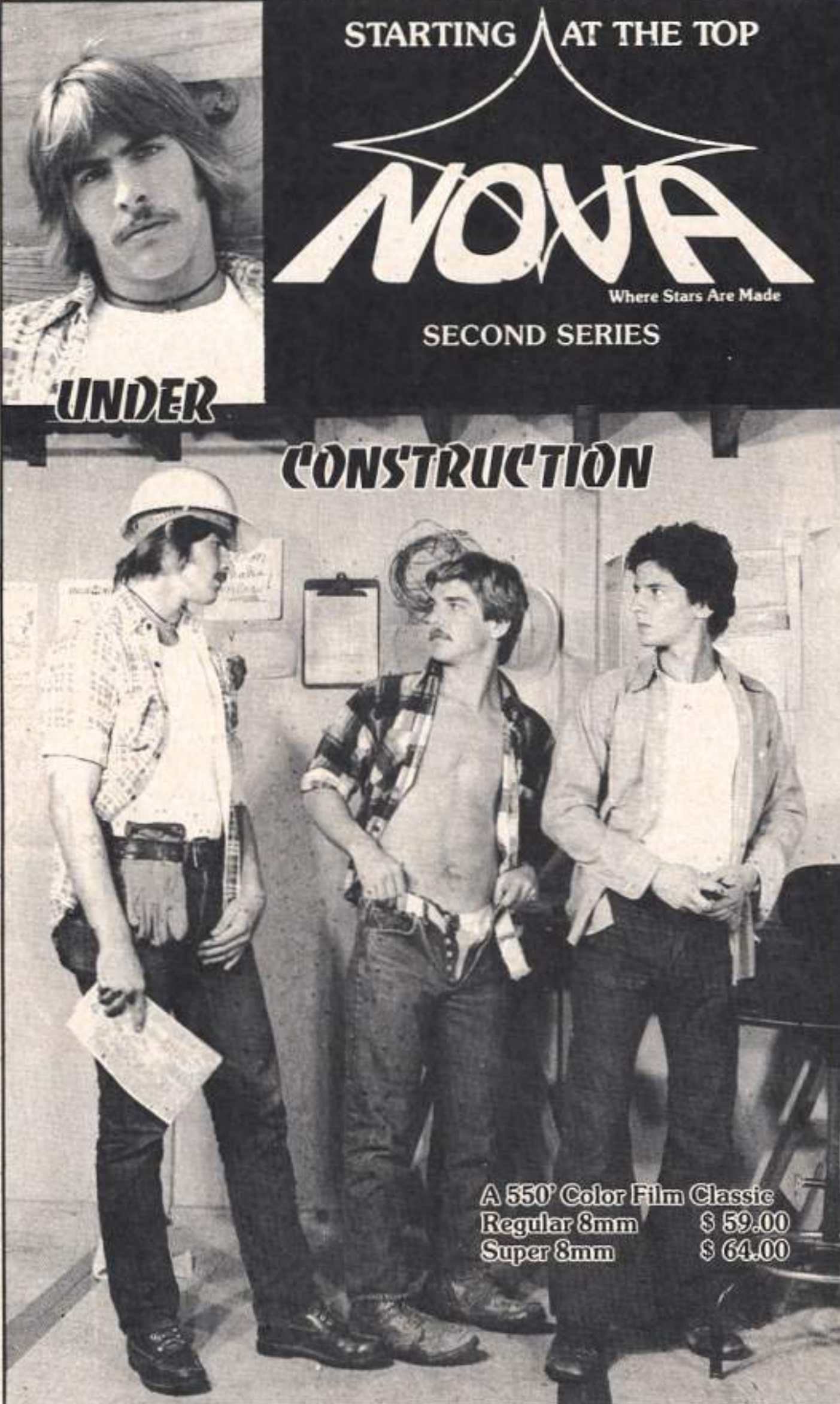
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free. The palms and soles may even bear the rash. At this stage, the syphilitic may experience mild aches and pains, headache, fever, enlargement of lymph nodes and further lesions. He may lose his hair, experience pain from bone involvement, and have inflammation of the eyes. *It is essential that you see your doctor if you suspect you have syphilis; he will run the appropriate blood tests to confirm its presence.*

These symptoms last from a few days to some months (usually 2-6 weeks) and then disappear. The syphilitic is highly contagious during the secondary stage. During a period of up to two years of *untreated* syphilis, a series of lesions on skin or mucosae may occur, and it is from contact with these lesions during sex that other people are infected. Then ensues a dormant period which may last from a few months to several years until the onset of tertiary syphilis. The syphilitic is noninfectious at this stage.

Tertiary syphilis develops in approximately one-third of the cases of untreated syphilis, and it is this stage that may lead to fatal complications. These include possibly lethal damage to the heart or aorta, damage to the brain resulting in paralysis, insanity, and death (termed paresis), destruction of the spinal cord (tabes), degeneration of the optic and other cranial nerves, and massive disfiguring ulcerations of the skin and mucosae (gummatous syphilis).

Penicillin is the preferred treatment in all three stages. An allergy to penicillin necessitates the use of other antibiotics. After treatment of primary and secondary syphilis, symptoms clear up in a week to ten days. Blood tests should be taken to make sure the spirochete's been eradicated. While syphilis may be arrested and further damage prevented at the third stage, there is no possibility of reversing damage already done.

You're probably gasping for air by now! The enormity and the gravity of some of the risks you run in your pursuit of the perfect male, the ultimate fuck, should be well upon you. Lest you collapse in despair of ever going to be again with a hunky stranger, it's wise to remember that a bit more selectivity and some simple precautions will spare you most if not all of these sexual problems.

As restrictive and premeditated as you may find them, condoms are one way to better your chances of not getting a venereal infection. That they are not spontaneous, that

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they interrupt the sexual and emotional flow is their major drawback (but reconsider some of the consequences of *not* using them). And obviously condoms are no answer for the oral enthusiast.

Your best overall procedure is scrupulous attention to your health and health problems. If you sleep around, you owe it to yourself and the men you seek pleasure with to get the requisite tests for VD on a regular and continuing basis—at least every three months and not just when you have obvious symptoms. As you have probably gathered, some of the most serious venereal or sexually transmissible diseases may go undetected if you are that rare person who has no symptoms. Virtually any town of any size has a free VD clinic. Use it!

There are three further solutions to the VD problem. Celibacy is the unlikely first choice. The second is sexual loyalty in a relationship—not only are you spared venereal infections, you may find you rather enjoy committing yourself in this way. The last possibility is limiting your sexual activity to masturbation—singly or in pairs. In the immortal, if dated, words of Michael in Mart Crowley's *Boys in the Band*: "One thing about masturbation, you certainly don't have to look your best." One further benefit is clarified in Woody Allen's estimation of onanism in *Annie Hall*: you do it with someone you love.

Here are the VD Information Center telephone numbers for the following metropolitan areas:

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Check your local telephone directory for the listing your area.

Special thanks to Sal Crispi and Dr. Charles Wibbelsman of the Division of Venereal Disease Control of the City and County of San Francisco Department of Public Health who provided valuable assistance in the preparation of this article. ■■

(continued from 75)

wonderfully witty. Rushton, a friend of Duncan Grant, one of the original Bloomsbury group, often has pictures (at reasonable cost) by the likes of Grant, Roger Fry and Grant's daughter, Angelica Garnett.

Anyone planning a visit to this seaside town, and in quest of clothes, would be well-advised to pay a visit to **The Gog Shop** (33 Duke Street, tel: 0273-24419). Michael Lowrie, who runs the shop, is a frequent visitor to Los Angeles and New York and ensures that clothes stocked are all high fashion from the major stylists and designers. Lowrie designs many of the trousers stocked in The Gog Shop (all tailor-made in Brighton) and tells me that his styles *can* be found in America (in Los Angeles at **Maxfield Blue**; in San Francisco at **Wilkes Bashford**; in New York at **Stone Free**, **Barney's International**, and also in selected stores across country).

—Peter Burton

Adelaide

A good time to plan a trip Down Under is around festival time, February to April. What is "fall" for Americans is "autumn" in Australia, a rich and mellow time for vineyards and theater arts.

In the late summer a string of cities in the south celebrates the season with arts and artifice, the high point being Adelaide, capital of South Australia, which mounts a biennial with a good deal of panache. Distances to and from this part of the world are such that international performers need to plug into concurrent seasons in neighboring cities to make the venture viable. The resulting spin-off in other Australian cities provides a feast of cultural offerings around that early part of the year.

Perth, capital of Western Australia, is a sun-glittered open-air town which takes much of its entertaining, including the theater, out-of-doors. Perth, like San Francisco, is everybody's sweetheart town.

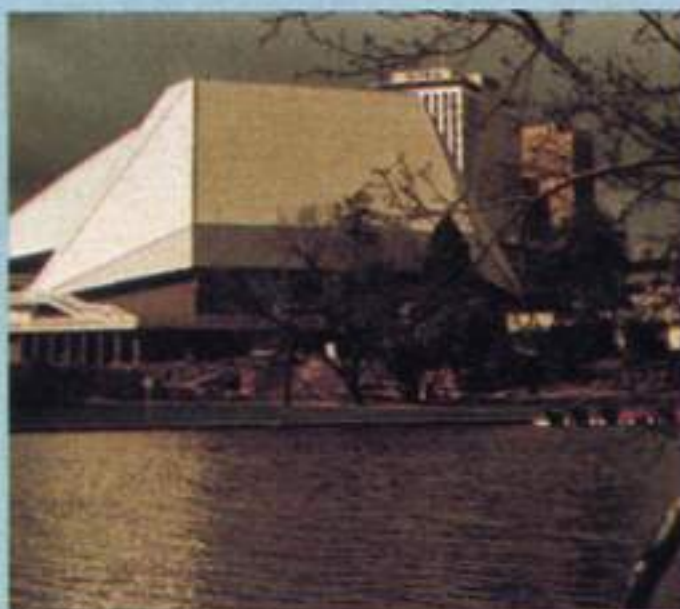
Melbourne goes in for a razzmatazz festival week called Moomba, with processions, circuses, fairgrounds and fireworks, river-sports at night—and vast crowds.

Adelaide, the major festival city, is a charming and gracious town about the size of Denver: if a little

light on pizzazz, it makes up for that with old-fashioned friendliness and generosity. Its festival attracts an impressive program. This year, Keith Michell, well-known as television's Henry VIII, returned to his home-town Adelaide with the Chichester Festival Theater Company's *Othello* and *The Apple Cart*.

The composer of the opera-ballet *The Midsummer Marriage* (Sir Michael Tippett) was present for its Australian premiere. Other musical offerings were the slick Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, under their spellbinder Zubin Mehta, the national Kabuki Theater from Tokyo, expatriate pianist Roger Woodward with his Beethoven Sonata series, and performances of contemporary Australian music by leading composers.

On stage was *East*, Steve Berkoff's raunchy account of the crudities of London's East End, the Polish Mime Ballet Theater *Arriving Tomorrow*, Cricot 2 from Poland, some new Australian plays, and classical performances of *Colored Girls* etc, and *A Chorus Line* from New York.



Adelaide's Festival Center.

Outside mainstream theater, Adelaide splashes around a lot of happenings in the arts—writers' conclaves, puppeteers, sculpture and painting exhibitions (this year, for instance, there was a retrospective Fred Williams exhibition). There is an air of excitement and spontaneity which permeates festival time, from the showers of rose-petals from aircraft on opening day, the rather campy decoration of parks and avenues, to the invasion of visitors national and international. The Festival Center itself, modern architecture in a setting of parks, terraces, and riverside walks, brings Adelaide to life for a cultural and social binge.

For gay guys in Adelaide, there's a healthy scene with a good deal of public tolerance and legal permissiveness, dating perhaps from a scandalous drowning some time back of a local academic when some police harassment apparently got out of hand. The Premier of South Australia (nearest U.S. equivalent is a state governor)—a rather swingy figure who needles the red-neck establishment—prompted the pro-gay legal changes, and recently sacked the Police Chief for keeping security files on (among other things) local gays. Known as the Pink Files . . . !

At festival time the bar at the Festival Center is open around the clock: it's pretty much a gay clearing house where everyone turns up sooner or later. Impromptu acts occur, and word gets around: this year Steve Hansen of Muppet fame presented an X-rated *Red Riding Hood*. Other gay spots around town include the **Cactus Patch**, with an all-male disco and a cruisy bar at the back which attracts guys from the country, open till 4 a.m. Another is **Sails**, a piano-bar in the Old Mariner Hotel in Hindley St., all gay, and male disco. The long-known scene at the **Old Colonist** now includes a refurbished gay bar.

Since Adelaide is bang in the middle of Australia's best wine country, a memorable day would be a visit to **The Barn** at McClaren Vale, an art gallery and restaurant, great covered courtyard, excellent food, and the best selection of local wines. After lunch you are only about 15 minutes from Maslin's Beach, Australia's best-known (and legal) nude beach, clean blue water and acres of golden white sands and tanned bodies. Try the far end if you want to watch the boys go by . . .

Back in Adelaide there are a couple of all-male steamrooms, one of which is the **Pulsar Sauna**, clean and well-run, open every night but best at weekends. Similarly there are two leather clubs (one is called **Elagabalus**) and a cycle club for girls; for locations of these, use the local grapevine. Adelaide may be just the place for a taste of something that's different.

—Mark Rowan



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